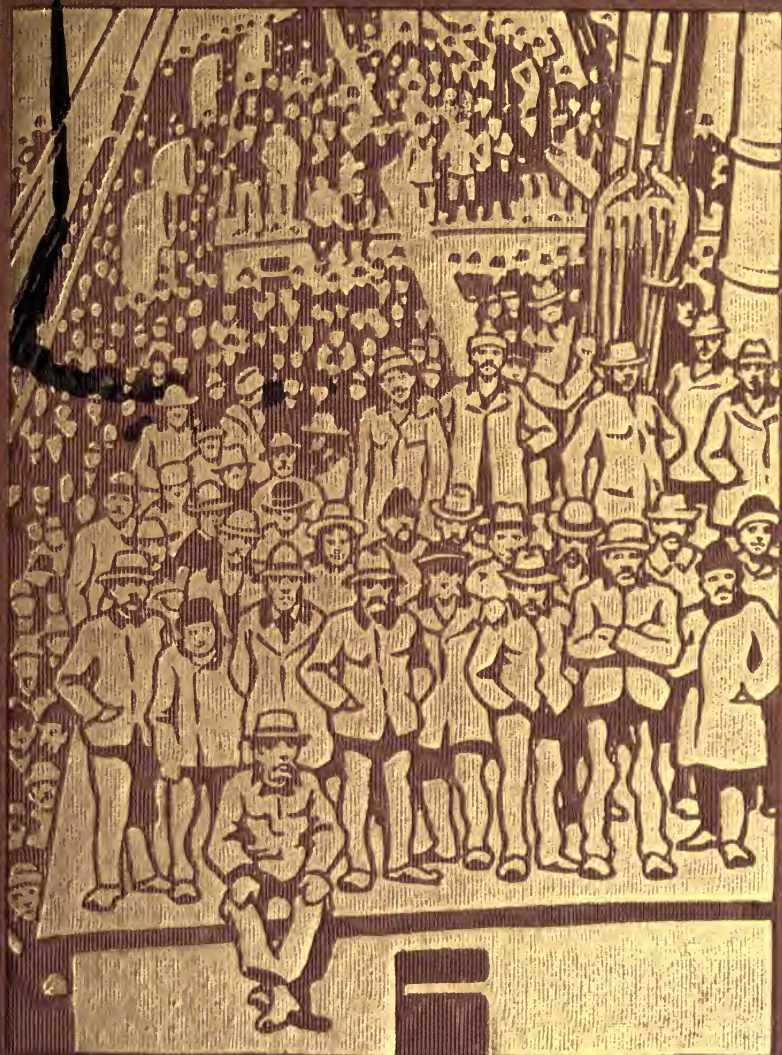


THE INNER LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES



COUNT VAY DE VAYA & LUSKOD

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THE INNER LIFE
OF THE UNITED STATES

THE INNER LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY MONSIGNOR COUNT VAY DE VAYA
AND LUSKOD, APOSTOLIC PROTO-
NOTARY, P.D.HH., KC.IC.

AUTHOR OF "EMPIRES AND EMPERORS," ETC.



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PREFACE

THE present volume consists of some impressions and observations gained during my numerous sojourns in the United States of America.

I make no pretensions to having written a book on America. My purpose has rather been to trace some of those characteristics of a country, still in its formative and growing period, which have most struck me, and to treat a few of those questions with which, by reason of my occupations, I am best acquainted.

Thus it is that my interest has been more in the abstract than in the material side of things. The motive forces themselves were the objects of my attention rather than their products — immense though the latter often are.

Individual and, above all, national qualities have interested me the most.

The activity, diligence, money - making and spending, thought and intelligence, spiritual aspirations and higher ideals of this country were especially the subjects of my studies.

In short, it is the mentality of the people and the psychology of the country that I have attempted to consider.

From the moment of embarking on the long and eventful voyage, the company of more than two thousand emigrants furnished me with a unique opportunity of observing the moral and physical conditions of the incongruous and primitive horde of people which helps to increase and renew the population of the United States. Passing the barrier at Ellis Island to set foot on the promised land, I followed them through the different stages of their new existence, with the exceptional advantage of being able to mix with all the different social grades and to associate myself with their daily life.

What a contrast between their humble commencement and their subsequent progress ! What struggles at first to secure their daily bread as labourers in the fields, mines or

factories, till eventually they succeeded in becoming independent citizens, or even attained their ultimate goal and became — millionaires! I was able to see something of all the working and the leisured classes, from the gloom of the slums to the resplendency of Fifth Avenue.

What a boundless scope for analysis! What surprises are encountered while examining the conditions of the successive steps of the social ladder! It would be difficult to define which of the steps of this ladder furnish evidence of the strongest individual contentment and the greatest social stability; but it is evident, on the one hand, that the lot of the workers without capital or other resources is a very hard one, and, on the other hand, that the exclusive possession of colossal wealth is far from assuring the common happiness. Social evolution in the United States is one of the most startling phenomena of our time.

The way in which this continent, but a short time ago only half-populated, is developing and civilising itself, will provide one of the most important chapters of the history of the human race.

Since the Declaration of Independence, how many changes have occurred! But it is not even necessary to look so far back. Note the transformations since my first visit a decade ago! Notably, America has become not only a great nation, but a leading power. And consequent to the war with Spain she has entered the ranks of the conquering and colonising nations in such a way that her position rests no longer upon an application of the Monroe Doctrine of a day already past.

Her industrial development is even more remarkable than the increase of her political strength and diplomatic power. When we consider that at the beginning of her rise America was a nation of agriculturalists, her attainment during the past few years to the first rank among industrial countries, and to notoriety as the country of Trusts and millions, is the more astonishing.

The internal transformations are no less important than the successive external changes. Life, general and particular, and the social existence of the country and its citizens, are the most interesting among the many remark-

able and novel manifestations. To study the differing conditions of the antagonistic classes of the people, to observe them in their daily life, their labour and their relaxations, will be of continual interest. It will be also of the greatest importance to us to make ourselves familiar with their aims, ambitions and ideals.

Since the landing from the *Mayflower*, what heterogeneous crowds of emigrants, what a diversity of peoples, have invaded this immense country by means of the daily passenger ships! How many different types are interposed between the Pilgrim Fathers of old and the Yankees of our day!

As their production, race and culture spring from varied sources, so necessarily does their conception of existence and of regarding the world, or, in other words, do their ideas and ideals.

Did past conditions, or do present conditions, make for the greater contentment of the people, is an ever-open question. For it would not be possible to establish whether the individual is happier in a humble state or in striving for fabulous riches.

I wished to study on the spot, and in close touch with them, the sociological conditions of the United States; to know personally rich and poor alike; to mix with them in their daily existence; and to understand their way of looking at life in particular, and at the world in general.

In this country of struggle for gold and luxury, it became increasingly evident to me that wealth and power sufficed neither to render the human race satisfied with its lot nor to establish social equilibrium.

The people of the United States are to-day incontestably the richest in the world — are they also the happiest?

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THE INNER LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES

I

TO AMERICA IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP

A LONG and shrill whistle shook the air of the cold January morning. I have never experienced a colder or a drearier dawn in Fiume harbour. It was as if an otherwise brilliant Nature were shedding farewell tears. Certainly I never witnessed a more melancholy departure than that of those poor workmen who were leaving their old country.

As the chains were raised, their rattle went through one's heart, as though all previous bonds were being severed. All memories of long ago, all recollections of childhood, seemed to have disappeared, as though forcibly destroyed. All that one loved vanished, and all the ambitions and hopes that had brightened one's youth seemed to be sucked down and drowned by the hungry waves that tossed us about mercilessly, as we set forth on our way to new destinies.

Two thousand four hundred workmen were

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leaving their own country to seek their daily bread in an unknown world. If every departure has its sadness, even if it is only for a short time, how very much harder must it be for those who leave their all, often for ever! I never witnessed a more desolate scene in the harbour of Quarnero, usually so bright, as if intended by Nature for holiday-makers and scenes of happiness only.

Fiume is one of those charming cities, half mediæval, half modern, where the picturesqueness of the Middle Ages and the progress of modern times join hands, with their many contrasts of light and shade forming a delightful water-colour picture. It is extraordinary to think how this part of the Adriatic, formerly so utterly unknown and forlorn, should in fifteen or twenty years have become one of the centres of wealth and fashion, where magnificent hotels have sprung up in the midst of the olive groves, and where men and women from different parts of the world pass several weeks during the winter in the midst of a population of fishermen, who, undisturbed by exterior changes, continue to lead their strenuous lives of a hundred years ago.

During my stay at the Governor's palace—a splendid display of marble and bronze and the home of every luxury—I had opportunities, while waiting for the departure of our steamer, of strolling about in the poorer quarters and

observing the wretched conditions of most of the population, the pomp of the official quarters making the general poverty seem all the more striking. But is it not a curious coincidence that generally in those countries where the conditions of the working classes are the gloomiest and darkest, the display made by the Government is all the more splendid?¹

On the same occasion I had an opportunity of getting acquainted with the general sentiments of the public. It was just election time; the streets were crowded, and riots were of constant occurrence, as in the days when the Frangipanis were defending their turreted castle, which still crowns the heights, against the turbulent citizens. Every passer-by was recounting his grievances and his aspirations. However, I had no time to enter into the details of party interests and the politics of the free town of Fiume, which has quite an exceptional constitution of its own, forming part of the Hungarian Crown and yet being autonomous under a Governor - General, which it would require volumes to explain, and one would very likely fail to make matters clear even then. Fortunately, I have little to do with

¹ Although several years have elapsed since the emigration service was opened in Fiume, yet the Hungarian Government has so far failed to take any adequate measures for the moral protection of the wandering labourers, so the greater part of the emigrants still embark in foreign ports.

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politics. On this occasion my mission was simply to be ship's chaplain to a company of my wretched compatriots on a long and mournful journey.

I had volunteered to do this work, having heard of the great need of spiritual help and moral support on emigrant boats. When we consider that each town and village of less population, it may be, than one of those large vessels—nay, even men-of-war belonging to different navies, are provided with their own church or chaplain—how much more necessary is it on these occasions, when depression is so great and, after all, danger so near, where old and young and people of both sexes are present, that spiritual help should be provided. Great attention is paid by all the leading companies to ensure for their passengers every physical or material advantage, such as wholesome food, good doctors, and a plentiful supply of medicine, but they do not seem yet to realise the importance of adequately providing for moral needs.

The necessity for such help was shown at the very outset of our journey in a tragic way. A sailor, while taking in a reef, fell into the hold and broke his spine, dying soon after, leaving a large family behind. An even sadder case that occurred shortly afterwards, was that of a poor woman who was on her way to join her husband, who was working in

the mines of West Virginia. She had two children, but one had not been allowed to sail by the authorities on account of delicate health, and was therefore sent to the maternal relations in Hungary. She had not, however, reached her destination at the time we started, and the mother's anxiety during these days was so great that, on receiving a telegram brought by a steam launch to the effect that the child had not arrived, she fell down with a shriek and expired in a few minutes. Is it not natural in moments like these for those who remain behind to require moral support and to seek consolation in their faith?

The journey lasted nearly twenty days. There were hours of long and monotonous tossing on a dreary waste of waters. How different from my first journey to the United States on the floating palace, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, in the beautiful midsummer of '90, when everything was bright and happy, and the boat crowded with people who seemed never to have known want and sorrow, while the universe formed a magnificent background to their joyous lives!

What a difference two or three generations can make, and what a change is often produced in the life even of an individual by well-directed energy! When reading the biography of one or the other citizen of the New Continent, it is

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hard to understand by what means it has been possible for men of mature age to adapt themselves to new conditions, and to develop themselves so as to be able to achieve works of universal importance in the short space of ten or twenty years.

Among the matters of interest which appear to the scholars of the United States and of all new countries generally, the most essential questions are (1) What are the qualities necessary for success? and (2) What circumstances and factors develop these qualities? It is an inexhaustible subject of research to determine whence comes the bulk of the people that has settled down and populated new continents. To do this we must go back to the fountain-head and observe them in their respective native lands, and understand, to a certain extent, their childhood, the conditions of their life and work, their social state and culture, in fact their whole material and moral existence. We must have a certain idea of their whole history.

During the long days of our journey I had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with my fellow-passengers in long conversations, when they spoke openly of their personal affairs. I had a chance of penetrating into their mode of thought. There were men from different parts of Eastern Europe, mostly Hungarians, some Slavs, and a certain number of Teutons.

In their external appearance naturally there was a great deal of difference: the Hungarians, who were most numerous, were dark, short, but well made; the Slavs, tall, slender, fair, and extremely passive; the Teutons, of whom there were not many on board, seemed to be the point of union between the two; mentally, too, they were less fiery than the Hungarians, and more so than the Slavs—unquestionably men of serious qualities, practical thinkers.

They expressed their various grievances and aims in a different way, looked upon their past in a different light, and had forecasts of the future seen through different coloured glasses. But their motives were always the same. Their reason for leaving their countries and breaking with the past was identical—that of primary necessity.

I was especially anxious to know why my own countrymen leave their homes in such numbers. The country is far from being overpopulated, and there are whole districts which need double and treble the present number of souls. Even now huge areas are uncultivated, and the natural conditions of soil and climate are most favourable and capable of supplying all needs. Yet 100,000 workmen left Hungary two years ago, and 118,000 last year. How to prevent and to improve this state of affairs is one of the burning questions of the day.

We must not forget that no people leaves its country easily and lightly. The Magyars are especially a patriotic race and devoted to their fatherland; it is only under pressure of great necessity that they can bring themselves to part from it. At the same time, they know that they are not welcome in the new country. The Immigration Laws become harder every year, and are all directed against the admission of too many newcomers, and hundreds and thousands are rejected every month by the authorities on various reasons and pretexts.

It is quite comprehensible that the men in possession should dislike too great an influx of strange elements and an undesired competition. Indeed, there is a great danger that these people, arriving in shiploads, will remain in the cities on the chance of dubious jobs, instead of travelling farther into more scantily populated districts. The American Government desires, as far as possible, to prevent agglomeration, and to facilitate settlement inland. But the attractions of towns and the possibilities of eventual success in large centres are counterbalanced with difficulty. The great manufacturing cities and commercial towns offer wages of from two to three dollars a day to the humblest worker, and this is too great a temptation, and deters men from looking ahead and from going farther afield. As I said before, all emigrants are actuated by primary

motives. They want their daily bread first, clothing will come next, home third, and all the other requirements some time later. They are struggling for life, and all their ideas are dominated by the instinct of existence and self-support.

The early part of our journey was along the beautiful coast of Apuleia and Calabria. One of the most beautiful landscapes was spread before us—Monte Gargano towering above his evergreen slopes—all this land which played such a great part not only in Italian history, but also in the history of civilisation. Now there was a glimpse of a magnificent cathedral, built by the great popes of the period; now a view of fortifications, crenellated bastions and watch towers erected by the mighty Hohenstauffen emperors; but all these meant nothing to my simple travelling companions. Neither the beauty of nature nor the glories of the historic past appealed to them. One or two actually asked me if they were already the shores of America, and on receiving a negative answer, took no further notice, but turned away with indifference, as from something which was of no practical use to them. It is difficult to understand the train of thought of people who have never had any but elementary things to strive for. It would be even more difficult to know how much should be added, and in what way, to their

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knowledge, to improve the harmony of their inner life.

The third morning the first rays of the sun tinged the peak of Mount Etna with a rosy radiance against a cloudless sky, blue as it can only be in this most glorious part of the world, only adequately depicted and sung by the greatest artists and poets of Hellas and Rome. The sea was blue too. Between Scylla and Charybdis, girdled with white villages, which were calmly reflected in the mirror of the waters, the whole scene was so beautiful, nature was so radiant, that a consciousness of love and hope penetrated even through the gloom overhanging the mind of those doleful emigrants. They all came on deck, sat down in circles with their psalters, and sang some fine old melodies which took them back again to memories of their homes and childhood.

At Gibraltar we bade good - bye to Europe. We stopped in the harbour for several hours, and I had time to go ashore and revisit this unique place. It is unique indeed, this key of the Mediterranean, as it is called, one of the greatest strongholds of the world. And yet those invincible fortifications and huge guns, pyramids of bullets and other deadly weapons, are so artistically hidden by pleasure - grounds, mountain walks, and flower gardens, that one

would never guess their destructive object. And all the men one meets look so smart in their fresh khaki, scarlet tunics, or other brilliant uniforms, walking up and down on the Promenade, amidst their happy families, that it is difficult to realise that the object of their life is after all war or destruction ; but let us hope that the ambition of Gibraltar is even a higher one—the prevention of war and the maintenance of peace.

Opposite is the African coast, which is turbulent enough to need constant watching to suppress undesirable outbreaks. We passed Tetuan and Tangiers within gunshot. The former is certainly one of the most beautiful Oriental cities I ever visited ; with its white-washed streets and white-burnoused population, it reminds one of one of the fairy cities of the “ Arabian Nights,” and it is untouched by any kind of alien influence up to the present. Indeed, during my stay several years ago, the knowledge that I was the only foreigner within its closed gates greatly added to its charm. Tetuan, like Fez and Morocco city, seemed to be the last vestige of the mighty Khalifa’s civilisation, and the last remains of the glory of the Abencerrages. With what different eyes one sees a country in which one has lived and worked, where one knows the towns and the people, great and small—remembrances which may throw a light

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upon things that may make them become important and interesting, even if intrinsically insignificant!

The rest of the voyage was passed on the open sea. For over ten days we were tossed from side to side; the greater part of the time the weather was very bad indeed. We experienced two regular hurricanes, met icebergs, had gales and snowstorms. Poor emigrants! Is it not natural that people who had never been to sea before should lose heart and think they were going to be drowned? I don't want to give too gloomy a picture of the interior of an emigrant boat; but it is easy enough to imagine the hull of a ship full of thousands of human beings, where they are packed together day and night. Even with more civilised people, it would not be exactly desirable to crowd so many together, as far as pleasant companionship went. And yet I must speak most highly with regard to the management of the crew. The steamer was called the *Pannonia*,¹ one of the newest types of twin-screw, and everything was fitted up in accordance with the latest improvements.

A portion of the hull was set apart for the women and children. The meals were served on tables, and the food was plentiful, and the best medical help was at hand. But who could

¹ The *Pannonia* is one of the large boats belonging to the Cunard Company's newly-established Fiume-Gibraltar New York line.

eat or benefit by medicine when suffering agonies of sea-sickness? And it was interesting to see that those who, when starting, had been most anxious to be assured that there was a good cook on board and an experienced doctor, and who had not thought that a chaplain could be of any use, did not care for food, and, seeing that medicine could not help, all came to me and wished to join in the service, that they might pray for fine weather, and that God would bring them safe to shore. In these moments of despair, there was not a man, however old and hardened, who did not realise plainly his nonentity and the vanity of all earthly things, and who did not recognise the Supreme Will, and put his hope in the hands of the Almighty.

It was a trying journey in every respect. It was hard, even for me who have long been accustomed to sea voyages, and shared in all the comforts of the large Transatlantic boats belonging to the Cunard line, and benefited by the kind attentions of the captain and officers. They were all men of world-wide experience, who seemed to understand life and its sufferings, and were always ready to respond to my appeal for assistance for any of the steerage passengers. Long as was the voyage, I had no time to be bored, for with such a large number of "parishioners" my hands were quite full.

I wanted to enter as fully as possible into

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the psychological reasons for emigration having attained such colossal proportions in Hungary. The only means of doing this was to pass a great deal of time with the people, and to hear the opinions of each one in turn, so as to get to the general sentiment. The summary of all the grievances and opinions that were related to me, always in very vivid language and sometimes not without a touch of humour, pointed to three principal causes. First, excessive taxation; secondly, inadequate local administration; thirdly, the heavy burden of long compulsory military service.

With regard to the taxation, the complaints were only too well founded. The burden of taxes weighs most heavily on the land, giving great advantages to all kinds of commercial enterprise, while the great capitalists and speculators go almost scot free. This antiquated system, which dates from olden times when land was the only asset, can still be borne by very large landowners; but as in Hungary nearly all the cultivators of the soil are peasant proprietors, a few consecutive bad years suffice to ruin them.

With regard to the local administration of the laws, the present method gives too much scope for a despotic exercise of power and corruption, and is sometimes made use of, as the people explained to me, for political and

party purposes, and often for merely personal advantage.

With regard to the compulsory military service, the people were more reconciled to this. They even sometimes regarded it as a good school for their children, and it only seemed to press hard on those who depended on grown-up sons for their support.

I listened with great interest, and was struck by the remarkably clear common-sense and the keen judgment generally displayed, and had nothing to oppose to their arguments, except a hope that the future might have better things in store for my much-tried country.

At last we arrived at Sandy Hook on a chilly February morning. We got in for the tail end of a heavy blizzard, arriving two days late in consequence. A magnificent picture of desolation was presented to us, everything being grey and white, a silver mist hanging over the shore, white flakes whirling through the bitter air, and the sea foam frozen on the funnels of the boat. As the whole ship was covered with snow, we must have looked phantom-like as we slowly entered the Hudson River.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the outlines of the gigantic city became visible: huge mansions apparently perched somewhere in the sky, bridges spanning the clouds, and the majestic head of the colossal statue of Liberty welcoming

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the newly - arrived pilgrims, seemed to burst through the veil of haze and mist.

The 2,400 souls on board all gazed with amazement. They stared without the least comprehension of the picture before them. What can have been the sensations of these simple people? What can have been the first conceptions they formed? What can have been their impressions of their long-expected Promised Land?

Every arrival is fraught with a certain amount of mystery; every fresh place excites our imaginations. How much more is this the case when reaching a so-called New World?

But there was not much time for musing. The Customs House and Sanitary Officers came on board in the exercise of their duty, which they perform with true American brusqueness. The manner of proceeding in vogue in the States has been so vividly described by native writers of marvellous observation that I will not venture to attempt a narrative of my own.

We cast anchor in those huge Docks which form such a characteristic part of the environs of New York. But what a different appearance they presented now from that which usually meets the eye of in - coming and out - going steamers! Arrivals and departures in America are full of colour and life. Seeing those huge Docks crammed with people, where every new-

comer is met by somebody, and every departure is accompanied by groups of relations and friends, where every hand holds souvenirs or flowers, where every pocket-handkerchief is waved and cheers mingle with the strains of patriotic songs, is a typical picture never to be forgotten. What a difference now! The quays were silent and deserted. Those huge, barn-like buildings did not bid anybody welcome. No one was waiting for the forlorn flocks of humble workers, except steam launches which were in readiness to convey them to Ellis Island to undergo inspection.

The regulations regarding new arrivals have been too often discussed and explained, too, by the leading American newspapers, and their own prominent politicians have given every argument for and against them, for me to enter into the matter. It is only right for a nation to adopt adequate precautions to ensure the prevention of undesirable elements. Diseased and penniless beings, or those who are incapable of earning their own living, are justly excluded. Like all regulations, it is very difficult to make hard and fast rules without giving a great deal of personal responsibility to the officials. In fact, the spirit in which the instructions are carried out depends on the individual officers, and therefore varies very much. In a country which has developed so rapidly it is doubly difficult always to maintain an ideal standard.

My personal experience on this occasion was on the whole favourable, and we had no special cause for complaint. The *Pannonia* had on board only people who could not be in any way undesirable, all being born in the country, inured to hard work, and healthy both in body and mind. They all wished to go to the mining or agricultural districts, for the Hungarians are essentially a rural people, not loving to live in towns; and, after inspection, they all started for the new work in far-away States.

The departure was rather sad. We had got accustomed to one another, and I was fully rewarded for my labours by the real sympathy and confidence shown to me. Looking back on the long voyage, I could not recollect one single disagreeable or regrettable incident. Even those who had kept most to themselves, or been to a certain extent indifferent at first, afterwards became communicative. And I could not but recognise the remarkable qualities that were often hidden by rough or uncultivated exteriors.

At leave-taking the simple folk expressed their feelings in a most touching way, sending a deputation of their leading men to thank me for my ministrations. In a few kind words they expressed their gratitude, and said that what they had appreciated most was that I had treated them more like friends than as inferiors, and that they were convinced that I

had a sincere desire for their well-being and took a real interest and sympathy in their future lives.

One of the most absorbing problems for any one interested in the social conditions of the human race is how to prevent the working classes from being submerged in slums when an entire change of atmosphere and of the conditions of their lives takes place. They come from an existence of almost archaic simplicity, and are drawn into the vortex of a great metropolis: the dangers are great, and temptation is at hand, perhaps even more so when the first necessities are already provided and there is money to spend on sensual pleasures, gambling, and drink.

On arriving in a new place, all the old deterrent influences cease. We must not forget that in those old homes each man was a social being, with his own ties and hindrances, surrounded by relatives and neighbours, in whose eyes even the poorest wishes to appear a respectable member of the community; and the barrenness of the daily life is lessened by the little interests and petty ambitions of a humble circle. On settling down under new conditions, lost in a surging sea of humanity, self-respect is easily forgotten and may disappear for ever.

The great danger for such people is the possible loss of belief. Should their religious

sense vanish, they have no higher ideals left to take its place, and they fall under the dominion of their lower instincts. Even in cases where the material life is not corrupt and the sense of duty prevents the people from coming in conflict with the laws, it is not enough if they are wholly without higher impulses and incentive, such as love of the family, patriotism, and faith in God.

When in America the newly-arrived settlers are so often complained of, it is always those people who are lacking in these very higher feelings who are regarded as a source of danger to the national life.

A fear is sometimes expressed that emigrants do not amalgamate quickly enough with the rest of the population. Public opinion often goes even further, and seems to believe that foreign countries try to fan national interests in the United States. I do not know whether this is so or not, but, speaking from experience, I should say it would be a futile task. As to the first objection, that adult emigrants do not amalgamate quickly enough, this is scarcely to be wondered at, for there must be difficulties for grown-up aliens in adapting themselves to the national characteristics, and especially in regard to the language; but the children born on American soil are as American as if their parents had arrived with the first pilgrims. They are Yankees through and through, with

all the exuberance of American youth. They have the same restless activity and craving for work, and, looking into the future, they see that life offers them the same chances, and they hope to get as much advantage out of it as they can secure by their personal gifts.

To the coming generation, the stories recounted by their parents of the simple life in the hamlets at home, on the wooded slopes of the Carpathian Mountains, or on the Steppes of the lowlands, with all its melancholy and its crumbling institutions, can scarcely offer a very alluring temptation to return.

A certain number of those who go out to seek for work return, after putting by a modest sum, not being able to take root in a new country; but it is the exception, if it ever happens at all, for the second generation, born in America and educated there, are too much imbued with ideas of equality and democracy, to wish to return and settle down in the home of their fathers.

During my stay in different parts of the United States I was astonished to note what a short time was required to transform the descendants of people who had emigrated from the different countries of Europe, whether from the frozen land of Scandinavia or from the sunny South, from Germany or Hungary, into a new race, which takes a little after all the others, yet at the same time is independent

and apart, psychologically and physiologically, as striking in external appearance as in internal qualities.

The populating of America is one of the most interesting features of modern times. It is not less interesting to observe how the surplus of Europe was and is carried away towards these new countries. And it is even more instructive to notice how the wave of migration has flowed, beginning first in the British Isles, whence it spread to the North of Europe, especially Germany, and then extended to the East, having now reached the Austrian Empire, whence over 200,000 emigrate yearly. There seems to be a regular ebb and flow ; in view of the fact that from Germany ten or fifteen years ago there were over 100,000 emigrants yearly, the number now amounts to only one-fifth of that figure.

If one dared to make a forecast of the future, when the political and economical struggles in the Dual Empire will have been brought to some termination, one would expect that the tide, at present highest in the Carpathian district, would follow its indicated course to the eastward, and would find its largest complement in the Balkan States.

The great and uninterrupted flow of population to the New World in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, both in respect of extent

and of portent, can only be compared with the migration of mankind in the dawn of civilisation. Millions and millions have left their fatherland in Europe and have founded new homes on the other side of the globe. It cannot be helped if this migration is sometimes detrimental to the countries or to the individuals concerned. One cannot place impediments on the freedom of the human will. And who knows if it is not in obedience to a higher law, if we may not see the overruling hand of Providence directing the inhabitants of lands peopled only by savages and heathen to be absorbed into civilised and Christian countries?

This conviction, which must have been felt in the first stages of colonisation, has lately been even more emphasised on public occasions by statesmen. President Roosevelt, in his speeches of high moral and ethical character, constantly lays stress on simple life and healthy social conditions, on a strict family bond and the development of the religious sentiment, as being the most essential duties of the citizen to uphold, and the strongest guarantee for the welfare of the country.

But president or workman, neither he who holds the reins nor he who pulls can fail to see that the greater and mightier a country grows, the more necessary it is that its internal life should improve in proportion with its external prosperity.

If the first ambition is to become rich, and the second to become mighty, the third should surely be to become better. Travelling as I did on an emigrant boat, I had special opportunities of understanding that class which forms the greater part of the population, and is still providing millions of newcomers. It is evident that for those enormous masses, who often lack the primary necessities of life, the first need of existence is to secure a living. All higher aims must come afterwards, and the development of these is the united work of the home, the school, and the Church.

Those who have written on America, both foreigners and, even more, Americans, have been sometimes too hard, and have criticised too severely, the roughness of the customs and unpolished manners of the States; they have omitted to take into account the primitiveness of the conditions from which many of the community have emerged.

If on the occasion of my first visit, five years before, I had become acquainted with all that American civilisation and wealth can produce, in the splendour of social life at New York and the refinement of artistic and literary knowledge at Boston, it was not less interesting this time to observe the conditions of the humblest and the life of the labourers. After all, the latter are the nation; the former are only the exceptions.

Occasions were not wanting when I could admire the life and the qualities of those who have not yet attained to prosperity, who may lack in polish, but are not wanting in sterling attributes.

How apt one is to judge people falsely from their appearance without knowing the conditions of their lives, and one hears only too frequently adjectives applied which are certainly misplaced! How often is the expression "vulgar" used, when "crude" would be better employed, or "pushing" instead of "energetic"; and we don't seem to be aware that the fresh elements which have risen by their own efforts cannot understand, and still less appreciate, many of those conventions which are remnants of days gone by, and that indolence and sluggishness which still pretends to be high-bred or distinguished.

But I hope to dwell in future chapters on all these features merely touched on here. I will now only say that what impressed me most was the capacity of work and production displayed alike by people and land—work in its essence—work as an abstract force—all, in short, that the word expresses—work displayed as much by the individual as by the community. It is this open and unlimited field, this respect for work, which draws not only the active minds towards the shores of the New Country but the humblest from the Old World—work which dominates,

which is admired as the motive force, work which can raise the lowest of beggars to the greatest height in the social scale—indefatigable work, which has made the United States the leading Power of the present day.

II

IN SLUMS AND IN PALACES

NEW YORK CITY, 1905.

How different a country appears if we are not mere passing travellers, but are tied by work and duties! Appearances begin to take on another meaning, and to have another value. What at first was a mere sight develops into something more serious; what we had considered a stage, "and all the men and women merely players," as Shakespeare says, from the moment that we take part in it ourselves becomes the reality we call Life.

Light and shadow, tears and smiles, grief and hope alternate; every instant is filled up, and time becomes a succession of feelings and sentiments. To the smallest trifle importance is given by circumstances and their connection. Conceptions and comprehensions acquire meaning to a large extent in accordance with exterior accident, and the whole of human existence will be only too often moulded and influenced by those factors which we ourselves create.

In a new country all these facts and features become even more salient, and the most interesting field of study is the development of social conditions, the welfare of mankind, in fact the crystallisation of life.

The origin of the United States and their interior development certainly offer a field of observation and analysis of inexhaustible novelty. Turn in whatever direction one will, in rapidly growing towns or on the quiet farms of the far-away prairies, whether one works with the humblest or mixes with the most opulent, one is always struck by a thousand novel traits.

What gave most interest to my last visit was the infinite variety of the environments in which I found myself. Besides visiting the great cities I stayed in the country also, and thus had opportunities of becoming acquainted with every famous metropolis, and with all the rural districts of the West.

I began with a prolonged stay at New York, which is the entrance gate to the whole of the New World. It is at New York that the new-comer has an opportunity of becoming acquainted with all that this marvellous land produces, of being dazzled with all its wealth, and of forecasting all its future possibilities. At the same time it is at New York that the shadows are the darkest and misery of every kind the greatest.

In fact, my visit to New York was a series of

light and shadow in close connection, often with very little transition, producing effects very much like a strongly contrasted chiaroscuro. In the morning I had work in the different suburbs, in the poorest parts near East River, while in the afternoon I met men of erudition.

What an enormous distance there is between First and Fifth Avenue, although it only takes a very short time to get from one to the other. Around the former we find the lowest conditions of life, in the latter the highest. In the former, besides the poorest of the people, we see the most primitive beings, who have just arrived from their primeval existence in far-away countries; in the other, we see all the exuberance of luxury.

The two sides are equally interesting, and both are equally typical. My work was principally in the slums round First Avenue and under Brooklyn Bridge. Never have I seen a more miserable quarter; and yet misery is not an adequate word, at least as regards the exterior, for all the houses are several stories high, and may even have had claims to a certain architectural beauty, though it is difficult to realise this on account of their dilapidated state and the thick covering of smoke and dirt. As for the pavement, I don't think there could ever have been one, and the streets now resemble the beds of shallow streams or gutters.

As to the inhabitants, they seem to have come

from all quarters of the globe and to represent every known type. The streets, wide as they are, are yet too narrow to hold the masses of people who surge to and fro in them. Every one is busy; every one carries a parcel containing articles of clothing or food. If it does not amount to more than a few rags or rotten fruit, they try to sell or buy it. The contents of the shops, stretching in long lines, are indescribable: everything that a rag-shop can contain, all the refuse and rubbish of a large town are heaped up in them. Those who cannot afford to rent even one of those holes, put up booths along the sides of the streets. Bargaining goes on in all the languages imaginable, and one hears an Italian praising his oranges as in the piazza of St Lucia, a German discussing with a French urchin, who plays the part of a *chef* at the corner of the street, sausages of doubtful origin; and Russian emigrants share their *vodka*, as a token of friendship, with Polish Jews.

Children of this mixed parentage emerge, like mushrooms, from the mud. They swarm everywhere. They fill up the streets, which resound with their noise; on every doorstep a few are playing, and they hang out of every window as though the houses were already crowded, like sardine tins, to their utmost extent. If the poor quarters of large cities are always sad and gloomy, those of New York are far more so

than any, and, if not always tragic, are certainly pathetic.

The saddest feature of this incoherent population is that they are still outsiders and treated like pariahs. They have had no time as yet to become amalgamated with the rest of the population; they are on the first rung of the ladder of citizenship. But after all it is only a question of time for each one to find his proper sphere of action, and then to develop, like the frog from the tadpole, into a new being. It depends on his capabilities in which direction he will strive, and to what proportions his endeavours may grow.

Humble they look, incomprehensible they may be to those who see them in this state of confusion; but we must not forget that there is not one among them who has not a goal for which he strives, and not a few who possess qualities which will enable them to attain it.

The better I knew the quarter and the more often I returned to it, the more the unpleasant covering of dirt and squalor disappeared, and the repulsive mask of pallor and starvation was lifted. And even this quarter of nostalgic gloom became an abode of interest, and the nightmare-like figures appealed to one's sympathy the moment intercourse with them began. It was, after all, something more than a frightful picture, and something more serious than a



terrific vision which brings to our lips exclamations of horror or pity as we pass by. It is, nevertheless, life and humanity, if it is life at its dreariest and humanity in its most melancholy aspect.

The two little parishes of St Stephen and St Elizabeth are in the midst of those forlorn districts. They contain humble buildings of unassuming exterior and of modest interior. It is there, on Sundays, that those coming from my country resort. Arriving fresh, feeling entirely lost, it is a great comfort to them that they can, in the House of God, count upon warm and kind hospitality. Working all the week, or swallowed up in factories, it does them all the more good to feel themselves once more at home, and to see that they are something more than wheels in a huge machine.

How very hard it must be for those in humble conditions of life, away from their families, with a very limited circle of friends, with no society at all, and lost like drops of water in the sea, to recognise the equality of each human life! Is it not evident that those who have received so little of what this world has to offer, and who have always been treated, to a certain extent, like the proverbial step-children, must have ampler opportunities of developing all their religious sentiments, and sharing all the strength given by faith, and the consolation given by hope?

A not less interesting field for missionary work lies in the suburbs all around the great town. New York is surrounded by a great many districts, some of them being towns themselves, which are all manufacturing centres. Some are famous for their iron foundries, some for their woollen goods, some for cotton mills, some for brick-making, some for pottery, but all alike are populated by thousands of workmen.

These are people who stand on a higher plane than the dwellers in the slums, and are provided with the first necessities of life. Many of them are relatively rich, in comparison with what they were on their arrival, and the unmarried men generally have more than they require. We must not forget that these are people who have been brought up to have few wants, and the scope of their requirements is limited. They have attained one of their chief wishes, which is to have meat every day—nay, they have gone further, for most of them have three square meals in the twenty-four hours. Many have comfortable lodgings, too, and can afford to be dressed, on Sundays and holidays, or whenever not in their workshops, like the rich. There remains a surplus of money to spend on pleasure and distraction.

I am not now speaking of those who have large families, who have only too many demands on their means, which become more complicated

the higher they ascend in the social scale ; nor of those exceptional single men who rise step by step intellectually, as they rise in material welfare. I am speaking of the average workman, whose temptation to spend his earnings in a useless and sometimes harmful way are great. His leisure hours are usually spent in the bar of a public house ; his commonest recreations are cards and drink. This circumstance alone will explain many cases of going downhill, and even of ruin. This is why these working centres have become the nursery of so many unhealthy ideas and so much injurious agitation. Corrupt ideas and mischievous social and political movements ferment in the yellow glare of the gin palaces. Anarchy, Fenianism, and all kinds of doctrines which inculcate the destruction of existing social order, and are a constant peril to the State and people, are fostered here. Incendiaries, throwers of bombs and assassins of sovereigns, have been hatched here, and frenzy has reached such a pitch that a human being was actually found to hide an infernal machine in the hold of one of the great Transatlantic boats, so as to bring it to destruction with all its inmates.

I visited all these places ; each Sunday was passed in one of them — Passaic, Patterson, Hoboken, Hawerstraw, Yonkers ; in all of them I was asked to give sermons or lectures. To tell

the truth, I wondered at first how these people would receive me and take all I had to say. From what I heard of these places, and after all the warnings I had received, it is easily understood that one went prepared for the worst. One wondered, first of all, if the best intentions would not be misunderstood, or, in any case, if it was not a waste of time and labour.

I am all the more grateful to Providence that, with very few exceptions, I have nothing but pleasant recollections, and the satisfaction of knowing that my work may have been of some use to my fellow-men.

To begin with, they were a most attentive audience, and on more than one occasion came to ask for further explanations afterwards, showing what a keen interest they had taken in my discourse. Indeed I was struck by their remarkable intellectual capabilities. They develop very quickly, and concentrated work seems to make them unusually quick and sharp. American acuteness is universally recognised, and the higher circles are well known in Europe for their great ingenuity; these qualities are, however, even more noticeable in the lower classes when one comes into contact with them.

Of all my suburban Sundays, only one is connected with a slight amount of unpleasantness, although I may mention, *en passant*, an accident which happened on another occasion

when the train ran off the rails and nearly fell over a precipice, on the way to College Point.

It happened at Passaic, that famous city of cotton manufacturers. On arrival at the station, early in the morning, I was met by a little group of people whom at first I imagined had come to receive me, but who explained to me that the congregation, already assembled in front of the church, had fallen out about something—nobody quite knew what—and that there was a general upset, and some fighting. To make a long story short—the workmen were in conflict with the authorities, and they continued to insist upon their grievances, mixing up local and Church matters. The end of it was, that when Sunday came, one part wanted to have the church closed, while the other wanted to have the ordinary service, and fighting between the two factions was going on at the door. Considering the excitement of the crowd, I was asked not to attempt to approach. At the same time, I would not have liked, without very serious reasons, to give up doing my Sunday duties, so, after thinking it over for a moment, I decided to venture.

It was the first occasion I had faced an American mob. For some time before we reached the church, we could hear sounds of brawling, which grew in intensity as we neared our destination. When I arrived at the

church door, a huge mass was crowded there, apparently trying to obstruct those of more pacific intentions. Looking at them, I could easily perceive the different intentions of the opposing parties.

At the same time, as if I had seen nothing, I went straight to the door, and, though very much surprised, without a single remark they let me pass. Mass began as usual; only the music was wanting, as the organist was one of the victims of the fray. The deadly silence within this large and empty church intensified the solemnity of the moment. As the bells began to ring, people came flocking in and took their seats, in greater and greater numbers, until the whole nave was filled with a dense crowd. In my exhortation I avoided carefully any allusion to the unpleasantness of the morning, and chose rather to dwell on the sentiment of forgiveness, and the duties of Christian love.

They seemed to understand and to appreciate my intentions, and they were evidently sincerely touched. As I left the altar, they all came crowding around me, expressing their thanks, in very simple and impulsive words, that I had come after all; and they hoped, although they had not deserved it, that I would keep a kindly remembrance of them in my heart.

It was quite remarkable to notice the difference in their bearing. The gloom of the morning

was dispersed by brightness ; it was indeed, now, "clear shining after rain."

I write all this, as the whole scene was essentially characteristic of the New World. The place and environment, the growing town, with its wooden church, its mixed population of different elements, and, before all, the intensity of passion which was manifested in various and rather contradictory ways.

But are not contrasts one of the most striking features of the United States? There are contrasts everywhere—in the works of nature and the works of man—contrasts geographical, climatic, and ethnological, all equally remarkable. And the contrasts shown by human life are the greatest of all. My experiences of that Sunday morning have been of great use in helping me to understand greater conflicts, and sadder manifestations of social upheavals. The little skirmish of Passaic was one of the daily outbursts against established order. It was one of those risings which, under different excuses and different shapes and different names, make a continuous agitation like the waves of the sea.

During my stay at Chicago, the whole town was on strike. Half of the workshops had been closed, and labourers were struggling in the main streets of the city, where every man who wanted to earn his bread was escorted by one or two armed policemen, and where, at every moment,

pistol-shots pierced the air. I had an opportunity of witnessing the outrages which took place during the great conflict at Pittsburg, where the employers and employees came into open conflict, and where battles were fought with the saddest results, and converted this workshop of colossal wealth into a most mournful picture of misery.

All these, and so many other dark pages of life, give us reason to think that the question of the establishment of social order waits to be solved by future generations. The great differences created by the inequality of individual capabilities, and the uncontrolled supremacy of the strong over the weak, are clearly bound to lead to even greater reaction. The work of levelling is certainly one of the most difficult tasks, and can be only achieved by time and moral culture.

All the time during which I was in touch with the humbler classes, and while I tried to comprehend the grievances of the American labourers, I could not help noticing that the main reasons of their general discontent are less of an abstract than of a material character. In the United States, as in all new countries, importance is attached solely to the material side of life. The goal of all desires is some tangible gain; all aims are directed to the acquisition of wealth.

For the newcomer who has not enough to

satisfy his daily needs, it is a natural aim, and one that is fully justified ; but when once these primary necessities have been attained, little or no attempt is made to substitute higher aspirations for those of a material character. Earning becomes an instinct, and to gain seems to be the only object of living.

As physical existence is the only consideration, the meaning of life becomes identified with the manifestation of animal energy and force. People only too often sacrifice their finer feelings as apparently useless, nay, as constituting an actual hindrance in the struggle for life. Something must be obtained ; a goal must be reached ; some palpable reward must be grasped, if the flood of life is to be hemmed within its banks.

Material interests and gains appear to offer the only consolation for daily vicissitudes. In any cases of reverse, when human nature requires some help, little is provided, as if, in this mad rush for success, the inner life had been completely left out of consideration. The idea of happiness has been identified with that of wealth, and in the storm and stress of existence one has not time to realise the vanity of this false conception. There is no time to realise this unreality, and they go on for ever accumulating money ; but in case of break-down, the despair is altogether crushing. How often have I heard people, at

the summit of an apparently successful career, who had achieved all that they aimed at in childhood, complaining pitifully that their life had really been wasted. Their youth had been hard, spent in sacrifices to Moloch ; later on, as they grew, each finer sentiment was stifled by the claims of labour, and every better impulse died before coming to maturity.

Apparently, if I may rely on what I heard, the class which had already succeeded and could enjoy its leisure had no reason to be envied by those who were still compelled to labour.

On a sunny and bright winter afternoon, Fifth Avenue displays to a marvellous extent all that gold can buy. The houses on both sides are gorgeous with marble and carved stone ornamentation. Equipages and motor cars of all descriptions roll up and down, and people wrapped up in costly furs throng the side-walks. It is a sight as brilliant as it is animated. It exhibits life at its climax. It is Vanity Fair in its most tempting aspect, at least as it appears to those who think they will find felicity there.

American Society has been depicted by so many pens, and the so-called upper "Four Hundred" is so well known in the Old Country, that I could not add anything characteristic, either good or bad, that is not already known. If I attempted anything of the sort, instead of adding I should eliminate, because those

traits which authors usually call "essentially American," I should rather class as "essentially human."

One hears only too often about the ostentation or superficiality of this little world, but are not all countries to some extent the same? It is often said, particularly by American authors, that their millionaires try to dazzle their neighbours, and that they throw their money recklessly out of the window in order to create a sensation. But is not this done elsewhere, too, and do we not find the same vulgarity even in the most aristocratic capitals of Europe?

What is so often condemned as American vulgarity might be more appropriately called "the rawness of the New World." If they are more exuberant in their manifestations, louder in their acclamation, and more expansive in all their utterances, their youth explains it.

In short, comparisons are odious. Their life, high or low, cannot be compared with ours. They have been born under different conditions, have developed in other directions; but all these details occupied me less than the essential traits which, after all, are alone of real importance.

I attach little weight to the furniture and decoration of American palaces, which have been so minutely described, and with such a keen sense of humour, in some books. The display of the collectors of real and doubtful treasures;

the gilded rooms with their genuine or imitation tapestry; these glittering or tawdry scenes are of no consequence, and change constantly, according to the degree of development, of taste, and of knowledge of art. After all, one cannot expect that men, who have passed their lives in hard work in offices, should have had much opportunity of studying the refined distinctions of the arts and crafts of the eighteenth century, or of the Renaissance.

All this might apply with equal justice to all that has been said of Yankee manners. I read rather a witty description some years ago, if I remember rightly in the *New York Herald*, giving an *étude des mœurs* of American drawing-rooms, relating all the little artifices, the exaggerated consciousness, and the painstaking acting, which goes on from morning to night. It showed how every impulse is checked for fear it might make the actors forget their parts, and what excessive care is taken by each one to walk, sit, and speak in an elaborately distinguished way. Every one tries to suppress what is genuine, lest they should give themselves away.

As far as I am concerned, I did not detect much more mannerisms in American than in any other so-called "Society." What I admired most in a great number of my acquaintances and friends was their spontaneity. But, as I

said before, I was less interested in forms and exteriors than in more sterling qualities and metaphysical aspects, in attempting to comprehend mankind and life in the United States, with all their possibilities, advantages, and drawbacks, and to understand to what extent this forced existence adds to the general happiness.

III

ALIEN IMMIGRATION TO THE U.S.A.

ELSEWHERE I have treated the subject of emigration chiefly from the abstract side, and confined myself preferably to take a general aspect of the problem. I endeavoured to analyse its psychological features, and to throw some light on the metaphysical condition of the nation. In sketching the accomplishments, the thoughts, and the faculties of the people, my principal object was to give a more correct idea of the national tendencies, and to show to advantage the intellectual resources and the moral forces they have at their disposal.

In the present instance, however, I have made it my task to enumerate actual facts and figures, in order that a fuller and truer conception of the situation may be arrived at. And in this I have been greatly assisted by the statistical works which are in constant process of publication, and relate to life in its various aspects, commercial, social, and political. Among these volumes I would mention especially the great and comprehensive work commonly called "The

Census," which is published by the State every ten years, and gives statistic tables on all kinds of subjects.

It is compiled in such a manner as to enable us easily to compare the various ramifications of the life and growth of the nation. Thus we are put in a position to obtain a general survey of the situation as it actually is, and as our studies on the question now under consideration have hitherto been of an analytical nature, they now become necessarily synthetical.

The United States of America cover an area of 2,991,880 square miles, exclusive of Alaska and Indian territory, and are inhabited by nearly 77,000,000 souls. These astounding figures gain in eloquence when we remember that the nation is practically but a century old; that in the beginning of 1800 only about a fourth part of the land was inhabited, the total population amounting to a few millions. Surprising, indeed, is the rapid acquisition of land, but more remarkable still is the enormous increase of the population. The "Census" enables us to realise not only the actual facts and figures, but by its help we also obtain an insight into the development of the nation. We see, for instance, that whereas in 1800 the number of inhabitants of the United States was 4,306,446, a century later it reached 66,990,788, not in-

cluding the negroes, who are more than ten millions strong.

The fact is unique in the world's history, and it will be interesting to review the successive stages of this prodigious growth, and thus to realise the situation as it now presents itself. It is said that the remarkable increase of the population of America is not due to the ordinary laws of nature, that the births are not proportionate to the number of adults, and that the extraordinary attraction of the wealth of the country is the cause of these abnormally high figures.

Apart, however, from the influx of people by immigration, we can verify by comparison with local birth rates the fact that the growth of the American population has been enormous, and that without exaggeration we may roughly estimate it at a minimum of 25 per cent. per decade. It was below this figure between 1860-70, when the registers returned only 23 per cent., but considerably above it during the first period of the second half of the century (1850-60), when the increase was maintained at 30 per cent. and over. The better to understand the position, we quote some figures from preceding census returns. We thereby see that the total population of the United States, which in 1810 amounted to 7,239,891, had in 1820 grown to 9,633,822, in 1830 to 12,866,020, in

1840 to 17,069,453, and finally in 1850 had reached 23,191,876.

The first period of the formation and development of the American nation, rich as it is in interesting and startling detail, also shows the greatest increase in actual numbers. Afterwards there is a decrease, but in 1860 the census returns 31,444,321, and in 1870, 38,558,371. The percentage rises again during the years 1877, 1878, 1879, and the decade 1880-90 closes with 50,155,783. The comparative decline during the last two decades—1890 closing with 63,069,756 and 1900 with 46,303,487—caused a general panic and outcry, demanding the immediate taking of measures to guard against the danger of *racial suicide*, Mr Roosevelt being one of the most eloquent advocates in this movement.

It was estimated that the actual population of the United States ought in 1900 to have reached at least 80,000,000. This enormous figure is in itself startling enough, but it is still more surprising when we consider the different nationalities of which it is composed. Since the earliest settlers—Spanish, Scandinavian, Dutch, Portuguese, French, and English mariners—arrived upon the scene, there has been one uninterrupted flow of newcomers from all parts of the world. The emigration movement to North America is certainly one of the most remarkable facts of contemporary

history. Both as regards the gigantic proportions it assumed, as well as regards its moral consequences, it can be compared only to the great migration of the Middle Ages.

The migration question has always had a great fascination for me, and my interest in it grew after I had personally made the passage to America as chaplain on board of an emigrant ship, on which 2,400 labourers from my own country, Hungary, were transported to seek a living in the Virginian mines. The number of emigrants from Austria-Hungary alone has in the last few years exceeded 200,000 per annum.

It is interesting to mark the current and general direction followed by the wave of emigration which swept over Europe. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the arrivals were chiefly from the British Isles, and in the first place from Ireland. Towards the second half of the century the greater portion was furnished by Germany and Scandinavia. Recently, and especially during the last few years, the principal centre of emigration has been the Carpathian district, Galicia, Hungary, and various Slav districts. From Transylvania the movement spread to Roumania and across the great plains of Hungary to the south, into Slavonia and Croatia. The Balkan States will doubtless contribute their full contingent in the near future, if the current continues to follow

the same course as heretofore, *i.e.*, in a south-easterly direction.

Dividing Europe into two parts, north-west and south-east, we note that the stream of emigration, when decreasing in the north-west, increases in the south-east, and that with slight interruptions it follows a regular course, prescribed by the inscrutable rules of an unwritten law. In order the better to grasp the situation we give a few data from the official emigration returns. First we will note the general increase, and secondly the distribution of the newly arrived as regards the country of origin.

During the first decade of the second half of the nineteenth century, between 1850-60, we find that the total number of immigrants landed in the United States from various parts of the world amounts to nearly 2,000,000. The following decade shows an increase of 25 per cent., and the official figures exceed 2,500,000. Between the years 1860-70 immigration considerably declined, although the figure was still much above 2,000,000. The years 1870-80 again register a greater number of foreigners landed at the various ports of North America than at any previous time. Between 1880-90 the immigrant returns reach the maximum figure of 6,000,000—that is, an annual increase of over 50,000 souls. And, finally, within the

last decade, 1890-1900, probably owing to the new legislation instituted by Congress for the restriction of immigrants, the numbers have fallen off perceptibly, although still exceeding the colossal figure of 5,000,000.

Such, in broad outline, has been the general movement during the last fifty years, and we will now for a moment consider the origin of these various new citizens. We see that between 1850 - 60 the arrivals were mainly from the north - west, and amounted to over 2,000,000, while Southern Europe was only represented by a few thousand souls. During the years 1860 - 70, although there is a slight general decrease, the number of arrivals from Central Europe is nearly doubled. Between 1870-80 emigration from the south-east received a stimulus, so that the United States registered six times as many immigrants as during the preceding decade, until in 1880-90 the arrivals from Southern Europe exceeded 1,000,000. Fifty years ago immigration from that part was practically non - existent, but during the last decade of the past century it developed so rapidly that it outstripped the rest of Europe, and the returns for 1890-1900 give 1,842,000 for the south - east, as against an approximate figure of 1,660,000 for the north-west.

The north-western wave shows a steady rise from 1850-90, and a gradual increase per decade

from about 2,000,000 up to nearly 4,000,000. Then there is a perceptible decrease of about a third, the registers for 1890 giving a total of 3,963,000. The last census registers only 1,668,000.

It was during this latter period of decline that the great organisations were set on foot for facilitating emigration from the Mediterranean and Adriatic ports. The great English and German steamship companies established regular services to the United States from the chief commercial ports of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Austria-Hungary. Agencies were formed in the remotest corners of the various countries, and gratuitous enquiry offices were instituted in all parts of the Carpathian and Balkan districts. The diverse modes and means adopted for the propagation of this great emigration scheme are well worth studying, but they are outside the scope of our present enquiry.

From the columns of the "Census" returns we can gather in what manner and in what proportion the different countries of the European continent have taken part in the movement. Ireland has been the pioneer of this social upheaval, and this country, although so sparsely populated, sent no less than 1,000,000 of its children between 1850 and 1860. During the two decades 1860-70 and 1870-80 the Irish immigrants have numbered about 500,000 per

annum. This figure is fairly well sustained during the subsequent years 1880 to 1900. In these five consecutive periods of ten years Great Britain is represented by 424,000, 607,000, 548,000, 807,000, and 342,000 persons, who left their native land to settle in the United States. Still reckoning by decades, Germany returns as follows in the same period of time—viz., 1850-1900 : 952,000, 787,000, 718,000, 1,453,000, and, lastly, 544,000.

Estimating the Scandinavian returns at 25,000, 126,000, 243,000, 256,000, and 379,000 persons, all reckoned, we get an approximately correct idea of the situation and the influx from the north-west of Europe, which has so visibly decreased during the last decade. The south-east, on the contrary, shows a marvellous advance. Poland and Russia sent more than a million of their people between 1890 and 1900, as against scarce a couple of thousands between 1850 and 1860. Italian emigration made equally rapid progress, and according to the statistic returns over the five decades 1850-1900, they range as follows : 9,000, 12,000, 56,000, 307,000 and 656,000. Austria-Hungary, which had absolutely no emigration to speak of in the first half of the century, only supplying a few desultory cases between 1850-60, in course of time registers as follows : Between 1860-70, 800 persons; 1870-80, 73,000 ; 1880-90, 356,000 ; 1890-1900, 597,000.

We see, then, that the emigration movement spread more and more from its original centre towards the east and south of Europe, and that from the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, where it originated, it passed on to the Slav and Latin populations. The subject of Asiatic emigration to the United States is another interesting problem. The number of individuals arrived in the United States from Asia was strongest between 1870-80, when about 127,000 were returned. The majority of these were Chinese coolies, but since restrictions have been put on Asiatic labour, their entrance into America has become much more difficult.

Pursuing our enquiry into the emigration movement of South-Eastern Europe, we find that it continues to spread, always in the same direction. In 1901 the number of Polish and Russian emigrants was 85,257. Their neighbours, the Hungarians and Austrians, surpassed this figure considerably, the total number of emigrants in 1891 from these two latter countries being 113,390, and from Italy 135,996. Ten years later we note a general increase, Poland and Russia returning 107,347, Hungary and Austria 171,989, and Italy 178,375 labour hands to America.

Since 1901 the growth of the movement has been even more remarkable, and from Austria-Hungary alone no less than 300,000 persons have

gone to the States in the course of last year. This figure, high as it is, will probably go on increasing. In time the yearly returns may exceed all previous statistics, for the day is near at hand when the Slavs of Southern Europe, Serbs, Croatsians, and their neighbours the Roumanians and Bulgarians, having become more familiar with the means of transport across the Atlantic, and having gained more accurate notions of the price of labour and the cost of living, will have less hesitation in venturing to try their fortune in the New World. We are not surprised at the expostulations of the American people against the invasion of the foreigners, for as we glance through the pages of the "Census," showing the emigration movement in all its magnitude, we cannot help being impressed with the seriousness of the situation. We also gather from these endless columns of figures the enormous possibilities this ever-growing increase of population opens for the near future.

Yet, however alarming the aspect may be at first sight from a national and from a social-economic point of view, as we consider the matter more closely and in its different relations our fears are dispelled, and we come to the conclusion that no really imminent danger exists.

To begin with, we must not forget that American society of the present day forms too

compact a body, that its wealth generally is too safely secured and its nationality too firmly developed, for its foundations to be easily shaken or its existence jeopardised. North America, even before the great influx of mixed nationalities, possessed a fairly large indigenous population. These inhabitants—for the greater part descendants of the early colonists—were almost all of Anglo-Saxon and Irish origin—English-speaking people, keeping up the traditions and customs of their native land. Gradually the type changed to suit the new conditions, and the son of Albion grew into the Yankee. But after all they are both shoots of the same tree.

At the time when immigration began to assume vaster proportions the United States numbered already 14,000,000 inhabitants. The new arrivals in those earlier days amounted at most to some hundred thousands per year, and these were easily absorbed in the existing local populations. Even within the first generation after landing they became transformed and remoulded into the national character. We may therefore safely assert that up to now, at least, immigration has in no wise interfered with or compromised the development of the American nation. It is true that certain centres of foreign influx—some of the larger ports—have proved so attractive to the newcomers that they have massed together there and formed huge foreign

quarters. It is also true that they have sometimes resisted the acceptance of the superior culture of their adopted land. And although this may be a matter of regret, it is not a serious danger.

According to the returns for 1900, the situation is as follows: The entire population of the United States of America was 76,303,387. The negroes, of whom I shall have occasion to speak presently, are 9,312,599 strong. The vast majority of the people, therefore, are white. We are further informed that, in the white total of 66,990,788, the foreign element is represented by 10,250,079 people, who are soon and easily absorbed and remoulded to suit the new exigencies. The number of children born in the United States of foreign parents is estimated at 15,687,322. But we must not forget that of the mass of children of foreign parentage, in about a third of the cases one of the parents is a native, generally the mother, which guarantees all the more surely an Anglo-Saxon bringing up.

Evidently, then, a careful examination of the "Census" leads us to the conclusion that the majority of the original American people are not only of Anglo-Saxon derivation, but are the direct descendants of the planters' families who inhabited the land before the great immigration movement began—*i.e.*, before the 'fifties of last century. Immigration in its present

proportions is of relatively recent date. The great influx did not begin until after 1870, when the American population was already very numerous. We may reckon the immigrants of 1870-80 to form an aggregate of about 2,812,191, as against a population of 50,155,783 souls, while the last decade, 1890-1900, returns 3,844,359 immigrants, as against a population of 76,303,387.

The present total population of the United States is estimated at above 80,000,000, of whom about 30,000,000 are foreigners. This seems a large figure, and in comparison with the national population far too great. But we must remember that a considerable portion of the foreign contingent, as we pointed out before, is of American parentage, and that many of them have been born on American soil.

In order the better to realise this fact we turn to the last census—which we may take to be as accurate as circumstances permit—and taking into consideration the many obstacles and difficulties attending such matters, we find that, classifying the foreigners according to their numbers, Germany heads the list, Ireland ranks second, and Great Britain third, while the Scandinavians occupy the fourth place. Thus we see that the northern and western countries of Europe come first in point of numerical strength. France, especially considering the

number of its inhabitants, sends but a minimum of emigrants. For the countries of Southern and Eastern Europe, where emigration has only assumed important proportions during the last few years, the figures are as yet low.

The official returns of original inhabitants of foreign nationality are, according to the "Census": Germans, 7,829,631; Irish, 4,973,373; English, 3,012,043; Scandinavians, 2,180,497; English Canadians, 1,301,796. Up to 1900 the foreigners of other nationalities, taken together, do not exceed 1,000,000, but the Italian and Slav contingents must have surpassed this figure during the last five years. In 1900 alone 731,981 Italians, 687,671 Poles, 685,176 Russians, 434,617 Austrians, 356,830 Bohemians, and 216,391 Hungarians have been registered.

Besides giving the numbers contributed by each country, the "Census" further tabulates them according to the nationality of the parents—that is to say, it subdivides them into families where both parents are aliens and families where either father or mother is of American extraction. Also, all foreigners born in the United States, and those born abroad but being American citizens, are classified separately. This enables us to form a fairly correct idea of the proportion of the foreign element in the United States, and to realise the contributions made by each country.

In all these four groups Germany is most

largely represented. Teutons with both parents aliens number 6,244,104; with either father or mother of American birth, 1,585,574. By far the larger number of these, viz., 5,155,286 persons, were born on American soil, as against 2,674,398 in Europe.

For the other States of Europe the "Census" tabulates as follows: Up to 1900 Ireland contributed 4,000,954 souls, both parents Irish, and 977,419, one parent alien. Of this number 1,758,263 were born in Ireland and 3,220,110 in America. The proportions of the English emigration are: Both parents English, 1,957,817; one English and one American, 1,057,226; born abroad, 1,152,943; and born in the States, 1,859,300. For the fourth large group, the Scandinavians, the returns are: 1,949,280, both parents Scandinavian; 234,217 of mixed birth; born in their native land, 1,070,028; and born in the land of their adoption, 1,110,469.

Applying the same method of subdivision to the emigrants from East and South Europe, we tabulate: (1) Persons born of foreign parents; (2) persons of mixed American and European parentage; (3) persons born abroad; (4) persons born in the United States.

	ITALY	AUSTRIA	BOHEMIA	HUNGARY
(1)	706,789	408,167	325,379	210,300
(2)	25,492	26,450	31,451	6,091
(3)	487,995	279,562	157,019	143,633
(4)	243,986	160,055	199,811	72,753

For Poland and Russia, where the emigration movement assumes constantly larger proportions, the returns are :

POLAND	RUSSIA
(1) 668,514	669,464
(2) 19,157	15,412
(3) 377,753	422,263
(4) 309,918	262,913

High though these figures may appear, they do not convey a fully adequate indication of the possibilities of the future, and the next census returns will probably be a revelation to us.

The emigration movement in Southern Europe, emanating chiefly from the Carpathian and Balkan districts, has only properly started since the beginning of the present century. Within the last two or three years emigration *en masse* has manifested itself among these peoples. It is therefore the more surprising that since 1900 the number of emigrants annually leaving their southern homes considerably surpasses the highest figures furnished by the northern and western States of Europe during the same period.

In the first year of this century Italy alone contributed 135,996 newcomers ; Austria-Hungary, 113,390 ; Russia and Poland, 85,257 ; and Roumania and Greece, 13,065. As against this, the largest returns from the north-west of Europe for this same period of time (1901) are : Scan-

dinavia, 39,234 ; Germany, 21,651 ; Ireland, 30,561 ; and England, 12,915 souls. In 1902 the general emigration returns are : Italy, 178,375 ; Austria - Hungary, 171,989 ; Poland and Russia, 107,347 ; Roumania and Greece, 15,300 ; as against the returns for the north of Europe : Germany, 28,304 ; Ireland, 29,138 ; and England, 13,338.

The growth of southern emigration is still more remarkable in 1903, when Italy alone sent nearly 20,000 emigrants per month. The total figure for Italy in 1903 was 230,622 ; for Austria, 206,011 ; for Poland and Russia, 136,093. In 1904 the increase is sustained, and departures from Adriatic ports amount to double the figure reached in the previous years.

The chief interest of the emigration question lies, for me personally, in the movement from the south-east of Europe, where my native land is situated. We saw that nowhere in the south, with the exception of Italy, has emigration assumed such vast dimensions as in Hungary and Austria. But, considering the number of inhabitants of the two countries, Italy and Austria - Hungary, the proportion of persons leaving their home is unquestionably greater in the latter country. Hungary alone, with a population of about 18,000,000 souls, has in the course of last year (1904) lost more than 150,000 of her children.

The alarm created by such unprecedented desertion easily accounts for the preventive measures adopted by the Chamber in the last session of the House. Great agitation prevails to ward off the scourge of devastation which emigration brought upon Ireland; for there the population in times past was reduced to nearly half, leaving various tracts of land almost entirely depopulated.

The great grievances of our labouring classes, however, have not been ameliorated, or even modified, by these precautionary measures. The first thing that suggests itself for the improvement of the situation to those really interested in the matter, and anxious to help to bind the people to their native soil, is a revision of the system of taxation, for the heavy duties and taxes weigh especially upon the shoulders of the labouring classes.

The defective form of administration, with its despotism and corruption, is another grave cause which induces many to emigrate. These evils are very much the same all over South-Eastern Europe, and from all parts menacing voices are raised in protest against the prevailing oppression, causing hundreds of thousands of poor people to seek refuge across the sea. Their numbers will rapidly diminish as soon as the internal conditions of these countries are improved, as soon as more favourable social

conditions and a better developed system of administration has been introduced. Stricter economic measures and better insured commercial prosperity are bound to create a reaction and keep the people at home.

In this respect the example of Germany is worthy of imitation. This country, which all through the second half of the nineteenth century supplied the greatest number of emigrants to America, has lost in the last few years only some thousands of its subjects. This proves the fact that the interior development of a State and favourable conditions of life are the surest means for retaining its inhabitants. Artificial obstacles, however, are as vain as they are illusory in restraining a free population.

Considering the question of emigration from the Transatlantic point of view, we see that in the United States the problem presents no less cause for uneasiness and precaution. Ever since the commencement of the expatriation movement in Europe, anxiety has been expressed against a too bountiful supply of immigrants. These protestations have become more accentuated within the last twenty years of the past century, when Germany and other countries of North-Western Europe began to pour out their hundreds of thousands of labourers upon the shores of the American continent. The

States also objected to the grouping together of the new arrivals according to their nationalities, threatening an overcrowding of the large centres of emigration.

Following the fortunes of the newcomers towards their various places of settlement, we find that the Germans are strongest in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and all the States of the basin of the Mississippi and the lakes. Their numbers in these parts exceed 5,000,000. A study of the map of the United States clearly shows why the Teutons should preferably fix upon this district. It contains the two large cities and centres of commerce—Chicago and St Louis. In both these cities the German population preponderates. At New York, in the manufacturing districts of New Jersey, and in the commercial centres of Pennsylvania, the German inhabitants number over 2,000,000, and the larger portion of these find employment in New York City and the surrounding places. It has been ascertained that, after Berlin, New York has the greatest number of German inhabitants.

The Irish also seek the cities and the oldest established and best cultivated districts of the American Union. There they far exceed in numbers all other aliens, and, with a total of 3,000,000 souls, form about 60 per cent. of the rural population. In New England, Connecticut,

Massachusetts, and Rhode Island they are over a million strong, and in New York they have long since surpassed that figure.

The average Irishman, landing in America as a simple journeyman or labourer, has from the first but one object in view—namely, to accumulate as soon as possible a little sum of money to invest in some great undertaking, often of a visionary nature. The impressionable character, lively imagination, and sanguine temperament of these children of Erin fits them better for intellectual than physical labour. Hence we find that they are eager to secure independent — if possible, commanding — positions. Among the lower grades of life, the American police force counts many Irishmen among its members, and still lower in the social scale, many an Irishman makes an independent living as a cabdriver. In the higher stations of life, solicitors, journalists and judges are largely recruited from the Irish ranks, although on the whole the Irish prefer a political career. In the electoral campaigns, so numerous in the United States, the Irish element always preponderates. They take the lead in those fierce political battles, and are generally found at the head of the opposition.

The Scandinavians, on the contrary, prefer a quiet life; they penetrate ever deeper into the interior of the land, and are chiefly engaged

in agricultural pursuits. In the western States they number 50 or 60, sometimes even 70 per cent. of the total population. The Scandinavian element is estimated in Illinois at 238,000, in Wisconsin at 238,000, in Northern Dakota at 93,000, and in Southern Dakota at 48,000.

The English are scattered about everywhere, and their occupations are varied. Generally they arrive in the New Country with a more correct idea than most immigrants of the land and its possibilities. Knowing the language, and being above all of an enterprising disposition, they shape their new life according to their own inclinations.

With regard to the immigrants from Southern Europe, it would be difficult to say as yet which way their predilections lie. The movement is of rather too recent date to judge, especially as there is always the possibility of their changing the whole tendency of their life under the new conditions.

The Italians, who form the largest contingent, seem to settle preferably wherever they see a chance of doing business in a small way. They are sober and simple in their habits, and indefatigable workmen. There is no trade they despise. We meet with them pretty well everywhere, as sweeps, shoe-blacks, match-sellers, lemonade vendors, hairdressers, and pastry-cooks. Many are necessarily attracted towards the large

towns, as offering the best market for their various trades. Very few come over with the idea of establishing themselves permanently in America; they are all too fond of their own beautiful land, warm climate, and the careless life of the sunny South, to make a home anywhere else. The majority, therefore, leave again as soon as they have made a few thousand dollars, which, multiplied by five, represents a respectable capital in their native land.

The Polish, Austrian, and Hungarian immigrants are quite different again. In the first place, they are mostly farmers, country born and bred, agriculturists who like a simple, outdoor life. They settle, as in Canada, on farms, and there they remain, assimilating themselves with their new surroundings, and developing with incredible rapidity. The anxiety felt in certain quarters of the United States with regard to the immigration movement, however justifiable at first sight, loses much of its force when we thus come to consider the question more closely.

It is undeniably true that the masses of immigrants now overflowing the New World lack the culture of the Old World colonists. The Teutons had more gifts for trade, more talent for making money. But, on the other hand, the Slavonic races have a peculiar aptitude for assimilation, and they are strong and steady.

Intermarriage with the people of the country has caused a vigorous and healthy generation to spring up, and in the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, where there are many descendants of such mixed marriages, the results have proved very satisfactory.

The great difficulty for these people is that, arriving in America without any prearranged plan of action, they feel on landing absolutely helpless, and at a loss what to do. Thus they run great risk of coming to grief before they have had a chance of making their way. Heart-rending tales of misery and failure come to our knowledge from the ranks of those forlorn and shipwrecked wanderers. All immigrants from the poorer classes of Southern Europe are very much in the same condition. In the poor quarters of New York, on the banks of the East River, where the Slav immigrants live packed together in squalor and wretchedness, or in the Jews' quarters in Second Avenue, swarming with families of Russian and Polish Jews, I have witnessed with my own eyes the same sad story of physical and moral degradation.

The Italian quarters, on the further side of the city, in the alleys leading down to the Hudson River, are easily recognisable by the general appearance of the streets. As in the narrow passages and alleys of Naples and Genoa,

all kinds of laundry articles are hung out to dry on cords in front of the houses, disclosing in the faded and dilapidated state of the cotton fabrics the miserable condition of the owners. There also, as under the blue Italian sky, we see vegetables and fruit exposed for sale, just as on the other side of the town, in the Jews' quarters, all are second-hand dealers, and before all the doors are stalls piled up with used garments, rusty iron, and other refuse from the wealthier parts of the towns.

The numerous suburbs of the capital shelter a very large number of these newcomers, but this is, as it were, the second stage. It is in the great factories in the neighbourhood of New York that the immigrants generally first find employment. Hoboken, Jersey City, Passaic, Paterson, St Elizabeth, New Amsterdam, Yonkers, and many others, are centres of immigration.

The work given to the new arrivals is generally of a rudimentary nature, but it teaches them to work, and the wages, although low, at least enable them to live, besides giving them the chance of joining the great labour unions of the country and taking if ever so small a part in the industrial pursuits of the people among whom they have come to live.

The danger is always greatest during the first period after debarkation. Contracts signed

abroad are illegal in the United States, and people arriving from the Continent with promises of work or contract labour are not allowed to land. The Transatlantic liners have to repatriate them free of charge. The dangers and vicissitudes surrounding the newcomers may readily be imagined. Ignorant of the language and of the conditions and customs of the country, they are at the mercy of the inhabitants. To gain some idea of the awful sufferings to which these poor human beings are exposed, it will suffice to visit an immigrant quarter of some large harbour town, or one of the public squares at night, when thousands of homeless wretches seek a few hours' rest and forgetfulness there.

It is but natural that the authorities dread the increase of pauperism, and it is equally natural that the public should sometimes express its indignation and raise its voice in protest when brought face to face with the dark side and the fatal consequences of immigration. The general feeling of dissatisfaction at the influx of foreigners has assumed more widespread proportions since the increase of immigrants from South-Eastern Europe. These people, more primitive, more backward, and more destitute than the original inhabitants, are not calculated to raise the moral and intellectual level of the country. Also being of such a heterogeneous nature,

and so firmly rooted in their primitive usages, assimilation is more difficult for them. The majority, however, only remain for a comparatively short time. As soon as they have made a little money, sufficient to keep them in ease in their native land, they return home, where life is infinitely cheaper and the natural and climatic conditions are far more favourable.

The Italians rank first in numbers in the lists of this century. They find it particularly hard to become acclimatised. Life, they think, is too dreary without their eternal spring and their ever blue sky. The same applies, more or less, to all Southern races. They cannot get used to the Northern climate, and invariably long to go back to end their days in peace at home. And yet it is the south and east of Europe which now supply most of the immigrants. The statistics for 1903 give us a fair idea of the present movement. Whereas Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Germany together have sent over, in the course of 1903, 186,000 persons, the eastern and southern States of Europe have during the same period furnished 609,000.

This shows a marked increase of emigration from the South, including the countries where a short time ago expatriation was practically unknown. Roumania, for instance, contributed in the course of the nineteenth century but

a few isolated cases, but in 1901 it figures in the "Census" with 7,155, in 1902 with 7,196, and in 1903 with 9,310 souls. Greece during the same three consecutive years contributed 5,910, 8,104, and 17,090 persons. Portugal also ranks year by year higher in the lists of emigrants. During the first three years of the present century the Portuguese returns have been 4,165, 5,307, and 9,370. Thus far Spain has contributed the smallest number of aliens to the United States.

In 1901 only 592, in 1902, 975, and in 1903, 2,080 Spaniards were registered. The total number of emigrants from the peninsula of the Pyrenees in the course of the last few years is estimated at over 100,000. From the Baltic States the figure is higher still. Albanians, Illyrians, and Dalmatians also come well to the front, and all the men from the Adriatic coast are temperate and quiet in their habits. In British Columbia I have seen large colonies almost entirely composed of these Southerners. There certain months of the year are devoted to fishing, and the remainder to farming. They are appreciated in those parts more than any other foreigners.

Immigrants from South and Central America and from Canada also reach a fairly considerable total. The South Americans are estimated at 15,000, arrivals from the Antilles at 147,077,

from Mexico at nearly 30,000, and from Canada at 1,051,000.

With regard to Asiatic emigration, the movement has only just commenced for Central Asia, and can therefore hardly be taken into account as yet. Now and then one comes across a few Syrians doing a retail trade and gaining a modest living in the States. Turks, Persians, Syrians, Armenians, and Hindoos are estimated altogether at not quite 100,000. What is generally understood by Asiatic emigration refers to the Far East, Japan and China. Since the Chinese labour question and the problem of the Yellow Peril have stirred Europe to action special laws have been voted in the two Chambers, and all the States have unanimously declared against the introduction of this indefatigable, indestructible foreign element.

Upon the question of the merits and demerits of the yellow labourer and trader I have had occasion to speak more at length elsewhere. Here I confine myself to the statement that, notwithstanding all the restrictions, their numbers in 1903 amounted to 320,138. And these are only the official figures. A closer registration is cunningly evaded.

With regard to the Japanese, more especially since the last war and the Anglo-Nippon alliance, the authorities have observed a more lenient

attitude. And although up to now they have not dared to forego the preventive measures adopted against all yellow races, they have, under some pretext or other, made it easier for them to enter the country. Thus while in 1901 only 5,865 Japanese were disembarked in the United States, their numbers increased in 1902 to 17,270, and in 1903 there were about 20,000 arrivals from the land of the Rising Sun.

Africans do not, so far, appear to be attracted towards the land of labour and action. Scarce a hundred have as yet ventured to cross the Atlantic. In 1902 only about thirty-seven were entered. The increase of negroes since the abolition of slavery is quite surprising. They total nearly 10,000,000, or probably surpass that figure now.

The black races are more prolific than the white, and the mortality, especially of infants, which at one time was so enormous, has notably decreased since the blacks have become more accessible to culture.

From the fifth continent, Australia, a total of 236,291 immigrants has been returned.

In my classification of the emigration returns it has been my endeavour to present a clear and succinct idea of the distribution and the numerical strength of the various peoples of foreign origin established in the United States, and to give some details about emigration in

general. For this question has become a very serious one, because of the colossal proportions expatriation has assumed in our days. Withal we should bear in mind that the population of North America has always been of a composite nature, and could never at any time claim to be purely Anglo-Saxon.

A few centuries ago the territory which forms the United States of America was almost unoccupied land. It was the habitation of nomadic tribes living by hunting and fishing, changing their abodes as the necessities of life demanded, or as urged thereto by superior force. Gradually driven back towards the distant coastlands, their prairies were taken possession of and peopled, while the original owners became more and more isolated in the reserves graciously portioned off for their special use. There they led a life of artificial savagery, unhealthy from a physical, and fatal from a moral point of view. These unhappy remnants of once proud tribes in their encampments outside the gates of prosperous cities impress us the same as does a menagerie of curious beasts. They are incapable, so we are told, of passing from their nomadic state to be an agricultural population. For mercantile pursuits they have still less aptitude, and in the manufacturing centres it has never even been thought of to make use of them as working hands—that is, in the sense

in which we understand work, and especially in the sense in which work is understood in the United States.

The population of the States, then, is almost entirely composed of aliens. Among all the various nationalities who in the course of ages have met on American soil, and who have helped in forming the gigantic nation which it now is, the first settlers were of Scandinavian, Spanish, French, and Dutch origin. The first Spanish planters arrived in the second half of the sixteenth century, and in Florida there are still direct descendants of those old Spanish families. The early English colonists came a little later in the same century, and they established themselves in New England, Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. The merchant class was well represented among them, and, generally speaking, those pioneers were of the flower of the Mother Country, and represented the cultured element in the New World. Their descendants form to this day a kind of aristocracy by seniority of birth. The large landowners, the "landed gentry" of American society, proud of their descent, form a very exclusive circle, in which millionaires are looked upon as *parvenus*, and it happens not infrequently that the door of the wooden "colonial homestead" is closed to them that dwell in marble palaces.

The Dutch pretensions of having been among

the earliest colonists survive in such names as New Amsterdam and others. The descendants of those ancient families, known as "Knickerbockers," represent another distinguished and privileged element of New York society. The Roosevelt family is one of their number.

The blood running through the veins of the American people is certainly of a most composite nature. Ever since the time of the first colonists the States have been invaded by one incessant flow of people from almost every nation of Europe—indeed, from almost every quarter of the globe. From North and South, from East and West people came, first as invaders, afterwards as peaceful settlers. They all contributed something of their national proclivities to make up the stock of the nation. The lively Celt and the stolid Anglo-Saxon, the plodding Teuton as well as the easy-going Slav and the ardent Italian, all have had their share in the making of the national character of the United States. The physiognomic distinctions of the Yankee clearly show his mixed origin. There are dark-skinned and fair-skinned people, and every possible variety of build and feature. But there is one trait they all possess alike, and that is strength — strength in all its ramifications, expressive of decision, unwavering perseverance, fixed purpose and bluntness. This feature, in greater or lesser degree, stamps

every citizen of the New World. No matter to what country they originally belonged, gradually they become moulded to and express one common type. The stamp of nationality is obtained by forfeiting certain of their original characteristics, and acquiring other peculiar qualities indispensable to life under the new conditions. Some lose their light-hearted, sanguine tendencies, others get rid of their morbid temperament. The easy-going nature of the one borrows of the sterner properties of the other. In that life of rush and toil, tenderness and refinement have to give way before shrewdness and cunning.

The typical American, known as "Uncle Sam," is represented as a strong-minded being of intense perseverance—a man of bold enterprise who fights for the mere pleasure of fighting; a man who can hold his own whether it be in the vast prairies of the West or in the money-market of Wall Street; a person who makes his way wherever he goes and whatever pursuit he follows, always ready to enter the arena, and always taking delight in the contest. The present-day American is remarkable for his soldierly qualities, the qualities peculiar to nature in action. The most prominent virtue of the people is its strength and its perseverance.

Strength characterises the individual as well as the nation. And this surely is the most

precious heritage bequeathed to these brave children of every nation under the sun, here united in one common bond of citizenship, with one common end in view. And in contemplating that immense population, now roughly estimated at 80,000,000 souls, but soon to be well nigh 100,000,000 strong, we must not forget the fact that this huge mass represents a selection out of a selection from every tribe and nation of the globe.

The emigrant who leaves his native land and, breaking with the past, henceforth determines to identify himself with his adopted country, thereby manifests his individual courage. But this is only the first step; his strength has not been tried. Arrived on the foreign shore, he needs more than his own national qualifications to resist and to overcome the peculiar dangers and difficulties which beset the path of the newcomer. And if these are not now so much of a physical nature, they are no less serious or hard to overcome because they take a social and moral colouring. The weak cannot offer a prolonged resistance against the terrible odds; he must retreat or succumb, and is in any case doomed to failure. In that fierce, unequal struggle only the strongest of the strong prevail. It is the survival of the fittest.

IV

THE INAUGURATION OF THE PRESIDENT, MR THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AT noon on the 3rd of March, the Pennsylvania station of New York City was crowded with travellers. People belonging to all classes hustled up and down the platform; employees and guides were in a state of excitement, such as I have never witnessed before on this side of the ocean. There were special trains starting nearly every quarter of an hour so enormous was the traffic on the eve of the Inauguration.

Our private car was coupled to an express leaving Jersey City at 1.15 P.M. On our arrival at the station, the car servants ushered our party into the rolling palace, where luncheon was waiting in a spacious dining-room. It was like a home, comfortably furnished, artistically decorated, and the table was covered with fresh flowers and fruit.

The train started after a short delay followed by the Southern Express, bound straight for Florida and Texas, a train composed of sleeping,

dining and library cars, affording to the travellers the comforts of a hotel while hurrying towards their destination, whether California or Mexico.

At the beginning of our journey we wound through busy suburbs, where hard work and industry, manufactures and workshops, are seen on either side, and a forest of tall chimneys incessantly blows dark smoke against the brilliant sky.

Our first stop after leaving Jersey City was Newark, one of the manufacturing centres of New Jersey, which is famous for its large number of leather, cotton and woollen factories, as well as for iron and steel works. The manufactures and industries of that city are as various as the nationalities composing its population, which consists of Irish, Germans, English, Slavs, Hungarians, Russians, with a considerable admixture of Orientals. As the train rolls through the city, close to the various settlements, churches of the different creeds and denominations are seen and easily distinguished by their external appearance. There are, besides slender Gothic spires, gilt Russian domes and English belfries, Bavarian radish-shaped gables, and homely-looking Hungarian steeples.

This part of New Jersey, including Passaic, Elizabeth, and Paterson, shows the most interesting combinations of nationalities and creeds. Each of those townships, or cities, is divided into

so many settlements, talking different languages and dialects and forming as many parishes. The question of nationality is certainly one of the most interesting in the annals of the United States. Day by day ships come into the various harbours, crowded with immigrants, from all parts of the world, speaking not a single syllable of English, and having but very faint ideas of the new country in which they seek to make their future home. They themselves very often retain permanently their national characteristics, but their children invariably become thorough Americans, speaking none but the English language, and having no conceptions, ideas or ideals but such as are entirely American.

At last we are in the open country, rolling through a long stretch of fields at the rate of a mile a minute, and often even faster than this. The permanent way is very well laid out, and as the train runs along at this high speed, one can hardly feel more than a slight springing of the car, like that of the elastic resilience of a well-cushioned sofa. It is evident that the development of railway engineering is one of the greatest of American achievements. The mechanical institutes and technical schools certainly reflect the greatest credit on the country, and the application of human intellect to the arts of invention and to the achieve-

ment of material progress is the thing which most impresses a foreign observer. Looking at enormous buildings such as the railway stations of Boston or Chicago, examining the successful solution of architectural problems such as the East River Bridges or the subway railroads, or, again, gazing with amazement at the palaces, thirty to forty stories high, the so-called skyscrapers, like the Flatiron Building or *Times* offices, it is impossible not to be astonished and not to appreciate at their true value these manifestations of this last stage of Western civilisation. We might discuss this question from an artistic and philosophical standpoint, and, of course, the question of the æsthetic merits of a building is a matter for the decision of individual opinion. The general taste might prefer horizontal to vertical lines, and art critics who abhor those commercial towers might admire an endless, flat, single-storied structure of ancient type. All this is to a great extent a matter of convention, but if we analyse the question from a mere objective standpoint, we cannot help admitting that the architectural problem has been solved with daring power and aptness. For my own part, I even venture to state that among the newer high buildings I have found some which are fine and even beautiful—for instance, the front of the newly erected St Regis Hotel in New York. And taking the

philosophical side of material aims and achievements, and the value of conceptions like those of space, distance, and time, it will remain for ever an open question whether by the condensation, increase, and, let us say, complication of our existence, the value of life, and the welfare and general satisfaction of humanity, will be increased in proportion. But I hope to refer to those matters in another paper, dealing exclusively with the psychological features of the country.

On either side of the track, the country is rather uninteresting and commonplace. Of course, it is the very worst season of the year: trees are denuded of their leaves and the fields are bare of grass, and just here and there one sees traces of a plough beginning the preliminary agricultural preparations, now that the snow is melting. It is a rich land, and the soil shows remarkably productive qualities. We look at the landscape from a purely agricultural and, let us say, utilitarian standpoint, and forget its lack of picturesqueness. There are many farms. Some attractive, small wooden buildings, but even in these rural homes the barns, stables and dairies are unquestionably the more prominent features, and are planned with greater care and kept up at a greater expense than the houses themselves. We can see at once that the main object of the farmer

is to make life, before all, profitable, and to get as high a percentage out of his estate as he possibly can. Agriculture in the eastern part of America is most intensive, and near the cities produces from 8 to 12 per cent. on the capital outlay. They are at a great advantage compared with our own farmers on account of their lavish investment in all the newest agricultural inventions and implements, and by reason of the constant intensification of the strife for success.

If Nature lacks colour in this dull month of March, human fancy supplies it in the shape of multifarious advertisements. There are gigantic boards standing all along the line in the adjoining fields, praising every known specific from "Omega Oil" to "Little Liver Pills" — and promising to cure all ills that human flesh is heir to. There are others that go further in their aims. Some promise to save you from depressing "blues," and some are bold enough to offer you, for a few cents, the elixir of happiness. The advertisements are in every shape imaginable, and in every colour of the rainbow. Unquestionably the most attractive are those which represent persons and animals, quadrupeds and birds. A giant green frog, advertising some throat specific, seems to be a great favourite with children and grown-ups, though, personally, I think one of the cleverest is the scene of an exaggerated, life-size, pastur-

ing herd. This last shows about twenty cows scattered in the fields, and tended by a herdsman. There are also several calves, and one is engaged in chasing the milkmaid, who is in the act of robbing the poor victim of its evening meal.

Later we passed across several creeks and rivers which break the monotony of the plains, and in the distance, to the right, a few hills were to be seen on the horizon.

Our next stop was Philadelphia, which is the third largest city in America. For this new country it is comparatively old, for its foundation dates back to the days of William Penn, from whom the State of Pennsylvania, in which Philadelphia is located, derives its name. Its great historical feature consists in the fact that the Independence of the original thirteen States of the Union was first declared in Philadelphia, on July 4th, 1776. Ever since that date the city has been one of the leading centres, and its proximity to New York has contributed to the rapidity of its growth. As a town it is one of the finest in America, and has been laid out with great taste, especially the suburban districts, which stretch for many miles around the different quarters. Before reaching the Northern station, the train curves round the city, giving an excellent opportunity of taking a bird's-eye view of the place and of the

Fairmount Park, which is one of the most famous and beautiful in America.

Fine, also, are the banks of the Delaware River, the mouth of which makes a splendid harbour and gives anchorage to over 100,000 vessels of all nations every year. The wealth of Philadelphia is very great, and the manufactures of every sort employ over 300,000 workmen.

But Philadelphia is even prouder of its culture and antiquity than of its riches; with Boston and Washington it shares the reputation of inherited refinement, and having over two centuries to boast of, it is of course one of the oldest cities of the States.

Baltimore was the last stop before we reached Washington. This is another important town, numbering over half a million inhabitants, with a large seaport, where the vessels of all nations anchor. Baltimore was first laid out as a town in 1729, and received its name from the title of the Barons of Baltimore (Co. Longford, Ireland), founders and proprietors of the Colony of Maryland. In 1770 it had grown sufficiently in importance to be made a port of entry, and it was incorporated as a city in 1796. After the conclusion of the war of 1861-65 its population rapidly increased, and of late years several populous suburbs have been included in its limits, so that now its population is fully 600,000. Baltimore has been in

one respect more fortunate than other cities of the Southern States. During the War of Independence it was threatened, but not attacked; in the fight with Great Britain in 1814, it successfully resisted a combined attack by water and land; and in the Civil War it lay outside the area of actual combat. Its history is, therefore, an almost unbroken chronicle of peace and prosperity. Dr Holmes has remarked that three short American poems, each the best of its kind, were all written at Baltimore: viz., Poe's *Raven*, Randall's *Maryland, my Maryland*, and Key's *Star-Spangled Banner*. The last was composed in 1814, while its author was a prisoner on one of the British ships bombarding Fort M'Henry. Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I., married a Miss Paterson of Baltimore, and their descendants still live in the city.

In 1890 the total value of the local manufactures was \$148,000,000, in the production of which 87,000 hands were engaged. Baltimore is the chief seat of the canning industry of the United States, and deals with the famous oysters and fruits from the shores of Chesapeake Bay. The annual product is 50,000,000 cans, and about 15,000 hands are employed in this industry. Iron, steel, and copper are produced; and the Bessemer Steel Works at Sparrow's Point have a daily capacity of 2,000 tons, equal

to about one-third of the total produce of the United Kingdom. The cotton-duck mills in and near Baltimore run 150,000 spindles, employ about 6,000 hands, and produce three-fourths of the sail-duck made in the United States. In brick-making Baltimore ranks fourth among American cities, producing annually 150,000,000. Next to New York it has the largest grain market on the Atlantic coast, its annual receipts being 40,000,000 to 46,000,000 bushels. The value of the imports of Baltimore in the fiscal year 1897-98 was \$8,905,200, of exports \$118,782,000. In 1890 its harbour was entered and cleared by 1,651 vessels of 2,127,247 tons burden.

From Baltimore to Washington is usually only an hour's travel. But in our case Providence ordained otherwise. Shortly after leaving Baltimore station we felt a shock, as if our car was shaken by the striking of some obstacle. We looked at one another with amazement and without uttering a syllable, waiting for events. There was not a sound, and in this deadly silence seconds seemed to pass with the slowness of hours. Any one who has been in a railway accident can fully realise the anxiety and terror of those endless minutes until we discovered the cause of the shock. My first experience in this respect goes as far back as 1884, when I was travelling as a boy from London to my

school, and when the train collided with one coming in the opposite direction, near Croydon Junction, telescoping some of the cars and smashing several others to pieces. The horror of the scene will be never forgotten, and even now I hear the lamentation of the victims as clearly as on the day of the disaster.

This time we escaped with nothing more serious than a little fright. After some time of waiting, some of the railway employees came to explain that the train in front of us had derailed, which fact caused our train to come to a sudden stop. But before the tracks could be cleared for traffic several hours had elapsed, which delay afforded plenty of time to observe the surrounding country, and to reflect.

The point where the train had stopped was typically American. To the right was seen the outskirts of a town, showing brick and wood buildings, small homes of very simple architecture, surrounded by wooden railings: similar houses I have seen again and again wherever Anglo-Saxons have colonised, whether in South America, Australasia or Africa. It is most interesting to note the close connection between all those settlements; how the first colonies start on exactly the same principles wherever this race has been the pioneer. The modest hamlets which eventually grow into a metropolis like New York, Melbourne, Cape-

town, and many others, all develop in precisely the same way, fostered by the same sentiments. The ideas and ideals of the first colonists wherever they settled were derived from the same source — it was the same stock, which came from the same fatherland to invade these different continents, and if later it has been reinforced by newcomers from other parts of the old world, these latter have accepted existing conditions, and willingly embraced all established forms and patterns as they found them.

During the year I passed in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, the manifestations of the underlying principle of colonisation never failed to interest me, and the analysis of the rudimentary factors of the most tangible features of the psychological aspect of colonisation became a source of endless satisfaction. The investigation of the conditions which make people leave their old homes and of the individual qualities necessitated by a decision to seek new countries and to begin a new life is a study of the highest importance. The history of colonisation gives irrefutable proof of the fact that, in the early stages, the possession of special moral and physical qualities is essential to success. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. The bodily strength required to resist the hardships of pioneer life needs to be supplemented by an even higher degree of

moral than of physical force. In addition to the amount of fighting power required to overcome the difficulties and obstacles of all kinds which one invariably encounters in the early stages of a new settlement, mental qualities and lucidity of brain are required in order that one's new existence may be so planned as to ensure success.

The last hope was abandoned of arriving at Washington in time for dinner, so our dark attendants, clad in their spotless white liveries, laid out the table for dinner, which had been cooked with unquestionable skill during our unexpected stoppage, and my host invited me to sit down, remarking with a smile: "Private cars and unexpected delays are features of American travelling."

It was half-past nine in the evening when I finally set foot in Washington. I would never dare to attempt a description of the first impression made by the capital on the eve of the Inauguration. The word chaos gives the best definition of the spectacle presented. To begin with the railway station. Never in my life did I witness confusion approaching that which reigned in the terminus. There were trains and trains pouring out visitors by hundreds and thousands. Men and women of all ages, and I may say of all colours, were pushing, rushing to and fro in all directions,

seeming to have no fixed intention and no deliberate aim; and besides this ebb and flow of the crowd, which resembled the tide of a furious sea, there was a conglomeration of sounds, inarticulate shouts, shrieks and yells of welcome, intermixed with cries of complaint. Some stood in motionless despair, worried by the apparent hopelessness of the quest for their friends or relations, while others fought hard to secure the cabs which stood in front of the station. Every variety of vehicle which human ingenuity has invented was there, from smart landaus to one-horse buggies, driven by shabby-looking negroes, or from the newest type of automobiles to the penny street car. In consequence of my delay, the carriage which was sent to meet me had not waited, and I was compelled to give up all attempt to obtain possession of any of those which had been assaulted by those endowed with greater pushfulness than myself. I handed over my luggage checks to my *courrier* and determined to reach my destination on foot, when it was explained to me that it was not very far from the station, and that I would easily recognise the building.

Washington, at all time the finest of American cities, apparently wished to be even finer for the Inauguration, as from almost every balcony and window flags were hanging, the front of the

houses had been decorated with all kinds of festoons, and nearly all the public buildings were lavishly illuminated. The streets were full to excess, the side-walks were crowded to their fullest capacity, and vehicles and cars, arranged for sight-seeing purposes, with benches slanting like a theatre floor, were streaming past, while their conductors pointed out streets, places of interest, public buildings, and statues of national heroes, with the same shrill and monotonous voice.

To form a clear conception of a city under those conditions is rather hard, and I am anxious not to be prejudiced by the first tumultuous and incoherent impression.

The 4th of March broke with a brilliant sunrise. It was one of those radiant spring days when all Nature seemed to be rejoicing. From the earliest hours the town showed exceptional animation, and the population emerging from all directions proved that something out of the ordinary run of events was awaiting them. I began my day at six in the morning in the beautiful chapel of St Anthony at St Matthew's—a chapel which is an exact copy of the famous shrine in Padua, one of the gems of San Sovino's architecture, in which refinement of line and richness of material combine so harmoniously.

My invitation to the Capitol was marked for 11.50 A.M., but when I started to drive to the ceremony about 10 o'clock, the thoroughfares were already so crowded that it took quite a half hour to cross the city, so I had full opportunity to witness the morn of the feast in all its exuberance, to observe the population and to look at the varied display of decorations. I am afraid it is not the picturesque which is one of the striking qualities of modernism. Men of to-day are too practical to waste much time on giving rein to their fancy. The matter-of-fact tendencies crowd out the more sentimental feelings of human nature. I must openly confess that though the street decorations of Washington may have cost fortunes, in their effect they were very poor, especially in conception. There were no festoons of brilliant hues, no draperies of subdued colouring. I did not see any display of fresh flowers; there were just a few branches and green leaves decorating the Presidential stands; otherwise the whole decoration of the city was limited to flags. Flags there were in any amount, and of every size imaginable, from small paper toy flags, which cost a cent apiece, and were stuck in the humblest windows, on top of baby carriages, and in the harness of the horses, to flags measuring yards and yards, and hanging down from balconies, roofs, and from

the pinnacles of steeples and spires. "The Stars and Stripes for ever" seemed to be the one idea for the whole population of the capital; every State appeared to be anxious to emphasise the sentiment; and if the decoration did not come up to my expectations, in any case the sentiment of patriotism impressed me fully.

In front of the Capitol a long row of carriages blocked the way. Coaches of the diplomats, ambassadors, senators, and representatives were crowded before the main entrance. The way was lined on both sides by troops, and the population was kept behind the lines by a cordon of police on horseback and on foot. The police regulations were extremely severe. My carriage pass was asked for again and again, and without special permission it was strictly forbidden to approach the gates of the grounds surrounding the Capitol. But even inside the grounds, and to my astonishment in the Capitol itself, rather unusual strictness was shown; and the amount of formality rather surprised me in a democratic country. I saw some of the invited refused admittance at the entrances on the smallest doubt as to their identity or for any mistake in the form of their invitations. In fact, I was present at one of the doors when some of the leading senators were refused admittance for lack of proper identification, and only after a great deal of discussion and debating

did they succeed in establishing their identity and were allowed to enter the senatorial chambers. At the same time I had the opportunity to make another observation of a characteristic fact, to note the great difference between the discourtesy and roughness which the guardian of peace and order showed to the man whom he thought was an ordinary citizen, and the extreme courtesy, I might call it servility, expressed the moment he discovered he was dealing with a person of influence.

Before getting to my seat in the Senate room I wandered through many lobbies and passages, getting a fair idea of the interior disposition of the Capitol. Unquestionably the fine proportions are impressive, though the decoration is sometimes crude in detail. When I got into the great hall, though it was about an hour before the time fixed for the ceremony, it was crowded to the doors, and there did not seem to be a vacant seat. The galleries had been divided into different sections, and were occupied by the families of diplomatists, senators, and council members. One side was reserved entirely for the press, and on the main floor the Senators and Members of Congress and the other State representatives took their places. The ambassadors formed a circle in front surrounding the Presidential chair, and in their gold-laced uniforms, with the grand

crosses and decorations, ribbons and badges, gave a little colour to the gloominess of the assembly. In the sea of black frock-coated politicians and judges, all clad in the same mournful attire, it was quite refreshing to see a patch of colour in the shape of the Turkish Ambassador's red fez or the Spanish coloured coat and the Chinese mandarin's brocade uniform.

Precisely at the hour fixed the President-Elect was escorted into the Capitol by the Committee of Arrangements, entering the Senate wing by the bronze doors. The President was directed to the President's room, where he remained until the Committee of Arrangements waited upon him and escorted him to the Senate Chamber. He occupied the seat reserved for him in front of the Vice-President's desk. The Committee of Arrangements occupied the seats on his left.

The Vice - President - Elect was accompanied to the Senate by the same Committee, entering the Senate wing by the same bronze door, and going to the Vice-President's room, where he remained until escorted to the Senate Chamber, where the oath of office was administered to him by the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, just before the adjournment of the present Senate.

The ceremony itself was very short, and puritan in its simplicity. After a brief prayer

by a chaplain the Vice-President delivered his inaugural address and administered the oath of office to the Senators-Elect. As soon as the organisation of the Senate was complete, the whole assembly proceeded through the rotunda to the platform erected before the centre portico of the Capitol.

The whole of this function occupied little more than twenty minutes, and there were none of the customary courtesies and complicated ceremonies which characterise State functions in the older countries of the world.

The procession in which the President, Vice-President, diplomatists, senators, heads of the Executive Department and Governors of States and Territories proceeded through the lofty halls, resembled a funeral escort more than an Inaugural pageant. Even the Americans have felt to a certain degree the want of colour and artistic appearance in their official representation of their country, and at different times a desire has been expressed to establish uniforms and special attire for their diplomatists. At last, when at the end of this rather gloomy parade the Admiral of the Navy and the Chief of Staff of the Army, accompanied by the officers, arrived and passed, general delight was noticeable at the display of buttons and epaulettes.

On reaching the platform, the President took

his appointed seat, with the Chief Justice on his right, and the Committee of Arrangements and the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate on his left.

The ex-Presidents, ex-Vice-Presidents, and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the Vice-President, Secretary, Members of the Senate, and ex-Senators, occupied seats on the right. The retiring Members of the House and the Members-Elect were seated on the right of the President, next to, and behind the Senate. The Diplomatic Corps occupied the seats on the left of the President. Governors of States and Territories, heads of departments, the Admiral of the Navy, the Chief of Staff of the Army, and the officers of the Army and Navy who, by name, had received the thanks of Congress, took seats on the left of the President. Such other persons as were included in the preceding arrangements occupied the remainder of the platform. When all were assembled, the oath of office was administered to the President-Elect by the Chief Justice.

Looking down from the portico, the picture presented before me was unquestionably imposing. There were thousands of people thronging around the military cordons on the lawn surrounding the Capitol; but it was not so much the greatness of the crowd which

impressed, as it could not be compared for numbers to that which flocked together on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, nor for brilliancy to the mob of an Indian Durbar, but what was impressing and suggestive, was the sight itself. The Capitol is unquestionably one of the most, if not the most, magnificent public buildings erected in modern times. There may be an occasional detail not quite correct, but as a whole it is very fine. The grandeur of its proportions is especially effective, and the cupola is perfect in its curve. It stands on a hill, and measures 751 feet in length, and 324 feet in width. The main edifice is of light sandstone, and the wings are of white marble. The cupola itself is white, and its pinnacle is nearly 300 feet high. The general style is classic of Corinthian order. One of the finest features of the building is the 900-foot-long terrace, surrounded by broad flights of steps. There have been different architects at work on this building, and much credit is due to Mr T. E. Walter, designer of the dome. The fine statue of Freedom crowning the whole is the work of Crawford. It will be of interest to mention that the cost, since the construction began, has exceeded \$16,000,000. The large park surrounding this enormous pile of stone and mortar greatly enhances its beauty. In fact, what I

admire most, as I look around, is the perfect sense of proportion and the refined harmony between the Capitol and its surroundings. Washington is called with justice "the city of magnificent distances"; and the general planning of the town, intersected with wide boulevards, and dotted with squares and parks, makes it the finest town in the New World.

When the whole assembly was seated, the Chief Justice stepped forward to administer the Presidential oath. Though not a tall man, and, contrary to tradition, wearing a moustache, he was unquestionably an impressive personage on account of his clear-cut features, keen expression, and pale complexion. His snow-white hair and his floating black robe added to the picturesqueness of the general effect. Stepping forward to a table, he was met by the President, who, putting his right hand on the Holy Scriptures and looking toward the Capitol, repeated the official oath, prompted by the representative of the Law. The short sentences were pronounced in a clear and audible voice; and after the pronouncement of the words, "So help you, God," Mr Theodore Roosevelt became the twenty-sixth President of the United States of America.

The cheers of the surrounding multitudes broke out and echoed repeatedly. Hundreds of hats and handkerchiefs waved in the air

and before the President began his inaugural speech, the police cordons were broken through, and the people streamed round the elevated platform. I do not know if this little incident was entirely spontaneous, or if by a hint the police became for an instant more lax in their duties of keeping the crowds in line than they had been earlier in the day, but in any case the unexpected incident was impressive.

When the President finally rose to deliver his address, his utterances commanded the closest attention. Mr Roosevelt is a tall man, of commanding figure; his gestures were plastic, and his mode of expression was very vivid. His face reflects with emphasis his feelings, and his eyes betray his varying emotions, and he is unquestionably an emotional man. If somebody were to ask me what in my opinion gives Mr Roosevelt's speeches their great popularity, and commands the sympathy of his audiences, I would say that it is the spontaneity of his emotions and the sincerity with which they are expressed. Whatever his subject may be, he is so deeply interested in it, and speaks with such conviction, that he makes everybody interested in it, and convinced of the correctness of his opinion.

The Presidential speech is now well known all over the world. It was a short, clearly conceived address. It spoke of the duties of

citizens and the State—duties which must form the basis of action of individuals and communities alike—and described the obligations of the Government and the State to work for the common welfare and for the greatness of America. It was patriotic in the extreme, full of self-reliance and full of ambition; but what impressed me most, and what gave the greatest value to his oratory, was the high moral tone of his views. Whenever I read a speech or toast delivered by the Chief Executive of the United States, what gives me satisfaction on each occasion is the fact that there is always a sentence or a short piece of advice which, if followed by the 80,000,000 inhabitants of the United States and its dependencies, would make them wiser and happier; and I am quite certain if a public man gets any recompense for the heavy burdens imposed upon him, and for all the unpleasantness accompanying his public position, it is to be found in the conviction that he has been of some help to his fellow-men, and that his life has been of some use to the world. If an orator, a great author, a brilliant artist, or a politician, can boast only of having done something brilliant—of having delivered an effective speech, written an amusing book, painted a good picture, or of having been victorious in many electoral campaigns—they, in fact, have very little reason for self-satisfac-

tion. The value of work is necessarily dependent on the extent to which it has contributed to the common welfare or to the happiness of the individual, and however different men's professions may be, their aim ought naturally to be identical—the general welfare of mankind and the greater glory of God.

The inaugural speech of the President of the United States gave expression to such an ideal, and I do not doubt it was the height of the standard set, and the not only moral but spiritual tone of his words, which caused them to find an echo in all human hearts. The effect was great and unquestionably sincere, as it must always be on all occasions when, whether from a platform or from the pulpit, an appeal is made to the better and finer feelings of human nature.

The programme of the afternoon began with a semi-official luncheon at the White House, a very pretty but unassuming marble building, constructed in excellent taste, and much resembling the little Trianon. It is a very fine example of the later eighteenth-century architecture; it looks like a homely country mansion, recalling the first colonial homes of the well-to-do early settlers. I was told that it has long failed to answer the purposes for which it was originally erected, and that a new Presidential palace is already spoken of.

Notwithstanding the democratic nature of

the country, the ceremonies above described were witnessed and participated in by only a comparatively few privileged individuals. The Senate Chamber accommodated at the utmost not more than a couple of thousand, and the grand stands outside were reserved for the same persons, with an addition of a number of others of the same class. But even the Senate grounds had been strictly closed to every one not provided with a permit. Scarcely 10 per cent. of all those who flocked together for the occasion from all parts of the country could have seen the great national event. There were no public festivities prepared for the men in the street; no places of national rejoicing; no roasting of oxen in public places; no public toasts or speeches. They had to be contented with the accounts of the more favoured ones, and satisfied with the knowledge that at a certain hour in the same city where they flocked by thousands, the oath was taken; and, eventually, with waiting for hours in wind and rain to see an ordinary closed landau, escorted by a few waterproof-clad policemen, in which it was said the President sat. In fact there was very little show to reward the general curiosity, and yet the people generally seemed contented with reading the extra numbers of the daily papers, and admiring the rather exaggerated pictures of the events which they had not seen.

The procession of the troops which began at 3 o'clock and finished at the close of the day may have rewarded the people to a certain extent for its long wait. Troops are always popular with a crowd; military display never fails to attract attention, and a parade, whether at Temple Field or at Longchamps, is certain to cause admiration. And those fine soldiers really deserve recognition from their fellow-countrymen, even though the ultimate object of their existence—the infliction of wounds and death—cannot be the highest ideal of humanity. But instincts are stronger than logic, and passions will for many years to come dominate reason and reflection.

The victories of the Spanish war naturally only served to increase the popularity of the army. When the Cuban revolution broke out the world was rather astonished at the idea of the peaceful States, with apparently only commercial ambitions and counting scarcely over 25,000 regular soldiers, declaring war on a foreign power. Public opinion seems to forget that in the last century there was more gunpowder used by America than by any European state. From the time when the Congress first declared Independence, war went on for years without interruption, and immediately the enemy had been conquered revolution broke out, and the

most quiet of citizens took up arms. Europe seemed to leave out of consideration the fact that these people attained by fighting, step by step, the freedom and power which they enjoy, and public opinion among the different nations and Cabinet Councils is not yet accustomed to the idea that the United States of America should have equal rights of warfare with other nations beyond their own immediate sphere. As if you could prevent an avalanche from obeying the laws of gravity and rolling downhill. A nation whose population increases yearly by 15 to 18 per cent., whose wealth has risen to millions and billions, and where the Congress has the power of sending hundreds of thousands of volunteers to fight its enemies, a country which in a relatively short time has conquered the greater part of the whole continent, will scarcely stop midway in its career. The conquering policy of the United States was easily to be foreseen, and after general consolidation and the settlement of internal affairs, it was only natural that American activity should seek a larger field. The so-often-quoted Monroe Doctrine has passed more and more into oblivion. The annexation of Cuba was called its liberation, and that island being in American waters, was not a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. In the case of the Philippine Islands, such excuses could not be advanced, but they were

annexed without any explanation. At present men-of-war on which the Stars and Stripes float in the breeze can be met on all seas, and we come across American cruisers, gun-boats or torpedo-boats in the Gulf of Pechili, passing through the Suez Canal, or anchoring in the vicinity of the Bosphorus. Imperialism seems to be the last phase of the tendencies of American political ambition. It is the under-current of patriotism, and after all, *Vox populi suprema lex*.

Imperialism naturally involves militarism. Is it not quite natural that the military procession from beginning to end should meet with the greatest applause? First came the regular troops, cavalry and infantry, followed by the militia, volunteers and colonial troops. The police, too, were represented, and there was a detachment of Red Indians in full "war-paint," a most effective group resembling closely those pictures illustrating Cooper's celebrated children's stories; and, finally, the procession was closed by a cavalcade of weather-beaten sons of the prairies, the famous cow-boys. To compare an American military display with a European review of troops would be scarcely fair. There is a conspicuous lack of brilliancy of uniforms and of smartness among the men. The uniforms which I saw were very rough in colour, badly matched and fitting even worse. The tunics and breeches seemed to be comfortable to wear, but did not

have the neat appearance of 'Tommy Atkins' Khaki, or of the German soldiers' warrior-like helmets and cuirasses. The horses were very poor animals, and even on this occasion appeared very rough, as if they had been caught on the prairie the day before. All this, of course, was merely the outer effects which were most conspicuous to the observer; of its fighting qualities, as is well known, the American army has given brilliant proof.

The navy and the famous West Point Cadets were the heroes of the afternoon, the latter especially meeting with clappings and hurrahs wherever they passed by, and the whole nation seemed to look with admiration on the growing generals of the future. West Point is to America what Sandhurst is to England or St Cyr to France: it is the national institution for the training of officers. Of course, in many points it differs from our system, as the whole army is based on different principles in the United States. The regular troops are, as mentioned before, few in number, the bulk of the fighting material of the country being made up of the militia, or volunteers. The men belonging to the regular army are enlisted for five years, during which time they earn a salary of \$12 a month, and are supplied with board and clothing. The militia is an organisation composed of members who volunteer their

services for a period of five years, receiving no salary whatever, and providing their own uniforms, and who live in their own homes, attending to their civil business, excepting in time of war, when they may be called out whenever occasion may require. This branch of the army is not only used in wars with foreign powers, but in cases where home troubles occur, such as riots and strikes of workmen. By the time that the last cow-boy in his grey flannel shirt and soft felt hat with waving brim had passed by, night had begun to set in, and the lights decorating the porticos and cornices began to glitter. Fireworks shooting up from National Park and sky rockets pouring down in golden dust, marked the close of the day of the Inauguration.

My stay in Washington extended beyond the limits of my original plan, and I remained for some time after the Inauguration. It was most interesting to see the regular routine of the United States capital. If Chicago and Pittsburg present exceptional opportunities of witnessing how wealth is made, and of studying from a sociological or psychological standpoint the degree to which human intelligence is applied to the production of dollars; if some of the holiday resorts like Bar Harbour and, above all, Newport, show the way in which money is spent; if in the former instance we are struck

by the ingenuity, and in the second by the total want of imagination displayed, Washington is still more interesting as being the place where the politics of the country are made. I visited years ago all the important commercial centres, and acquired an intimate knowledge of the striking manufacturing and labouring qualities of the inhabitants. I likewise had occasion, while resting at the seaside, to witness their rather naïve way of passing their leisure hours; and much as I was amazed by the daring and pluck, acuteness and vivacity of imagination, by which millions are made, at the same time I could not help smiling at the childish way in which those same millions are spent.

In Washington there was a new field of observation. During my last visit the Senate was not sitting and the town was deserted. Now everything was in full swing, and political activity was at high tide. Senators, Members of Congress, Secretaries of State, and the various officials occupied their pretty homes, in some of which I passed many pleasant hours. The houses of Washington, though smaller than private mansions in New York, give the impression of stability and of a more venerable age. The whole city in this respect is more or less the same; it looks aged, and gives the impression of reflection. People in Washington seem to have time to think; they can afford,

apparently, not to be always in a rush, but to sit down before their desks. I observed to my great satisfaction more books than *bric-à-brac*, and conversation embraces a higher sphere than that of the ordinary topics of the day. Houses like those of Senators Lodge, Slater, Kane, or Secretaries of State Hitchcock or Hay are centres, not only of politics, but of literary, artistic, and intellectual life. Americans of culture, as a rule, are extremely well read, and what is more, they have visited all the sights of interest in different parts of the world, which gives them the advantage of being able to make comparisons and of personal experience. And I have observed, since my last visit about six years ago, a great advance all over the country in the direction of culture and intellectual pursuits.

The sitting of the Senate and the House of Representatives added another interest to my stay. Americans are good speakers. They are more enthusiastic than the English, and they have a more brilliant imagination. But one must become accustomed to their peculiar accent, or, rather, intonation, which is so entirely different from that of the speakers at Westminster.

How American politics are run has often been discussed and explained in our leading periodicals. The drawbacks, which are due more especially to the electoral system, which

goes to extremes, are generally known. In fact, a great deal of the national energy is wasted on electoral campaigns. Members are elected for States, and there are elections for the Congress, elections for the Senate, elections for the President, and elections for the electors. All this naturally involves opportunities not only of influencing the formation of national convictions, but also of changing them by means of corruption. The electoral system in the United States has been a subject of study to the greatest statesmen and patriots in the new country.

What interested me most was the schools and educational institutions at Washington, the famous libraries, and especially the Senate library, the most remarkable for the completeness of its equipment, and where, by means of a marvellous machinery, you can in a few minutes get any volume or book of reference from any part of this huge pile of buildings by a kind of pneumatic mechanism. There are also smaller establishments which are not less interesting, as, for instance, the primary and grammar schools, which all over the country are free, and supported generally by the cities, or in some instances, like West Point, by the Government.

Near Washington is the new Catholic University, extending over a large area. The sight is very fine indeed, for its fine pleasure grounds and shaded groups of trees

resemble an English park. Different buildings of palatial dimensions are scattered about adding to the picturesque effect. There are many colleges, or rather communities, kept by different orders. I was especially interested in the American Paulists' home, where young priests are trained for missionary work in the different parts of the country. I hear those Fathers do particularly fine work in the industrial centres, holding missions for the workmen and labourers in the manufacturing districts where so much spiritual care is needed. The whole of the large building, containing the magnificent central hall and its fine contents, was erected by voluntary donations. The United States of America afford magnificent examples of personal charity; there are many citizens who give millions for the erection of new schools, colleges and even universities. As we know, Wellesley was erected by the generosity of a single family, and for the University of Chicago, one of the richest men of the States gave over \$4,000,000.

Georgetown University is another place of interest from the educational standpoint. It is one of the oldest Catholic establishments, and one of the finest, too. The building itself reminds one of an old abbey of the Middle Ages, with a massive and venerable appearance, but in its inner appointments, it answers all modern requirements, and though everything

is very simple, affords the greatest comfort to the numerous students. The College library, founded by the Riggs family, and a fine chapel, are the most conspicuous features, and both of them are always fully attended by the young folk. Georgetown College and University have been most successful with their pupils, and there are many marble commemoration tablets recording the names of those students who became prominent in later life. I attended one day a most interesting lecture given by Mr Ch. Bonaparte,¹ the famous sociologist and descendant of King Jerome.

Religious education and moral training gain ground daily in the United States of America. Though it is only a few decades ago that public instruction and the spread of knowledge seemed to be the only object of those who cared for the prosperity of growing generations, the fact is daily becoming better understood that education in the true sense of the word is even more important than mere instruction. The higher conception of education, moral training, the setting of loftier ideals, and spiritual and religious life, have recently made marvellous progress. This is largely the work of the Church in the new country. If we take into consideration the great difficulties the priests have had to fight with, and if we know what very small

¹ The present Secretary of the Navy.

means they had at their disposal, the number of churches, convents, schools, and other religious establishments which they have founded is simply astounding. In every town we find among the finest buildings those belonging to the Catholic Church; they are erected on the best sites, and show many not only practical but also artistic qualities. Even in that world-famous Fifth Avenue, the millionaires' thoroughfare, the finest ornament is St Patrick's Cathedral. What is even finer than the church itself is the history of its erection, for it has been entirely built from base to pinnacle out of the penny contributions of the poor. The Church in the United States is entirely self-supporting. It is maintained generally by the parishioners. Churches and schools are built by voluntary contributions, and by voluntary contributions the priests' and teachers' expenses are entirely covered. The link between church and home is established on the soundest principles, and every American Catholic family considers its parish and its religious work to a certain extent as its own. And the same cordial relations exist between the State and the Church—they look upon each other as very good friends. The Church appreciates the freedom guaranteed by the Government; and the State recognises, with gratitude, the great service rendered by the Church to the general welfare of the country.

Before I left Washington I had a most enjoyable conversation with President Roosevelt, which gave me an opportunity to become acquainted with his highly patriotic sentiments.

My visit to the White House was certainly most interesting. The famous building in itself represents a brilliant page of history—it is, so to speak, the cornerstone of the fabric of the new nation. Its purpose was to give abode to the President of the Federal States. The first occupant of the mansion was Washington himself.

The style is of the Directoire period. Classic, and following closely the severe principles of ancient Greek and Roman architecture. The interior has been of late years somewhat changed, but in its entirety it yet conserves the atmosphere of the heroic times. The White House is not a magnificent edifice suitable to the head of a nation, but it impresses one by its simplicity more than it would if it were a gorgeous palace; and if it does not represent adequately the wealth and power of the United States of the present, it is in its classic purity a fine illustration of the original ideals which animated the nation and led to its independence.

Mr Theodore Roosevelt is the twenty-sixth occupant. Besides being a very able statesman, he is a most accomplished host—he receives with great cordiality, has most pleasant

manners, and is a brilliant conversationalist. He talks with marvellous fluency, and discusses willingly, not only the general topics of the day, but even those in which he is especially interested. And as he expresses some of his favourite views for the higher development of his country, of his aims to get always a loftier moral standing for his nation, he becomes more and more fervent, and his eloquence more and more picturesque. But the key to his power lies in his true emotion and in the sincere conviction of his beliefs and principles. He is a great enthusiast, and by his enthusiasm convinces his listeners and carries his audience with him.

Our conversation turned mostly upon social conditions—the labouring classes, agricultural and commercial activity; and the question of alien immigration, etc. In each instance Mr Roosevelt not only showed that he possessed a great insight into the matter under discussion, but also that he was animated by an ardent wish for the amelioration of conditions as much as lay in his power.

His views on education were those which interested me most. Mr Roosevelt seemed to realise perfectly the dubious nature of the results generally obtained by public instruction if it is not supported by high moral education. His views on questions of morality, family ties, and national religious duties he has explained with

great precision and emphasis in many public speeches. He is apparently firmly convinced that for the attainment of national prosperity, not only a hard-working, but before all a moral population is required, and that a state's greatness can only be based on strong family ties. The fact that President Roosevelt's speeches are so popular, not only amongst his own countrymen, but all over the world, is due, I think, not merely to their rhetorical qualities, but to their inherent moral value. After all, the best speeches are the finest speeches—the speeches which make men wiser, nobler, and better; for it is more to be a thoroughly good man than to be simply a famous man.

V

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION AND EDUCATION

THE way in which young countries bring up their children is certainly one of the most, if not the most, important of all questions. The educational methods of the United States impress all newcomers. The amount of schools, the variety of educational establishments and the magnificence of their universities cannot fail to excite admiration. Every conceivable advantage is offered in them, they are fitted up with the latest improvements, with the best apparatus and materials, and nearly all are largely endowed.

Of the magnificence of some of those establishments, such as Yale and Harvard, where the buildings are palatial and, with their various laboratories, libraries and dining-halls, cover very large areas, almost large enough to be towns themselves, I have already written on a previous occasion. As an example of their wealth, I mentioned how many millions have been given, sometimes by a single donor, as we

see at Wellesley and Chicago ; I alluded to all the features that strike one first, to everything that may be reduced to figures, and to what may be perceived at a first glance. In this place I shall endeavour to dwell on the question of education from a more abstract point of view.

Before going further, I would draw a distinction between education and public instruction. Public instruction in the United States is on the most generous and universal scale that could be desired. With regard to education, it does not seem as though the same care had been bestowed to foster it.

Public instruction is in every respect remarkable, especially so when we consider the recent origin of most of these establishments. Some of the oldest colleges do not date from more than a few decades, and yet they are organised so as to satisfy the highest requirements. Among the many schools and colleges that I visited, those which appealed to and satisfied me most were the primary institutions.

I should certainly place the so - called grammar schools at the head of the list—schools open to all, through which the children of every class of society must pass, and at which the elements of knowledge are imparted. The subjects, and the methods of communicating them, are worked out with equal care. The matter taught is neither too elaborate nor

too slight. It is sufficient for the great number of children whose circumstances do not allow them to go on to higher education, and provides a working capital, so to speak, that they can rely on in later life. We must not forget that the large majority of this population of millions depends solely on instruction gained between the ages of seven to fourteen. On leaving the grammar schools the average child starts life, and commences that work or business to which he will be attached all his life.

The grammar schools are the places where the rising generation receives, not only elementary knowledge, but also, speaking generally, its first ideas and conceptions. It is here that the first tendencies reveal themselves, that talent and ambition are manifested. What I admired the most was not so much the actual teaching and the cramming of facts and figures into the children's heads, as the free play which was given to each child's individual talent.

I venture to say that the main design of every educational scheme should be the provision of chances of development more than of a mere store of book-learning. Any one who has been connected with schools and young people must have come to the conclusion that the simple knowledge acquired in the best and highest schools—even at universities—is but the first step towards the real wisdom, which,

after all, can only be acquired in later life, and which, in fact, only life can teach.

The aim each school should bear in mind, whether primary or high, is to encourage the children to increase their store of knowledge every day of their lives. Working for examinations, *per se*, would have very little value indeed, and may even be harmful, if, as so often happens, it leads the brilliant candidate to think that his certificate or diploma enables him to throw his books aside and say: "I have now finished my studies, and am fit for any profession or vocation."

If the grammar schools seem to have discovered a right and practical method of giving ample opportunity to a boy's talents, the teachers are not less fitted for their task. They are, as a rule, excellent pedagogues, and to a certain extent unconsciously so. They are not reverend professors, with the indispensable large spectacles and flowing grey beards; and they lack all the properties belonging to their part, such as rusty pomposity and shabby clothes, which seem to be the *sine qua non* of learning, and absolutely necessary to impress one's audience or the public in general. For it is odd that even cultured people can with difficulty recognise brains if they are not indicated by the possession of a luxuriant mane, and detect genius only in eccentricity.

The class who bear on their shoulders the burden of this seemingly modest but important duty are of a different type. They are enthusiastic, as a rule full of activity, and devoted to their work as long as they are engaged in it. It is generally a state of transition for them as well as for the children, and a great many will pass from it into a higher walk in life. They are young themselves, with all the vigour and keenness of youth; they act with fire and conviction. They look at life in the same way and with the same expectation as their pupils do, and believe in their future success, as everybody does in youth.

The great distance which separates the old from the young, which so often prevents the scholars from following and taking in their teachers' ideas, is diminished. The gulf that yawns between the professor's desk and the benches of the scholars is thus bridged over by mutual comprehension and sympathy; and the petty friction and misunderstandings which are of daily occurrence under the old-fashioned system, and are so apt to make the children sulky and lead to deceit, making mischief the only distraction in the scholar's life and the professor's work a daily cross and actual torture, are avoided.

An *entente cordiale* is established, and, hand in hand, full of courage and goodwill, both

fulfil their common task. The greater number of the teachers are women. Many of them, although young, are fully convinced of the seriousness of life. Each one has created her own existence, and very likely she will try to attain to a higher phase. Hard-working, with plenty of common-sense, she has just enough experience to be of use to those under her; and her superior knowledge is neither too vast nor too manifold to prevent her from descending to the level of her scholars, or to embarrass her in the selection of that knowledge which will be suited to the recipients.

American methods of instruction may be divided into four stages. The grammar schools form the base, followed by the high schools; after these we may place the colleges, and last of all the universities.

These institutions cannot with justice be compared with ours; they are not bound with hard and fast rules, but vary according to circumstances. To give a more or less approximate idea, we may compare the first grade of schools to our elementary ones; the second would correspond with our technical establishments. The American college is, to a certain extent, what is called a "Gymnasium" in Germany, while the universities are identical, though the branches of study are differently classified, and bear other names.

It is all the harder to distinguish between the different grades, because they vary considerably, both in the subjects taught and the standards attained. One of the characteristics of all American schools is that their curricula and achievements depend entirely upon those responsible for them—directors, teachers, graduates, and scholars work together to raise their particular department to a higher level. It becomes the common interest of them all, and all work at it with the same ardour.

When casting a cursory glance at public instruction in the United States, and examining closer its gigantic present scope, we see that it is a natural growth called into existence by circumstance. As the demand increased, the schools not only increased in numbers, but divided or grouped themselves, so as to meet local necessities.

It is instructive to observe how the first grammar schools multiplied their subjects till they reached the standard of high schools; and once these were established, they in their turn added higher classes until they had grown to colleges, and so on in an ever-ascending scale until the universities were established, with all their complicated equipment.

This organic growth gives American education its spontaneity. The oldest and most important of the universities were formed in this

manner. They were originally middle schools, which added to their course higher university classes. Thus college and university are very nearly related. The pupil passes from one to the other quite easily, without any especial effort being required. Therefore a university without colleges is practically an impossibility in this part of the world. Even the newer universities which have not followed the course indicated, have ended by establishing preparatory colleges in connection with themselves.

This method differs entirely from ours. It was explained to me as being the best manner of recruiting for the universities, and as an incitement to the students not to cease their education with their last college examination, but to entice them to continue work till they have attained the highest phase.

The child who begins with the primary school at seven years of age, passes on to the high school, remaining there till he is thirteen or fourteen. He will be at college during the age of adolescence, which we may put roughly at fourteen to nineteen; then, if he chooses, he may enter the University. This succession of schools and instruction follows an uninterrupted course; the studies increase naturally with the age of the children.

Among all the American schools the high school and the professional school are the most

typical. Both have been created by special necessity, and both have been influenced and formed by local circumstances, to meet the needs of the middle classes. Both are destined for the benefit of those who have neither leisure nor means to go on to a more complete education, and who, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, are compelled to choose a profession.

The professional schools give technical or special instruction. There is a large number of them preparing pupils for the various trades, most of them devoting themselves to mechanical and electro-technical lines. They are especially remarkable for their practical method and for their mode of imparting applied knowledge which, like an investment, can at once be turned to account. A visit to such schools is most instructive, as it gives a good idea of the turn of mind of the average American, who manifests such a quick intelligence with regard to the mathematical sciences, and whose technical aptitude is so remarkable.

All the schools that I have spoken of require different qualifications for entrance, and these vary in proportion as higher classes are added, and as the work expands admittance becomes more difficult to obtain. In fact I was told that there are schools so select and so sought after that the names of intending scholars must be entered many years before advantage can be

taken of them ; indeed in many cases this is done as soon as the child is born.

The education of the American woman is another point which varies greatly from that to which we are accustomed. Women in this country share all the opportunities and advantages of the men, and must have accordingly the same chances and equipment. The grammar, high and technical schools, colleges and universities are open to both sexes equally ; both take the same course and pass the same examinations. Boys and girls go to the same class rooms, and sit side by side on the benches. They share their recreation, and, in short, their youth is passed together. The fences and bars which separate young people in the Old World have crumbled away in America ; or rather one may say they have never been erected.

In the modest circumstances of the first pioneers such restrictions could not be made. Indeed, the position of woman, as in all new and rough countries, was made exceptionally pleasant, and an ideal conception of the sex was always cherished. In later times, in the conditions of this modern sphere, women, from their tenderest years, have been able to maintain their independence and to defend themselves when necessity arose. In fact, they enjoy all social advantages without having to bear the burdens of responsibility.

Woman makes her voice heard in all social questions; she has a vote in politics; and her will is supreme in the family. It is absolutely necessary that she should not be inferior in any way in anything connected with culture or education. And so, in all purely intellectual or artistic callings, the number of competitors of the so-called weaker sex is not only equal to, but often surpasses, that of the stronger one.

The celebrated universities, or, as they are sometimes called, academies, which are intended solely for girls, such as Wellesley, Smiths, Vassar, Trinity, and many others, demand of candidates for entrance profound and many-sided universal and classical knowledge. With regard to literature and mathematics, Greek and Latin, the standard required is the same as that of our Bachelor of Arts, or *Matura*, as it is called in Europe. The various courses taken are extremely hard, and require not only strenuous and continuous work, but also natural gifts of more than the average quality.

The outline of instruction is almost too comprehensive. When one reads the list of subjects, which include science in its various branches, philosophy and art, embracing the most profound problems of the great thinkers of the world, one wonders if it is not too much and somewhat exaggerated. But the pupils, at least

those whose professions will lie in these directions, seem not to be of this opinion, and pass their leisure hours in libraries or laboratories, perfecting their erudition.

To understand this elevated tendency in the women's universities and the untiring diligence of their inmates, we must return to the consideration of the position of women in the United States, which is quite special. For this, as we say, is inferior in no respect to that of the men, and as regards culture, is very often superior.

To begin with, we must not forget that as the husband is compelled to work to gain a livelihood, and, later on, toils even harder to accumulate and then to double his wealth, he has no time or leisure to spare from his absorbing occupation to acquire classical knowledge. Naturally, when not in his office he requires relaxation, which he seeks in sport, and in exercise in the open air. The prolonged mental strain necessitates physical action as a counterbalance.

It is the wife's task to give the home its intellectual tone. The daughters and the female members of the family must perform the social duties. The American woman is entrusted with external representation. The husband will support all her efforts with unbounded generosity, and will provide the means to meet her requirements and to enable

her to lead a life of "comfort" and of pleasure. He willingly recognises her superiority of culture, and encourages her to keep in touch with all matters, social, political or intellectual. It is she who will discuss in his house and at his table questions of a more subtle character, and it is by no means rare for her to be trusted with the initiation or successful conclusion of an important transaction.

The superficial remarks so often made as to the part played by the American woman, particularly as to the *rôle* she assumes in the great cosmopolitan centres, which so often make her appear merely a marvellously-dressed puppet, or represent her as a brilliant actress who spends recklessly her husband's millions, are lacking in true perception. Even when circumstances seem to some extent to justify such observations, it must not be forgotten that the share taken by her in their common life is more important than an outsider might imagine.

The American woman is man's mate in every respect. As child she sat beside him in school; as boy and girl they grew up together; in short, they have passed through all phases of life side by side. Once united in marriage they continue this comradeship. They know each other thoroughly—their good and bad qualities are equally visible to each; they know what to expect and how much to trust; there is little

unforeseen. Thus it is that they divide the work, and that life will offer to each a field of action which, if not identical, is at least equally wide and fertile.

We shall understand the position of the American woman only by observing her childhood, the serious instruction she has had, and her experiences of all kinds. This explains why so many of them, born in comparatively modest circumstances, are capable of dominating later the most exceptional situations, and take root wherever they may be planted, and gain influence.

She has always been a co-worker with man, and wives have always been regular partners to their husbands. Their work may differ ; as we mentioned, instead of passing their time in workshops or offices, they will be busy at home, or calling on their friends. And as the husband is absorbed in increasing his commercial affairs and extending his influence on the market, so the wife will be not less diligent in widening the circle of her acquaintances, in embellishing her tent and making it more conspicuous in "Vanity Fair." Has it not always been so, to a certain extent, all over the world ? If all this strikes one more forcibly in America, it is because the whole procedure is more apparent there, and success is more evident. As in everything else they undertake, what they do they do thoroughly.

If a youth intends to become a great financier or railway magnate, his whole training will keep this in mind. He will lose no opportunity that will help on his scheme, will waste no time in other pursuits, will have no leisure for useless pastimes; he will only study, read, or be interested in matters bearing on the subject he has in his mind, and though he may be lacking in breadth of general knowledge and encyclopædic attainments, he will be a strong man, and a specialist, knowing all the ins and outs of his subject—a type unknown in old countries.

His work is his life; even in his social intercourse he is in sincere sympathy only with men of the same caste as himself. Just as he is at home in his office, and takes pains to make it a most convenient one in every respect, and as he enjoys his lunch shared with other business men in the so-called city restaurants or luncheon clubs, so he feels uncomfortable in the formal saloons of his house, and is often bored at his ceremonial dinner table, groaning with display and good cheer.

This is perhaps why American men are so little understood abroad. They leave behind them all the true interests of their lives, displaying only an equipment little suited to our conditions of leisure and general laziness. The American never has any time to trifle,

and if he is altogether out of it in the atmosphere of the thousand nothings that make up the existence of so many smart watering places and of the golden Riviera, he cannot be reproached for it. At the same time, the very roughest of these diamonds, even should he come from the extreme confines of the Far West, where he has passed his days in a log house, if once a subject in which he is at home is started, soon displays qualities of unusual value from the point of view of his peculiar conditions, and instead of ridiculing him, one may learn a great deal that is of real worth.

To repeat—he is a specialist, and there is a tendency in all American instruction to specialise. We may say the same of the schooling of both men and women.

Starting with the girl who modestly desires to be a clerk, it may be only as a temporary occupation to provide herself with a trousseau, or it may be with the object of supplying herself with an independent income of her own—which-ever it may be she will do it thoroughly. We may say the same of those who intend to become teachers, doctors or artists; in every case we notice the same thoroughness. They will study the subjects most calculated to further their object, and will attain to that standard of competence that all admire so much in America.

The same application, the same diligence,

the same tendency to push specialisation to the extreme, can be observed in the lower classes no less than in the higher. The young work-woman who desires to rise in the factory, where she earns a living by simple manual work, pursues her aim with the same ardour as the young millionairess, who looks forward to expatriation for the purpose of propping up some ancient but crumbling dignity. From her earliest childhood she has fancied herself settling down in some battlemented castle in the Old Country whence her humble forbears emigrated. As soon as she could read, books like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" only increased her longing for another atmosphere. She tries to mould her mind to suit this ideal, artificial existence, and, like her brother, who works hard to make himself a mightier money-maker than his father, and never relaxes in his efforts, she will strive to learn all that is, or that she imagines is, necessary for her future station.

Among the "Special" schools, which are very numerous, such as the different professional and technical institutions, there is a not inconsiderable number devoted entirely to social accomplishments. There are regular classes to teach, not only various languages, singing and dancing, but even manners and so-called fashionable deportment. The famous cartoons, by Mr Gibson, who has so cleverly illustrated many

of the incidents of American life, depict the manner in which the future *grandes dames* are trained. There is another series by the same talented observer, showing the parents studying with no less zeal how to fit themselves for the day when, having retired from business, they will rejoin their daughters in princely homes.

When looking at the witty drawings of the artist, or when making observations of our own, we cannot help remarking the more serious side of the situation, and must admit that, even though this so-called social education may have its ridiculous side, it is not less carefully worked out than the other branches of practical instruction, and the parents will spend with the same lavishness on this as on other branches of education of more primary necessity.

Nay, they will do more. They will bear any sacrifices. If they see that their manner of life and thinking may eventually be detrimental to the higher refinement of their daughter, they will separate themselves willingly from her as though they had a contagious illness, sending the girl to a *pension* abroad, or to travel with a companion or governess, whose accomplishments are likely to be more useful to her future destiny than the love and tenderness of her own mother. In fact, practical training has here reached its climax, and attains, as in the other branches, the success it aims at.

A child's education is an investment which is expected to bear interest. That is, perhaps, the reason and the best explanation of the fact that public instruction has attained such a high standard, for it has been proved to be a most excellent way of assuring the fulfilment of ambitions, while education, in the true sense of the term, the back-bone of England, has been, to a certain extent, undervalued in the United States.

Speaking of education as distinguished from instruction, I would dwell on the training in earliest childhood in those principles and first conceptions which every human being must receive from the mother in its own home. If, on the one hand, the English school system is often blamed for not being up to the mark of the high standard of modern requirements, and if continental schools are blamed for being crowded with useless sciences, the home training is unquestionably superior to the American.

This diversity between the English and Amercian system must necessarily result from external circumstances. In countries of an ancient culture it has become understood that to form character, the work should commence at the tenderest age, and that principles which are to influence a whole life must be inculcated in the first stages of childhood. School can teach a great deal, and intercourse with other boys will smooth away angles and draw out dormant

qualities; but principles and sentiments can only be imparted in the nursery. A nursery in this sense of the word does not exist in new countries. Even when such a place is fitted up with the greatest care, its moral weight is on the whole not understood.

Moreover, the pioneers who settle new colonies, being generally of the humblest class, have no conception of what such an institution is. Later on, life is too laborious to permit them, even if they wished it, to give much time to their children. The necessity for school and instruction becomes apparent; that for education and moral training is less realised. In fact the child is dependent, to a great extent, on his own instincts, which are mostly influenced, either for good or ill, by his surroundings.

The independence of an American child is proverbial. To form an approximate idea of it, one ought to read Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." It is difficult for us to appreciate, in its crude but unquestionably clever colouring, the description of children who give no account of their actions to anybody, and who leave their homes for whole days together. The fact is that the father and mother cannot find sufficient time in their strenuous existence for the first formation of character in their children.

It is only at school that their training begins,

and this cannot replace the want of home influence. The day that a child leaves home and goes to a primary school or kindergarten, he begins to lead an existence altogether separate from that of his parents. All the members of the family, father, mother and child, lead lives of their own. Each has his special sphere of work, interests and distractions. Each set himself the task of improving his position. This is how it happens that the child, even while at school at a very early age, finds a means of earning some money, beginning by vending newspapers or some other trifles, and later on giving lessons, or, as in colleges, cleaning rooms and brushing clothes for richer boys. As we see, life, with its work and strife, begins at school.

Evidently, in these conditions, youth is bound to develop in a different manner than in old countries. To a boy who is dependent on himself and his own resources, the advantages of such conditions for a practical life are incontestable. The independence gained in years when children in other countries are scarcely allowed to walk alone gives them an amount of self-confidence highly necessary to their strenuous future. Let us not forget that they are preparing and arming themselves for that excessive work, we may almost say, frantic struggle, in which they must take part at a later stage.

When we consider their mode of amuse-

ment and recreation, it will exhibit the same energetic and strenuous tendency. All their games are based on physical effort. The sports that are most popular are the most fatiguing, which require the greatest strength. Football, polo or baseball are regular free fights; whether on foot or on horseback, rowing in a canoe or pushing forward on a racecourse, it always represents a battle, which encourages pluck and push, and brings out "fighting" qualities. Children of various classes and schools oppose each other on the battlefield, and each tries to make use of his strong points to conquer and defeat his adversary. As the school is devoted to work and strife, so, later on, life means merciless struggle and labour.

The system of education in the United States is incontestably well suited to make men strong and to arm them for battle; but it is evident that in such conditions there is not much leisure for bringing out higher sentiments and refined thought. Metaphysical qualities and spiritual matters will be cultivated by another generation. For the present life means, more or less, labour, and the conception of work as more or less identical or synonymous with existence, is, with the evolution of thought, the essential characteristic and force of the nation.

VI

LABOUR AND ITS PRICE

LABOUR, as such, in the New World is what strikes each new arrival most forcibly—labour in all its strength, labour in all its extent, labour in all its importance, labour which provides daily bread and occupation to rich and poor, labour which involves the whole of existence, labour which has become identical with the thought of terrestrial life, labour which is the chief object of existence and its highest ideal.

Work in the United States represents another thing altogether. There work is everything, and everything has become work. Toil and relaxation, hours passed at the office or at home, only give pleasure when there is something to do. The old idea of *dolce far niente* is incomprehended and incomprehensible. I had occasion to mention, in my first impressions of America, that fatigue, whether as a means of providing subsistence, or whether for distraction or as a habit, becomes a necessity of life.

One must keep moving; rest is not understood, and is avoided whenever possible, if not

rendered compulsory by a general breakdown. Motion and energy are the impulses that govern every one; so much so, that if they sit down their chairs must have rockers, so that they may be able to continue an action of some sort, even when resting.

The day begins very early, about two hours earlier than in England, and, after a hurried toilet and hasty breakfast, the rush to the factories and offices begins. There the activity is continued at higher pressure. Of course time is far too valuable to permit of going home for the midday meal; there is no time even for proper food. Indeed the restaurants or luncheon bars would find their trouble superfluous if they advertised a good *cuisine* and well-appointed table. To attract the passers-by they put up notices with such inscriptions as "Quick Lunch," "Hasty Meals," "Chops to the Minute." Thus we often see, when arriving at an office door about midday, a card with the words: "Away for lunch; back in five minutes."

The rest of the day, of the week, and of the year, is passed in the same way. The occupation may be different, but it is always there, accumulated and heaped up, and may be of any kind. This encumbered existence, as intense for the capitalist as for the labourer, gives to American life its high pressure.

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However disconcerted the stranger may be on arrival in the midst of this incoherent and whirling bustle, he is carried away by it mechanically, as by a greater force, and becomes, in spite of himself, an atom in the general turmoil. One gets accustomed to it; then it becomes a necessity, and one adapts oneself to the novel life.

We see people coming from different parts of the world—astute and stubborn Teutons, lazy and casual scions of the Latin races, Orientals of vague disposition—all amalgamating in a *pot-pourri*, a seething cauldron. Everything is boiling and effervescing; everything around us is glowing. When I turn over the pages of my note-books, it is difficult to realise that it was possible to accumulate, in the space of twenty-four hours, all the experiences that are recorded in the history of a day.

The morning generally began in one of the churches of the suburbs; later on I visited one of the parish schools. The greater part of the morning was devoted to educational and charitable institutions; I had often work in the libraries, and was frequently called to the printer's. In the early afternoon I met people with whom I had business or social relations, and it was at this hour that I had the advantage of coming in contact with ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries in the various towns I stayed

in; while later on in the day I answered the calls or partook of the hospitality of numerous friends.

But in each instance and in each sphere the strenuousness of work was what struck me most. This work was so different from what I was accustomed to connect with the word. Here it embraces not only achievements but all functions of life. It enters into all the phases of existence, and forms the foundation of all activity and interest.

It is interesting to observe how work is divided, distributed, and multiplied between the various factors, great or small. It is, in fact, a huge, unseen machine, in which each individual, high or low, plays the part of one of the wheels. Each revolves, each whirls, each is in ceaseless activity. And if one by chance does not go, it is pushed aside as useless and cumbersome.

Thus it was that I myself was bound to become more and more a tiny part of the whole machinery; but this fact added greatly to the value of my stay, and gave me an opportunity of living in the country as one of the citizens of the States. Besides my missionary work, I had to write several articles, and was asked to deliver lectures in the various places where I stayed.

Both audiences and discourses varied with the nature of the towns where the latter

were delivered, but I was always kept busy and was always on the go, and came to the pleasant conclusion that, if work is sometimes excessive in the New World, instead of being an ordeal, it is enjoyment.

No one could have wished for more sympathetic audiences than those with which I met. To begin with, they are sincerely interested in the topic chosen, otherwise they would simply not come; once there, they want to take something away with them. I may say this generally; but the two most typical experiences I had were in New York itself, where one lecture was given in the Metropolitan Catholic Club, when His Grace Archbishop Farley was kind enough to preside. He is a regular American in this respect, for he always finds time to encourage and attend any attempt for the benefit of the poor or the interest of the Church. Naturally, interest was evinced by all present in the common cause. On the second occasion, I spoke to an assembly of all denominations in the famous Guild Hall of the Waldorf Astoria. The listeners represented mostly the highest circles of the metropolis, and if it is difficult to speak before a foreign public, it is especially so to a wealthy and fashionable audience. In the old countries, certainly, such an audience is always the most reserved and cold. Here I had a delightful

surprise, for all who came were most enthusiastic, and it must be said to their credit that they all possessed the necessary knowledge, which is so often lacking in our higher classes, to follow the drift of the subject.

Another great advantage that work has in this part of the world is the great facility, I would even say simplicity, with which everything is done. Enterprises, manual or spiritual, simple or complicated, small or great, of little or great importance, are initiated with the same simplicity. From the modest clerk, whose only apparatus is a fountain pen, to officials who carry portfolios under their arms, the plant is reduced to a minimum. This principle is also evident in workshops and offices. Everything that is superfluous or an encumbrance is dispensed with. There is no room for the useless.

If we push the analysis farther, we still find the same tendency manifested in all fields of labour and every kind of negotiation. Simplicity reigns supreme. We see it also in factories, where any unnecessary fatigue is avoided with the greatest care; also in the undertakings of the largest companies, where two or three directors meet in a casual way to decide in a few minutes the placing of millions. The formality and ceremonies of the Old World are dispensed with.

If, when it is a question of disposing of

millions, there is no time to lose, this is even more the case among those who handle tools. I should say the main feature of American work is that there is no waste, either of time or labour. The way in which the workman suits his work to the time and space at his command is what gives American labour its character. He spends less time at work than in other countries, and yet has more to show. We must not forget that it is to his interest to produce as much as possible. He is generally on piecework, and is therefore not paid for so many hours' toil, but for what he has actually accomplished. Naturally, then, he tries to use all the faculties he possesses in order to gain as much as possible. When he works by time, he is under strict supervision, and the high pressure at the factory is such that if he is not up to the standard, he will be dismissed immediately.

From all this it is evident that the workman will do his utmost, in his own interest, to bring himself up to the mark. Thus, in proportion to his physical force and his mental powers, he will be able to work longer hours and to produce more. In fact in America, the simplest workman, beginning from the newly arrived immigrant, does not have such long hours as he has been accustomed to; but he must adapt himself to the tension expected here.

The relation of toil to time cannot be too attentively examined, as it is one of the main factors of the marvellous rate of production in this country.

The division of labour is the next point to take into consideration. Here, where wages are much higher, hours shorter, and competition extreme, it is only by a precise division of labour that the success of a factory can be assured. Only by this method have the Americans been able, not only to secure their own markets against foreign competition, but in certain branches to dominate European commerce as well. Considering that about a quarter of a century ago America was a country of raw products only, it is marvellous that they should have been able to develop their present commercial power.

It is most interesting to visit some of the famous industrial establishments. Externally, they resemble regular towns, with their factories surrounded by the workmen's dwellings. Workshops, offices, homes have a separate life of their own—even, I would add, their peculiar atmosphere. The population of one of these great enterprises keep to themselves, for all the members of a family will be employed in one of them, earning wages in proportion to their age, sex and strength.

If one visits the factory while work is going

on, one is quite bewildered by the apparent confusion of machinery and humanity. Everything is moving, revolving, hammering or whirring. Looking more closely, one begins to perceive that what appeared to be a chaos and cacophony of movement and sound follows hard and fast rules. As each revolution of a wheel is ordered, and each hammer only strikes to command, so each human limb only moves in co-ordination.

On watching the work produced, one discovers that, as each wheel or lever of the vast machinery accomplishes only a certain action, and produces only a part of an article, so each human hand is engaged only in one detail, performing and re-performing the same action, achieving the same work to perpetuity.

Whether it is an advantage to the individual to do this is another question. It is doubtful if it is desirable for a man to become a piece of machinery, but it is outside the subject in hand. In this place I only wish to speak of the division of labour. This division is simply wonderful, and so complex as to be almost incomprehensible for one uninitiated. Still, as in everything else in this country, it is the result of organic and natural development, which we have noticed in each phase of social life. The history of one of the great commercial enterprises sounds almost as incredible as a fairy

tale, though not of enchanted woods and sleeping beauties ; it is a novel edition, in keeping with this age of smoke and invention. We hear descriptions that can hardly be believed of the time when these formidable towns that surround us were wildernesses or prairies, with only a few wooden huts, where dwelt adventurers who had come to seek a living. To supply their daily needs pedlars visited them from time to time, and eventually erected booths. Such was the commencement of many of these commercial undertakings that we admire at the present day.

It is only in this natural way, the supply growing in proportion to the demand, that we can explain the growth of these establishments and their complicated system of organisation. The *personnel* adapted itself to conditions in the same way, and was increased until it attained its present size. Walking round the workshops and departments of an establishment like Marshall Field & Co., the pride of Chicago, which was founded when this city, the sixth in the world, had only recently been begun, we are surprised to hear that it was started as a small shop by the present owners.

If in the factories the relation of toil to time, the intense application and the minute division of labour were the most prominent traits, in the great warehouses it is the organisation that

impresses us most. When we see these huge buildings, with their innumerable stories almost touching the clouds, where dozens of elevators constantly shoot up and down, where hundreds of employ  s swarm, and thousands of customers are making purchases, where immense crowds are elbowing their way hither and thither, we wonder how it is possible to organise and manage such a place.

It would be, of course, impossible to start such an establishment all at once ; it could only develop and grow naturally to its present proportions. This organic growth renders it possible for the largest commercial enterprises to preserve the same unity and intensity that they had when established and directed by the genius of an individual. Thus it is that the manager, who is often the proprietor himself or the largest shareholder, continues to hold the threads of each department in his own hands, paying attention to the smallest details, and giving the widest opportunities to his employ  s to show what they are worth.

By these means men have a chance to improve themselves and to rise. This is how the most formidable magnates of labour have risen. Sometimes they have been their own masters from the very beginning, when they sold matches in the street ; sometimes they have been employed by others as errand boys

and the like. Their sphere of activity increased with their age, according to their gifts. The whole procedure is most instructive, and we still see the same natural, or one might say organic, relation between the development of the individual and his business.

Man and his enterprise have developed together by a continuity of work ; at one and the same time the business acquired the manifold character that we admire, and the business capacity of the proprietor increased. Only in this way can we explain the type of great American business man, who has every branch of his undertaking under his own control, just as much as in the old day when the whole of his stock-in-trade could be contained in a box.

To give an idea of the extent to which an enterprise may be brought, we have only to allude to such firms as Carnegie's Steel Works, Rockefeller's Kerosene Oil Exploitation, Pullman's Car Factory, and so many others, which stretch right across the country and involve innumerable auxiliary branches. To manage such an establishment, with all its thousands of souls in constant occupation and millions of dollars involved, a special generation of mankind is required.

The men placed at the head of these establishments, who hold most important positions and have larger incomes than ambassadors in other

countries, have in their turn grown up in this atmosphere of incessant work. But whatever the extent of some of these concerns, there is not one, even among those which employs over ten thousand hands, and where the whole population, great and small, are all absorbed in the same trade, in which we do not admire, more than the extent of the business, the respect shown for work.

The respect for work is one of those features which will help us to understand American life. If in this country everybody works, each individual will endeavour at the same time to make his work as lucrative as possible. Labour that was not well paid would not be understood. Rich and poor must be equally well remunerated.

The richer and more comfortable a man is, the higher will be his prices or his fees. In fact, to make a large income you must first be a wealthy man. The idea in old countries that people of independent means should not earn money, that the rich who do work should do it gratuitously, or at least preserve the appearance of doing so, is inconceivable here.

The false shame of work, which is one of the drawbacks of our social life and national activity, is unknown in America. In fact, no one would start working without first fixing his price. His work may be of a manual,

intellectual, or spiritual nature ; in either case it has its higher or lower scale of recompense. There is no mystery or embarrassment about it. People talk as openly about it as about stocks and bonds, and the higher the price of an individual rises, the more candidly will he advertise the fact. Individual worth has its rise and fall as much as shares have, and clients take a pride in making it known that they are able to afford the services of such and such a lawyer, doctor, speaker, and so on.

This is why America has become the Paradise of all artists, lecturers, and writers ; in a word, of all mental work. For intellectual effort has a not less extensive field, is not less respected, and certainly is not less lavishly paid, than every other kind of work. The fabulous prices paid to celebrated singers and actors are proverbial, and a so - called American tour is regarded as an El Dorado by all rising stars.

An El Dorado it is indeed, for while they sweep in the dollars, they enjoy at the same time every social advantage, are received everywhere cordially, are fêted in the most exclusive circles, and become, while they are there, leaders of society. We must remember that America is the democratic country *par excellence*. Democracy, with all its tendencies, is manifested everywhere and always. It is not only a State based on democratic principles, but its

inhabitants are out-and-out democrats. Thus the conception of work and workman is essentially democratic.

If we turn over the leaves of American history, we find that from the first pioneers onward, those who have created the country have all been obliged to work for their living; and it is by working that they have obtained success. Labour had its value and price at all periods, but in the course of time the nature of the work has changed. Individuals vary as the sphere of action varies; but work has always been regarded as the sole source of reward and success, whether such reward sufficed merely for the satisfaction of daily needs, or gradually became commensurate with a larger ambition. Hence the peculiar signification, and not merely practical but also moral value attached to work.

VII

CHICAGO

THE CITY OF INDUSTRY AND OF STRIKES

THE huge railway station of Chicago was in charge of the police. To every passenger—and there were not a few—I counted at least one stalwart guardian of the peace. The large square in front of the station also swarmed with policemen; I even saw some seated on the boxes of the waiting carriages. There was a strike in the town. That great workshop of the United States had once again suspended operations, and all the enormous vitality usually absorbed by the factories and foundries had suddenly broken loose. Like the waters overflowing the banks of a swollen river, so these seething, surging masses of disorganised humanity flooded the town. On my way from the station I saw many sad and evil sights. Workmen and police officers were constantly in conflict, and street fights, regular battles, raged in all directions. The strikers harangued the workmen, urging them to join their ranks, and those who attempted

to continue their work were knocked down and mobbed by the infuriated populace. Factories and stores were ransacked by parties of unemployed. Howls and shrieks mingled with the lugubrious sounds of rifle and pistol shots.

Such was Chicago on the day of my arrival. As by chance, it was given me to see this huge mechanism of human labour, unique of its kind, in disorder and confusion. The spectacle was sensational and cruel, such as only the United States are capable of producing. In a few days matters improved, the outbreak was suppressed, the blazing volcano of human passion had spent its force. The daily routine of work was resumed, millions of hands once again seized their tools, and outward peace was restored. . . .

Chicago may be called the city of labour and strikes. Everybody works, great and small, rich and poor, all with the same marvellous intensity. Its favourable situation, in the centre of the country, and within easy access of all the high-roads of communication, makes this town one of the greatest agricultural and industrial markets of the world ; and Chicago may in truth be regarded as the commercial capital of the United States. The business done from day to day amounts to several million dollars. Factories and foundries of every description abound in the far-extending suburbs. There are establishments where some 10,000 persons find employ-

ment, as, for instance, at the Pullman works, where the celebrated railway carriages are made. The Illinois Steel Factory and many other industrial undertakings are towns in themselves, the population being composed of the workmen and their families, recruited from all parts of the world.

I had come to open the first church erected by workmen who had emigrated from my own country. The little wooden structure stands on the Pullman road in South Chicago, about 20 miles distant from the centre of the town. At present it is surrounded by maize- and corn-fields, is, in fact, in the heart of the country, but I was told that in a few years these would all be converted into rows of palatial residences. At Chicago anything is possible, and I have not the slightest doubt that this forecast will come true. Meanwhile, these suburban establishments offered me an excellent opportunity of making myself acquainted with the industrial world, of seeing how things are made and produced, and of learning something about the workers themselves. The rapid development of industry in the United States is one of the most striking phenomena of our time, and if we consider that all this great commercial activity has practically arisen within the last fifty years, it becomes a subject well worthy of our interest.

That most remarkable compilation, the Census, gives us the most salient facts connected with industrial life in the United States, and figures which are as nearly as possible accurate. As we look through these pages, giving retrospective tables of products, we can form some idea of the present state of development in the various branches and ramifications of industry. Also, guided by these reports, we shall be able to draw our conclusions as to the probable future development of all these various undertakings.

The census of 1900, which we take for our basis as being the latest statistical document, enumerates the most important industries, and the branches in which progress is most noticeable. It specifies the number of establishments under each branch of industry, with the number of workers, and the wages they receive, also the total capital invested and produced. Separate registers give the costs of materials and the value of the articles produced. There are 354 distinct branches of industry, classified, in the returns, according to their geographical distribution, thus enabling us to see at once that the states on the North Atlantic have the greatest number of manufacturing establishments and the largest working capital; that the West has made a great step forward in industry, especially during the last two decades; and that the South still remains essentially an agricultural region. The

total number of industrial establishments in the United States is 512,339, and the capital invested in these various enterprises is estimated at \$9,835,000,000. The manufactures produced represent a sum of \$13,000,000,000. These figures show a three-times-multiplied increase during the last twenty years. Naturally, not all branches of industry have developed in the same proportion. The paper factories and printing houses, for instance, which in 1880 amounted to 6,044 establishments, are represented in the census of 1900 by 26,747 houses. The increase of the capital engaged in this industry alone is great in proportion, for whereas in 1880 the total amount was estimated at \$135,000,000, twenty years later it had risen to \$558,000,000. The iron and steel industry cannot show such a large increase in furnaces and foundries, but the capital employed in this branch of commerce has grown tremendously in the course of the last twenty years. In 1880 the number of foundries was 8,823, and in 1900 there were 13,896. The working capital during the same period increased from \$488,000,000 to \$1,529,000,000.

It will be no less instructive to glance at the proportionate number of workmen employed and the wages they receive. In the census of 1880, the workmen engaged in the paper factories and printing works are estimated at

119,000, and in 1900, at 297,000. According to the same census returns the steel and iron foundries employed in 1880, 379,000, and twenty years later 737,000 hands. In the former category the wages amounted in 1880 to \$53,000, and in 1900 to \$140,000, while in the steel and iron works, the wages range respectively from \$161,000 to \$382,000. The difference between the value of the manufactured article and the value of the raw material depends upon the labour required for its production. The greater the transformation, as in the iron, paper and textile industries, the higher the price. In the production of food and its by-products, as, for instance, the export of meat and hides, the difference between the primary substance and the tinned or tanned article is comparatively small.

For the more important manufactures we find the following approximate returns for 1900 : Alimentary products (Food Stuffs): 61,266 establishments, \$938,000,000 capital, 312,000 workers, \$129,000,000 paid in wages. Textile industries : 30,048 establishments, \$1,367,000,000 capital, 1,030,000 workers, with wages amounting to \$342,000,000. Wood industries have 47,054 establishments, \$946,000,000 capital, 544,000 workmen, with \$212,000,000 wages. Tanneries and leather factories are represented by 16,989 establishments, with a capital of \$344,000,000,

238,000 workmen, and \$100,000,000 paid in wages. Breweries and distilleries: 7,861 establishments, \$534,000,000 capital, 63,000 workmen, and \$37,000,000 paid in wages. Overland transport: 10,112 establishments, \$397,000,000 capital, 316,000 workmen, \$165,000,000 paid in wages. Shipbuilding: 1,116 establishments, \$77,000,000 capital, 77,000 workmen, \$25,000,000 paid in wages. Glass and pottery: 14,809 establishments, \$351,000,000 capital, 245,000 workmen, \$109,000,000 paid in wages. Tobacco, 15,252 factories, \$124,000,000 capital, 172,000 workmen, \$50,000,000 paid in wages. Metals, other than steel and iron: 16,305 establishments, \$411,000,000 capital, 191,000 workmen, \$97,000,000 paid in wages. Sundry industries: 29,479 establishments, \$1,349,000,000 capital, 483,000 workmen, \$203,000,000 paid in wages. And finally, Arts and Crafts properly so called: 215,814 establishments, \$392,000,000 capital, 559,000 workmen, with wages amounting to \$288,000. The tables and columns of the census also show the distribution and grouping of the various industries in the different states. New York takes the first place with 849,000 workmen, and manufactures valued at \$2,175,000,000. Pennsylvania ranks next with 734,000 workers, and \$1,835,000,000 value produced. Illinois yields merchandise to a value \$1,260,000,000, and employs 395,000 men,

and Massachusetts employs 497,000 hands, and produces to a value of \$1,035,000,000.

It is evident from this that the chief centres of industry are in the older states, and there the nature of the manufactures is also most varied. New York possesses the greatest number of factories and works of all kinds. Almost every branch of industry is represented there, from iron-smelting to the production of the daintiest fancy goods, for which there is a good sale in all the large towns. The greater the distance from the large cities, the greater is the change in the nature of the manufactures. In order to gain a more concise idea of the distribution of industrial pursuits in the United States, it will be well to note that the chief centres of trade are found in the states on the North Atlantic, which are more consolidated in their institutions than the others, and form the nucleus, the core of the nation. Chicago is the real centre for all alimentary products, the largest market for cereals and fruit. It is the great emporium of canned meats, a comparatively new industry, created to meet the necessities of new countries and colonies. To a certain extent this novel industry or invention has become identified with the name of Chicago, and considering that the production of food stuffs is estimated at \$2,273,880,000,

the commercial, or rather the national importance of this gigantic industry is very obvious.

It was on a hot morning in the month of June that my amiable host, the Rev. Father S——, one of the most distinguished orators of the United States and a direct descendant of the great general and popular hero of that name, undertook to pilot me through the labyrinth of the slaughter-houses. To give some idea of the enormous extent of these abattoirs, it will be sufficient to mention that they cover close upon 250 acres of ground. The alleys and passages intersecting this area measure over 75 miles, and the railway net on the premises is approximated at a length of 300 miles of line. It is a town, or rather a world in itself, peopled by the workmen, butchers and pig-killers—a dismal community in truth. We spent the greater part of that long summer day in gaining merely an approximate idea of the organisation and the commercial merits of this vast undertaking, and although, no doubt like every other visitor, I sickened at the sight of so much blood, yet at the same time I could not help being struck by the clever management of this wonderful exploitation. It is true that these famous stockyards of Chicago, so often criticised and described, present one of the most sorrowful phases of modern industry

but they also show the successful substitution of machinery for manual labour, and a hitherto unrivalled utilisation of the residue. "Nothing is wasted," would be an appropriate motto to place over the packing-houses. Nothing is wasted, neither material nor labour nor time.

The utilisation of these three great factors of successful commercial enterprise, matter, labour and time, is here seen to perfection. Every portion of the animal is put to some profitable purpose. Horns, bones, muscles, skin, hoofs, all are lucratively employed in the manufacture of such secondary products as soap, glycerine, glue, gelatine, ammonias, manures, etc. Labour and time are also scientifically disposed of. Every man's work is limited to one special action. He makes always the same stroke of the hatchet, the same cut of the knife, until he himself becomes part of the machinery, and moves automatically and with increasing rapidity.

Time—in other words, rapidity and precision—is the third great factor in the administration of these wholesale slaughter-houses, and during our inspection we were forcibly reminded of the familiar saying that the live pig goes in at one door, and comes out as sausages at the other. The quickness of the process is truly dazzling. The animal is fastened to a chain by one of its hind legs and pulled up by means of a revolving wheel. It is then fixed to a steelyard, which

moves on rails and brings the body in front of the butcher, who cuts its throat. After a sufficient time has been allowed for the blood to run away, the body is dragged by the same instrumentality to the cauldron of boiling water. Another piece of machinery, no less ingeniously constructed, cuts the body up into the required parts. Head, hams, sides, bones, lard, are no sooner separated, than they are pickled and packed and sent off to the four corners of the earth in the trains ready waiting in front of the buildings.

I have purposely not entered into a more detailed description of the stockyards. No doubt there is much that is objectionable in the manipulation of the abattoirs; they have their evil sides, and voices are raised more and more vehemently against the abuses practised there. Perhaps only the most advantageous side of the business was shown to me, or perhaps the house of Swift, which is the one I visited, is a model establishment. To me it certainly appeared perfect in every detail. The building which contains the offices of the directors and clerks, and where all the business is transacted, might fitly be styled a "Palace of Administration," and is a model of comfort and cleanliness. The offices are tastefully furnished, and have that air of elegance which characterises every American house of business, but is here almost carried to excess. It is a fine iron building,

with large windows, and provided with all the latest improvements. The pinewood furniture, the writing machines and telephone boxes, all are arranged on the most approved principles to satisfy the requirements of this growing trade; and to give an idea of the luxury of the establishment it will suffice to mention that by the aid of refrigerators the temperature is always kept at 64° F. The air of the offices is mechanically purified, and by some ingenious contrivance the smells from the slaughter-houses are intercepted so that they cannot penetrate to these precincts.

The directors of this unique establishment entertained me at luncheon in the large dining-room, situated over these palatial offices, which is also kept at a low temperature and artificially aired. This imposing hall is furnished with little tables where the employés can get a good dinner at a very low figure. Adjoining the dining-hall is a smoking-room, provided with books and newspapers, where the business of the day can be discussed over a cup of black coffee. This is the *ne plus ultra* of comfort, and thoroughly in keeping with the American conception of the "Office," where the men spend the greater portion of their life.

During luncheon these gentlemen gave me some very interesting information, not only about this establishment and its exploitation, but about the American meat trade in general.

They told me that in the statistical returns for 1900 the production of fresh meat was estimated at 292,000,000 pounds weight, representing a value of \$2,110,000,000, and tinned meat at 112,000,000 pounds weight, to a value of \$91,000,000. According to the same estimate the number of pigs killed in 1900 amounted to nearly 9,000,000, sheep 3,500,000, and oxen 2,500,000. Chicago is undoubtedly at the head of this trade, not only in the States, but in the world. There are other American towns, however, who follow very closely. In Kansas City 3,094,000 pigs, 1,969,000 oxen, and 80,000 sheep were sold; at Omaha, 2,200,000 pigs, 1,276,000 sheep, 828,000 oxen; and at St Louis, 2,156 pigs, 436,000 sheep, and 795,000 oxen. These exceptional figures are of interest, considering that the greater portion of the product is consumed outside the country. The exportation of meat, both fresh and salted, has assumed enormous proportions since the invention of the refrigerator, and in 1900, 329,000,000 pounds of fresh meat have been sent abroad, 49,000,000 pounds of salted beef, 26,000,000 pounds of fresh pork, 133,000,000 pounds of pickled pork, 196,000,000 pounds of ham, 512,000,000 pounds of bacon. Sausages, margarine, lard, and oil are annually exported in considerable quantities, and the statistical returns show to what extent the various countries participate in the con-

sumption of American meats, and in what measure the old world derives its food supplies from the new. I listened to all this with interest and surprise, until the figures confused themselves in my mind, and I lost all idea of detail and quantity. One thing only remained clear to me, namely, that a great deal of butchery is necessary to satisfy the needs of the moloch of humanity.

Another day I was invited to visit one of the stores. These huge establishments are from twelve to fifteen stories high, and contain every possible article of trade, from matches and boot-laces, to the most exquisite art treasures and priceless gems. Anything, indeed, can be purchased there, even to real estates and country houses. They are "Bon Marchés" and "Whiteleys" on a larger and, if possible, more complete scale, more daring and perhaps more fantastic in their display.

The house I was invited to visit was that of Marshall Field & Co., of almost historical renown, because its growth and success is so intimately connected with that of the city itself. About fifty years ago, when Chicago could scarcely claim to be a town yet, three newcomers, Levy Leiter, P. Palmer and Marshall Field, set up a modest little shop to supply the wants of the early settlers. These three originators were bold and enterprising men, and as the town grew,

their establishment increased also, until it has become one of the marvels of Chicago. I viewed all the various departments with interest, and also went into the adjoining warehouse. This has all the appearance of a fortress. It is situated on the banks of the river, and the goods are transported from there by boats to the shop. This is indeed a wonderful establishment. One might wander through it from morning to night without coming to the end of it, without exhausting its hoards, without having seen, in fact, one-thousandth part of all the marvellous confections with which the wealth and fashion of Chicago is pleased to adorn itself. But what impressed me far beyond all the delights of this fairy show, was the person of the originator, the man round whom all this machinery moves—Mr Field, since the liquidation of the firm, sole proprietor of the concern.

The young clerk who was showing me round, and who told me the history of the establishment, came to a sudden stop as we turned a corner, and pointing to a kind of little office, or rather box, with glass partitions, in which a white-haired gentleman was sitting at his desk, he whispered: "The master!" There was a catch in his voice as of fear at the mention of the power upon whom his earthly existence depended. Mr Field was then about seventy years old. His hair was quite white and his face

had a tired expression, the result of a life of toil and struggle. My conductor explained that "the master" was always in that place, the first to arrive and the last to leave the premises. Seated in his glass cage, like a spider in his web, he held the threads and concentrated the movements of the whole of this gigantic business. "It is hard work to make millions," the pleasant young merchant remarked, "but it is harder still to keep them." In this land of ever keener growing competition, once relax the hold, and failure is imminent. Respite is synonymous with being swallowed up by legions of competitors. Incessant activity, unflagging zeal, alone can dominate the market, and self-sacrifice is the first condition to insure success.

Suddenly a muffled sound coming from the other end of the building interrupted our conversation. The police were at once on the spot, but the strikers came rushing in from the street and attacked the men who had remained at their work, such as the drivers of the carts and waggons, and the carters carrying out the goods. The noise came nearer. Uproarious vociferations were now distinctly audible, the howls of a delirious crowd mingled with the moans of the wounded and the dull sound of blows. The reason of this tumult was the same as always—a clamour for a small increase of wages. It was but a fresh outburst of that inveterate hatred

existing between labourer and capitalist which from day to day is becoming more pronounced. All the sad and bloody scenes which I had witnessed since my arrival in the town were to me so many manifest confirmations of the growing feeling of hostility of the poor towards the rich, and long after I had left that palace of gold and gewgaws, the angry voices of the malcontents sounded in my ears like the refrain of a sordid fanfare. . . .

As my thoughts went back to that glass cage, and the white-haired man toiling at his books from morning till night, I could not help asking myself: Who is more to be pitied, the men who have failed to secure a rise in their wages, or the millionaire who spends his life shut up in a cage? . . .

During my stay at Chicago I visited most of the public institutions of which the city is justly proud, such as the City Hall and County Court House, which building occupies an entire square, and has been erected at a cost of \$5,000,000; the famous Auditorium, comprising a large hotel and a theatre to hold 5,000 people, the construction of which is estimated at \$3,000,000. In America one is expected to know or to ask the cost of everything, and no sooner do we stop to admire a thing, no matter whether it be great or small, than

some one volunteers to tell us its value in current coin.

The Public Library and the Chicago Art Institute are undoubtedly among the handsomest buildings of the city. The latter, erected by A. Coolidge, is a classic structure, admirably situated on a greensward on the borders of Lake Michigan. The interior is artistically decorated and well lighted, and contains many beautiful paintings of the modern schools. The great contemporary masters, such as Millet, Troyon, Corot, Derraille, Munkacsy, Meissonier, Courbet, Rosa Bonheur, Makart, Isabay, Gerôme and De Neuville, are represented by excellent canvases.

The Library is also richly decorated. It contains nearly 300,000 volumes, but there is room for double that number. The exterior of the building is almost severe in its simplicity, but the interior is fitted up in precious marbles, and ornamented with carvings and bronzes. What struck me more than these institutions themselves, however, was the public which frequents both. Humble people they were, mostly of the working classes, wearing their dusty working clothes. Any spare moments they seem gladly to devote to the improvement of their mind; and so, by learning a little from day to day, they acquire a fund of knowledge which enables them to rise some day to positions of eminence. Thus it is that the men of talent, recruited

from office or factory, so often surprise us by the extent of their learning.

The Newbury Library is another noteworthy institution, founded in memory of a wealthy citizen who bequeathed \$3,000,000 for that purpose. It contains 200,000 volumes. Another inhabitant of Chicago, Mr J. Cresar, left \$2,000,000 to be spent in the erection of a library in the southern, and poorest quarter of the town. The Chicago Historical Society is among the oldest educational establishments of the city, and contains numerous reminiscences of the time of its foundation. Then there is the famous University, covering an area of 24 acres. The four faculties—arts, science, commerce, and politics—together with the houses of the students and the lecture halls, are expected, when completed, to occupy forty buildings. At present only half this number is finished, and even now the cost of construction, including the Cobb Hall, the Chemical Laboratory and the Museum, surpasses \$5,000,000. The schools are all built on an expensive scale, and on the most modern principles.

Besides the University, the schools and other establishments of a purely educational character, Chicago possesses two very interesting institutions, for the moral elevation of the most neglected and poorest inhabitants. One of these was founded by the Armour family, and in-

cludes an asylum for deserted children, a kindergarten, a free dispensary, library, etc. I was also deeply impressed by the arrangements of Hull House, which is administered by ladies of high culture, and is intended to form a centre for the promotion of intellectual pursuits among the working population of the neighbourhood, and for the material assistance of the deserving poor amongst them. Besides a kindergarten and a preparatory school, it contains a museum, and lays itself out for social entertainments, lectures, concerts, theatricals, all with the object of keeping the people from the street, and of helping them to raise themselves to a higher moral and intellectual standard. How far either of these establishments fulfils the expectations of their originators it is difficult to determine, only as far as the school of arts and crafts goes, its beneficial influence is becoming daily more apparent. But even where the result is not so visible, the fact that the experiment has been made is commendable in itself, and affords another proof that this comparatively new city, which possesses no traditions to support its prestige, recognises the necessity of elevating its children to the highest possible standard, apart from all monetary considerations.

Thanks to almost universal patronage, the number of Catholic establishments of education are increasing, for parents of different denomina-

tion often send their children to the schools of that community. To name a few, we would specify the great St Xavier College, and the schools of the Paulist Fathers, the Young Ladies' Pensionate of the Sisters of Lorette and of the Sacred Heart. All these are model establishments, owing their great popularity in the first place to the serious instruction given there, and also to the exceptional care bestowed upon the development of the moral qualities of the scholars. One of the pleasantest boarding establishments is situated in Lincoln Park, surrounded by green fields and shady shrubberies. We could almost fancy ourselves in the middle of the country.

Indeed, strange as it may seem, Chicago, the town of factories and furnaces, possesses public parks and recreation grounds covering an area of 2,230 acres, giving walks to an extent of 66 miles. Jackson and Washington parks cover 523 acres; Douglas Park, 180, Garfield Park, 186, and Humbert Park, 200 acres. All these grounds are well wooded, and dotted over with restaurants and places of amusement. The famous Lakeshore Drive, leading to Lincoln Park, is the promenade of the wealthy. It is a long boulevard, giving an unlimited view over the silvery surface of the lake. On the shore the mansions of the millionaires form an uninterrupted line of sumptuous dwellings. They are

of different sizes and styles: some imitate the Italian villa, some the glorified cottage of Anglo - Saxon origin. Others, again, affect the style of the French *château*, or of the crenellated, turreted Tudor castle. All these are attempts to create something impressive, and if not always a success from an æsthetic point of view—for even if built in the most perfect style, both *château* and castle are out of place on a modern boulevard, and cannot be admired—these mansions have at least the advantage of insuring privacy—a rare commodity in the States.

However, it is not an absolute necessity to be a millionaire to permit oneself the luxury of a private home in Chicago. The chief ambition of every citizen seems to be to build himself a house standing in its own grounds, and so the town grows in extent at a prodigious rate. There are rows of houses, such as Western Avenue, measuring from end to end over 20 miles. And there are suburbs, as, for instance, the Pullman settlement, which are almost towns in themselves, the inhabitants being composed of all nationalities, the agglomerated sweepings of the four quarters of the globe. Chicago, with its 3,000,000 inhabitants, is one of the largest metropolises from a cosmopolitan point of view. It is a veritable babel of languages. It would seem as if all the millions of human beings disembarking

year by year upon the shores of the United States were unconsciously drawn to make this place their headquarters. Chicago is the land of promise to all malcontents and aimless emigrants. More than half of its inhabitants are foreigners, and there are whole quarters where nothing but German is spoken. Others are inhabited entirely by Slavs. Nowhere else has immigration assumed such huge proportions, and nowhere else does the immigration question so seriously affect the local administration and development. For naturally among this mass of fortune-seekers, carried westward on the waves of destiny, there are many undesirable elements, and it is not sufficient to provide for their material sustenance, they have also to be raised to a higher moral and spiritual level.

The reason of my visit to Chicago this time was, as already said, to inaugurate the little Catholic church, erected by the immigrants recently arrived from the shores of the Danube and the Tisza. I had left the United States some time previously, and when the amiable invitation of my compatriots reached me, I was in the extreme north of Canada, on the shores of the Atlantic; I had just been visiting a colony of Hungarian artisans working in the iron foundries of Sidney (Nova Scotia). Although it was a long way back to Chicago, I willingly undertook the tedious journey—occupying three

days and three nights—in order to comply with the complimentary request. On arriving at Chicago I found that the place of my destination was rather difficult to get at, and a good way off, being situated in the southernmost suburb of the town. First I had to travel by rail up to a certain point, then by the overhead railroad, and finally by street car. We went right through the city, past sumptuous palaces and warehouses, through labyrinths of modest streets, until at last I found myself democratically seated in an ordinary street car, which carried me away into what seemed the heart of the country. To right and left stretched endless fields of maize, and with the exception of a few tall chimneys on the horizon, the scene before me appeared in its primeval verdure, one immense expanse of untilled loneliness. No streets, no houses!—"But all that will come by and by," I was told, and on my next visit I should see this rural landscape transformed into blocks of houses and streets, just like all the rest of the town.

At a little distance among the marshy pasture land I detected the small wooden structure. From its roof waved the American and Hungarian flags, stars and stripes and the tricolour (red, white and green) harmoniously blending together. "That is the church, and the school is underneath," some one proudly volunteered.

A humble edifice truly, but speaking of much sacrifice and labour. These simple folk have built it with their hard-earned savings, for the glory of God and the religious education of their children.

More than half the population of Chicago are foreigners. The German and Austrian contingent alone is nearly 1,000,000 strong. The Slav lands under Austrian dominion are also largely represented, while Poles and Bohemians, including the southern Slavs, amount to 300,000 souls. There are over 200,000 Italians, and the Hungarians proper, not included in other categories, must be estimated at nearly 15,000 new arrivals within the last few years. These latter are chiefly employed as butchers in the slaughter-houses, and as blacksmiths and carpenters in the Pullman establishment. It was at the expense of these people that the little church was built which now met my view. It stands like a beacon amid the surrounding marshes; it is the nucleus of a new suburb, which will spring up around it, and will certainly be no less important a part of the metropolis than the others which have arisen at 16 miles from the centre of the town. It is a first step towards progress, another foundation stone of civilisation and culture.

The workmen and their families awaited me at the entrance of the building. For the greater

part they were still dressed in their simple costume "from over the sea," and their whole demeanour showed that they had not long since arrived in these parts. Set adrift in that great city, without knowing the language, without friends or any one to advise them, these poor folks are at the mercy of chance. And, in addition to all the other difficulties and problems which the municipal authorities have to face, we can well understand that this question of dealing with the foreign population of inferior civilisation is one of the greatest and hardest to solve. They have not only to be fed, they have also to be protected and educated. The church and the school are their only safeguards. As long as the people will go to church and are willing to have their children brought up on religious principles there is nothing to fear. As long as they recognise their duty towards God they will also recognise and fulfil their duty towards their neighbour.

The inauguration of that humble little church and its simple worshippers has left an indelible impression upon me. It was one of those never-to-be-forgotten scenes which, in spite of their apparent unimportance, form a page in the annals of history. This small beginning, representing the accumulated savings of those hardy workmen, is the centre of new efforts and new struggles. Let us hope these may lead here to as successful an issue as they have done in

other parts of the town. Let us hope that its inhabitants may one day be as prosperous and wealthy as their fellow-citizens in older Chicago. Above all, let us hope that the little church may grow into a cathedral, and its elementary school into a great scientific establishment. And although in the past the place has so often been shaken by strikes and tumults, let us hope that henceforth faith and culture may ensure peace and prosperity to this marvellous city.

VIII

MONEY-MAKING AND SPENDING

NOT having at first accepted any fee for my lectures, and having willingly given my services gratuitously, I was now asked to fall in with the usual practice. It was suggested that the money earned could always be devoted to charity, and that to introduce new customs would possibly lead to undesirable results in two ways. Firstly, it might not be practicable for my successors, however much they might desire to do so, to pay expenses out of their own pockets. Secondly, the public prefer to pay their entrance money, or at least to contribute something towards the cost. In this way each one feels at home and unconstrained, is under no obligation, and, above all, carries out his great wish to remain independent. "Short reckonings make long friends," and if in this country no one will work for nothing, on the other hand, no one can bear to feel indebted to another.

The position is plain, the conception clear. Labour represents not only action, but the potency of life; one might even say that the terms are to a certain extent synonymous—that, in fact, work in the United States means life.

The question of labour as the sole or, let us say, the chief mainspring of, and factor in, human existence, must naturally present itself to every observer.

Those whose work and enterprise have been most successful have told me more than once that their wealth has been too dearly bought. How many multi-millionaires are victims to the most pronounced melancholia? The dollar kings, who are regarded by the masses of their fellow-countrymen as the most enviable and fortunate of mankind, complain of unhappiness just as much as the most wretched paupers.

Terribly sad but certainly very characteristic statistics show that suicide, which is, unfortunately, annually increasing, finds more victims among the leisured classes than among the poor. As long as one is obliged to work for the bare and primary necessities of life, one has no spare time for too much thought. It is only when the means of existence are assured, and particularly when luxury is easily attainable, that inward discontent is aroused and makes itself felt.

How many times have I heard people who are regarded as models of success say: "If I had to begin afresh, I would live quite differently." Or again: "When we were poor we thought that wealth would give us happiness, so we worked with all our might to become rich. We knew neither respite nor rest; we sacrificed our youth, and made our life hard. As the years passed we neglected everything that did not contribute to our material prosperity. Consequently, our inner selves deteriorated, and we became callous, until now we have no power to enjoy the fruits of our endeavour." "Certainly," said another, "we Americans know how to *make* more money than you do, but you *spend* it infinitely better."

I noted these remarks as being uttered in all sincerity. In their simplicity these *cris du cœur* are so many precious documents.

The citizens of the New World, whom we have so greatly admired in their various departments of labour, evidently do not find complete satisfaction in the result of their efforts. They are unquestionably masters of the material life; they can estimate justly the value of all tangible and perceptible things, and their ceaseless activity and strength of will enables them to realise all that is attainable in their aims. But from the commencement of their careers

they appear to ignore the fact that the most colossal wealth will not suffice to purchase either moral satisfaction or perfect happiness.

One of the best known of American sociologists has uttered this significant phrase: "We know how to work, but we do not know how to live." Might not this same dictum be applied, within certain limits, to modern life everywhere in all parts of the world?

Money is becoming more and more universally accepted as the only compensation for human effort and the sole object of toil. In America this tendency is more visible than elsewhere, competition is more frantic, and examples are more striking.

Expressions of regret, such as we have just cited, are becoming very frequent. Every day complaint is made that too much is sacrificed to money, that the dollar has absorbed everything else, and has commenced a veritable reign of terror.

At the very outset of existence the earning of money dominates every other sentiment. One must become rich at any price, no matter what may be the means thereto. Engaged in this incessant struggle, youth, health, and many other seemingly useless and superfluous qualities are sacrificed only too readily to obtain material gains.

As a man advances in years, he gains on one side

in proportion to what he loses on another; in accumulating fortune day by day he diminishes his store of illusions.

Money, then, even when the figures are colossal, is incapable of compensating for all the sacrifices it entails.

There is something heartrending in these exclamations so frequently heard, and in the tardy admission, when going down the hill of life, that wealth has been too dearly bought.

The reply of one of the most prominent multi-millionaires, when asked in an interview which was the happiest period of his life, is, I dare say, well known, and certainly very true. He answered: "When I emerged from poverty, I was already an independent clerk, having just sufficient to pay for my chop every day, and to make an excursion to the sea-side on Sundays, and youth and health gave me joy in life. I have sacrificed everything to become rich, but I find that wealth has no power to mitigate any one of my pains or griefs."

One often hears, too, that in America the value of money is altered, and that everything costs double and treble what it is actually worth. Americans are also often reproached with spoiling prices. European merchants make special charges for their clients across the sea, and say openly: "If we did not ask a high price, no one would buy, for they would think the goods inferior."

The amount paid for anything fixes its actual value. This is why we hear that So-and-so has paid so much for a picture or a statue, or that the building of X.'s or Y.'s house has cost a fortune. In reality, the result in no way surpasses what we already have in Europe, and the most magnificent modern dwellings can never equal the palaces of the Italian cities.

I might make the same observation with regard to the lavish appointment of houses so often enlarged on in the society columns of newspapers. Certainly in the States there are mansions which are both admirably appointed and of striking magnificence, but at the same time nothing there can surpass, or even approach, the great establishments of Europe.

The principal difference is probably in the price. In America everything costs ten times as much as in Italy, five times as much as in France, and twice as much as in London.

Although the bare necessities of life are comparatively cheap, comforts are fairly dear, and luxuries are extremely expensive. This is right, and is not objected to. The workman who earns a dollar on the lowest reckoning can get board and lodging here better than anywhere else. When he has his own house and starts a home—keeping at least one servant—his outlay increases greatly. But in the case of a large establishment, the expenses are fabulous.

If we may believe the newspapers, which delight in giving descriptions of, and stating the amount spent on, a newly built mansion and its furnishing, or on a banquet, the sums expended are truly amazing. We might almost say that the money was thrown out of the window, for Yankees generally try to outdo what is done elsewhere.

The celebrated Millionaires' Street in Cleveland is unquestionably one of the finest avenues that could be imagined. Wide, shady, and surrounded by gardens, the general effect is charming. As regards the houses which stand on either side, however nice-looking and well cared for they may be, not one is grandiose. All are spacious and comfortable without any attempt at being palatial.

Even the building shown to me as the home of the richest citizen, not only in the city, but probably in the whole of America, is in no way remarkable in spite of its huge size. It is only an enlarged villa, or, as I daresay it would be called in England, "a glorified cottage."

We may make the same observations respecting the proverbial magnificence of American entertainments. It excites our astonishment less by what it offers than by what it costs.

It is the American expenditure which is specially astonishing. The power to pay the

most fabulous prices seems in many cases to give far greater satisfaction than the object acquired.

Americans themselves are the first to recognise this strange turn of mind. Many have assured me that their power of work, commercial aptitude and capability for turning everything to profit—the facility, in short, of making money—has contributed to diminish its value. “We are masters in the art of making money, but children in the spending of it.”

Although I do not accept this verdict without reserve, I cannot deny that it contains a great deal of truth. To know how to make money as well as how to spend it needs experience and practice. If in childhood, in education, and in the whole of social life in the United States continuous practical training is given, it must be admitted that theoretical ideas are often neglected. Americans themselves are the first to acknowledge this, and the sociological books, published in such large numbers by their eminent literary men, agree on this point.

Wealth, regarded not merely as one of the means but as the end of human existence, is a danger, not only to social, but also to individual happiness. The effort to acquire it is too great. It can never atone for the sacrifices of a whole lifetime.

Moreover, as we have already seen, gold loses much of its value by reason of the accumulation of wealth. As the number of fortunes increases, prices are raised, and values decrease accordingly.

It is curious that these huge fortunes have after all achieved but little, and have exercised but very slight influence on the development of the country. The most magnificent donations, the most liberal benefactions, have in no degree affected the nation. It appears that the effect of the best intentions of doing good is limited to localities, and that the most justifiable ambition to do something great has produced but a modest result.

Even the universities endowed by one man, or the libraries built by a single benefactor, have not succeeded in gaining a dominant influence. It seems as if American intelligence, so capable when money-making is concerned, did not know how to dispose of its earnings. The genius shown in work fails to find the right way to use its success. The true greatness of the United States will be manifested, probably at no distant day, when it recognises the true and proportionate value of things.

It is most instructive to study more closely what the largest fortunes can do, either for individual welfare or for the public good, and to decide whether the struggle necessarily involved

in the accumulation of colossal wealth makes rather for evil than for good.

Last spring, public opinion expressed itself in a most interesting way with regard to this important question. One of the industrial magnates offered some millions to a charity which were refused as immorally acquired. Special meetings were held to discuss the question, clergymen preached about it from their pulpits, and leading articles asserted that no charity should accept money gained at the expense of others, by men who had caused the misery of thousands.

It is exceedingly difficult to decide the question up to what point the profits of great enterprises may be considered justifiable, but it is very characteristic that public opinion should seriously have considered the matter, and that millions were rejected just as resolutely as an alms of a few pence might have been refused.

Another problem, and a most serious one, arises as to whether the accumulation of great fortunes, even when distributed with the utmost liberality, tends to the general good? For, if an individual cannot find complete satisfaction in the most brilliant career, if he is forced to become a mere tool for making-money, and if the most formidable fortunes are not capable of compensating for the sacrifices made, it is a question whether the millions spent in philan-

thropy can cure the evil caused by the enterprises which gained them.

One cannot but feel the most sincere admiration for the industry and practical sense of the American; yet, on the other hand, one is tempted to ask if his energy is not carried almost too far, whether he will ever enjoy the desired results, or whether, in this country of freedom, he will not fall a victim to false ambitions? Here, where every one is equal and nobody considers himself the servant of another, it would be grievous to see him become the slave of his own inclinations.

"I hope my children will have the same pleasure in spending, that I had in saving money," says the father to his son, in the "Correspondence of a Business Man," published a short time ago, which throws such a curious light on the manner of thought of the *nouveau riche*. Even though this is an exaggerated caricature, yet we can perceive the real and serious note underlying it.

In the midst of this life of intense activity, while observing the indefatigable application of Americans, and studying the frenzied contest, we feel nothing but regret when they tell us that they have overstepped the limits and gone too far, and reply, in answer to an expression of admiration: "Yes, we know how to *work*, but we have yet to learn how to *live*!"

IX

ACROSS THE STATES

THE GRANARIES OF THE WORLD

ENDLESS stretches of corn-fields line the railway as far as eye can see. The same wealth of agriculture which had been my constant admiration in the central states again unfolded itself before my enchanted gaze as I journeyed towards the Atlantic coast. What prodigality of soil! What perfection of cultivation! What wonderful advantage has been taken of the natural resources, and how brilliantly the farms illustrate what human ingenuity can accomplish! How quietly and quickly and admirably the work is done by means of the perfected machinery of the present day in a land where manual labour is scarce, and will soon be altogether unobtainable! Even allowing for the excellent quality of the virgin soil, the exceptional success of agriculture in America is most certainly due, in the first place, to the untiring application of the farmers.

The territory under cultivation, which in 1900 covered 336,500,000 acres, and has since been

considerably added to, surpasses in extent the arable land of middle Europe; and yet this enormous area represents only a small half of the landed property of the United States. The total acreage under cultivation is about 40 per cent.

The distribution of land for tillage varies considerably in the different districts according to the conditions of climate and soil. The north centre is the most intensely cultivated, and of its 158,000,000 acres, 126,000,000 are under crops. The south centre ranks next with 158,000,000 acres, of which 103,000,000 are tilled. The nature of the crops is necessarily also varied. Cereals are extensively cultivated in the north; and when travelling in those regions the train passes for days together through fields of corn and maize. Pasture land there is also in great profusion, with thousands of herds, and cattle-rearing is one of the chief industries in that part of the country. In the neighbourhood of the manufacturing centres and large towns agriculture is carried on with great intensity, but in a different way. The immense stretches of arable land are there converted into fruit and vegetable gardens, and the cattle ranches are replaced by dairy and poultry farms for the production of milk and eggs.

The south, with its semi-tropical climate, produces chiefly cotton, rice, tobacco, and sugar

cane. Fruit is grown more or less all over the States, and the exportation of American fruit increases year by year. The virgin forests remain as yet for a great part in their natural condition. They are found chiefly on the North Atlantic coast, and contain timber to an enormous value.

The various census returns show how rapidly the cultivated territories have developed during the last few decades. In 1870 there were only about 160,000,000 acres under cultivation, and in 1890 the number had increased to 249,000,000, while the statistic returns for 1900 give a total of 330,000,000 acres. The value of the crops in the various regions has also undergone considerable changes in the course of years. Thus, for instance, in 1900 the agricultural operations in the north centre were estimated at \$5,238,000,000, while in the same region ten years previous the return was only \$4,427,000,000. In the south centre, on the other hand—although it is the rich cotton district—the crops only yielded to a value of \$1,698,000,000 in 1890, while ten years before, that is, in 1880, they were worth \$1,740,000,000. This decrease in the value of agricultural produce is even more surprising in the regions of the South Atlantic, the crops there being estimated at \$1,511,000,000 in 1900, \$1,779,000,000 in 1890, and \$2,846,000,000 half a century ago. The value of landed estate has been subject to similar fluctuations in the North

Atlantic regions, New England, Massachusetts, and New York, where, according to the census of 1900, the value of arable land was estimated at \$4,355,000,000 in 1900, at \$4,560,000,000 in 1890, and at \$4,592,000,000 in 1880. The older the colonies, and the more thickly populated, the more this decadence of agricultural property is noticeable. But after all the decline is delusory and merely local, for the actual value produced over the whole land is considerably greater than formerly. It stands to reason that in the vicinity of the great cities the extensive cultivation of corn and maize, and even of cotton, has to yield before the greater necessity of dairy farming for the production of milk, butter and cheese, and the growing of vegetables and fruits of all sorts.

Although it is difficult to estimate even approximately the revenues derived from agriculture in such an immense country as the United States, where, moreover, this industry is subject to such serious fluctuations, in addition to the varying conditions of climate and soil, the last census gives the total value roughly as \$4,187,892,000. Categorising the various fields of cultivation, we find that the north centre may be regarded as the granary, not only of the United States, but also of Europe. According to the acreage under different crops the value is given of corn as \$369,900,000,

maize \$828,300,000, oats \$217,100,000, barley \$41,600,000, while hay and fodder for cattle are represented by \$484,300,000. At the head of the list as producers of cereals are the States of Illinois with 6,700,000, Kansas with 5,300,000, Nebraska with 4,800,000, Minesota with 4,500,000, and above all, Iowa with 6,800,000 acres. The celebrated ranches, with their hundreds of thousands of beasts, are also chiefly found in this region, and according to official data, return about half of the total amount produced in those districts. Nevertheless, on account of the steady and enormous growth of the large towns and the gradual transformation of the whole of that semi-savage tract of land into cultivated territory within a comparatively short period, the cattle ranches have had to move further and further westward. The regions where the Buffalo Bills and the intrepid cowboys led their romantic life become more and more contracted, domestic animals take the place of the wild wandering herds, and prairies are converted into pastures with systematic dairy farms. All this is taking place already, wherever the population has become more dense and existence more complicated.

On the shores of the Atlantic, especially in the north, dairy farming constitutes quite a fourth part of the rural enterprises. Dairy produce is valued for the year represented in the

last census at \$472,400,000, while the animals sold for slaughter fetched \$722,900,000. The number of horned beasts is given as 67,800,000, and that of milch kine as 17,000,000. The value of the cattle varies considerably according to their quality and the place they come from, but the census gives as the average price of an ox for slaughter 29 dollars 12 cents, and of a dairy cow a slightly larger sum.

Another chapter of the same statistic report gives the totals of the various kinds of animals and their values: — pigs 64,500,000, sheep 61,700,000, horses 21,100,000, mules 3,300,000, relatively representing a value of \$238,700,000, \$171,000,000, \$1,051,000,000, and \$217,900,000. A further study of the pages of this same census shows that it is again the north, the richest agricultural centre, which takes the first place in the tables dealing with the rearing of cattle. The value of the beasts of those districts is estimated at \$753,000,000 for 30,600,000 head.

But it is perhaps in the production of vegetables and fruit that the greatest progress has been made of late years. Since the difficulty of the transport of fresh fruit has been obviated by the introduction of the refrigerating waggon, fruit can be despatched not only to New York and other large towns in the States, but all over Europe, in ever-increasing quantities. Certain fruits, such as grapes, melons, and American peaches, are

beginning to dominate the markets in the large cities of Europe for their quality as well as for their relative cheapness. To give an idea of the abundance of certain fruits, for instance of apples in the north and peaches in California, it will suffice to mention that they are utilised for fattening the pigs. Pineapples and bananas are also largely grown, and all these productions are of excellent quality. Fruit is never absent from the American table, and it is the prevalent custom, strange perhaps to foreigners, but very recommendable, to eat fruit first thing in the morning. As regards the cultivation of the vine, although soil and climate are favourable enough, this branch of agriculture has made but little progress. Hitherto the American vintage has been neglected. The chief reason for this may perhaps be found in the fact that the masses never drink wine, and that the cellars of the rich are usually stocked with foreign produce. Another reason is that the first colonists came from a land where the vine was unknown. But as a dessert fruit American horticulturists produce the grape in colossal quantities. The total of grapes grown in the United States is given as 600,000 tons, half of which is derived from California.

To make up for the deficiency in the culture of the vine, tobacco-growing has assumed all the more important proportions. This plant is, as we know, of American origin, and continues to be

cultivated year by year on a larger scale. If we consider that in the middle of the last century the production of tobacco was already estimated at 199,752,000 pounds, we may well be surprised at the startling fact that in the returns for 1900 it is tabulated at four times that amount, bringing the quantity produced up to 868,000,000 pounds. This enormous figure will in all probability be again largely exceeded in the next census returns.

The states where tobacco is most largely grown are : Kentucky, with a production of 314,000,000 pounds, representing a value of \$18,540,000 ; North Carolina, with 127,000,000 pounds, valued at \$8,070,000 ; Virginia, with 123,000,000 pounds, corresponding to \$4,210,000 ; Ohio, producing 66,000,000 pounds, worth \$4,860,000. The other southern states all produce under 50,000,000 pounds. The approximate number of tobacco plantations is given as 308,317. As regards the manufacture of tobacco, we have the following data for 1900 : pipe tobacco 13,805,000 pounds, cigarettes 2,505,000,000, cigars 6,176,000,000, showing a considerable increase in all the three branches of this industry.

The production of hemp and flax, on the contrary, shows a steady decline. The plantations, once so celebrated, and yielding as much as 151,000,000 pounds fifty years ago, are represented in the last census by some 11,800,000

pounds. Yet, if not so much thought of as textiles, hemp and flax are now much grown for the oil which the seed contains, and it is owing to this new use for the grain that the latest reports again show an advance. Another branch of agricultural industry which one might expect to keep pace with the general progress of the people, but which is comparatively little developed in the United States, is the cultivation of the sugar cane. Over the whole of its territory the country produces only 400,000 tons of cane sugar, and 750,000 tons of beetroot per year. Naturally, this quantity has not been sufficient to cope with the demand, and the imports have three times exceeded the production. Yet the plants from which the sugar is manufactured could easily be cultivated, both soil and climate being exceptionally in their favour. In the southern districts sugar cane abounds, while beetroot is found more or less everywhere. The last census returns the acreage of sugar-producing plants as 342,000 acres, 44,000 of which represent beetroot, some 110 are planted with sorghum and 181,000 with cane.

The economists of the country attach no importance to this state of affairs, which at first sight appears unfavourable. They say that hitherto the people have not seriously applied themselves to the production of sugar, as they

could draw larger profits from the cultivation of other things. They also argue that the production of sugar and coffee should become more and more the agricultural perquisite of their colonies, of the insular possessions lately acquired in the tropics, where manual labour is cheaper.

The special and pre-eminently American produce is cotton. And to obtain an approximate idea of the development of this branch of agriculture, we need only say that the United States alone produce more cotton than any other country in the world, much more than the whole of India, and in the last census the production of a single year was estimated at 11,000,000 bales, worth \$5,500,000. Like the tobacco plant, cotton is one of the native plants of the American continent, physical and climatic conditions being eminently favourable to its production. The immense success of the cotton harvests is undoubtedly greatly due to the hot summers and sunny autumns of the States. The total acreage at present occupied by cotton plantations is given as over 12,000,000 acres of land. Of this, Texas alone has 3,300,000 acres under cultivation and Georgia 1,700,000 acres. The two states next in importance for cotton-growing are Alabama, with 1,600,000 acres, and Mississippi, with nearly 1,500,000 acres. These tremendous figures become even more surprising when we realise the steady development of this

production. The census gives a tabulated statement of cotton produced in the course of the past century as follows: In 1790 the total number of bales was 8,900, and in 1800 it rose to 177,800. In 1810 it was 320,000, and in 1820 681,800. In 1830 the figure rose to 1,000,000; twenty years later, in 1859, 5,387,000 bales were produced. This figure is now nearly doubled, and there is no reason why this branch of agriculture should not continue to develop at the same rate. The use of cotton for different manufactures is increasing; also the use of fibres made from cotton is gaining ground in half-civilised countries where formerly only materials spun of hemp and flax were used.

As regards territory suitable for the cultivation of the cotton plant, the United States are far from exhausted yet. It is true that the most fertile and best watered districts in the southern states have no more ground available, but there are large stretches of land in the west of the country awaiting cultivation. Tobacco and cotton, and especially the latter, are the two productions which will occupy a preponderating place in the agricultural operations of the near future. At present the cereals take the first place, but in the next statistics we shall probably find that their returns are equalled, if not surpassed, by those of the cotton industry.

From all this we see that the census eloquently

testifies not only to the agricultural wealth, but also to the persistent progress that is made in the various cultivations, and we ask how is it that we hear so many and such loud complaints from the growers and farmers? Is it only the usual grumbling which follows upon a bad harvest or some local depression of trade, or is it really that agriculture in America is undergoing a crisis similar to the one it has passed through in the countries of Europe? Certain it is that the older states, which have been colonised for centuries, which possess large towns and are thickly populated, have long since given up the cultivation of the ground on that extensive scale which has hitherto been the peculiar privilege of American agriculture, and which still insures economic superiority to the southern and western states. One of the chief national endeavours of the present day is to draw the people further towards the west, to try and colonise more densely the great territories on the other side of the Mississippi, to lay stress on the cultivation of the prairies and the semi-barren districts. And although the United States may not possess any more untilled land of the very first quality, there are still huge tracts which might be made remunerative by means of hard work, manuring and irrigation. Unfortunately, the preliminary labour, necessitating a long period of waiting before results can be obtained, does not tempt

the newcomers. The attractions of the large towns are becoming ever more alluring even to the humblest classes, and the emigrants who generally disembark in the commercial centres of the New World are not easily induced to venture further into the interior of the land. They prefer a hand-to-mouth existence, a life of uncertainty, but full of change and excitement, to the quietness and regularity of rural pursuits. There is no doubt about it, that the taste for agriculture is waning, and that the country is losing its charms. The labour question is becoming more serious from day to day. In the south there are still plenty of negroes to work in the field, but in the north the labourer is often what is called "part owner," or at any rate to some extent interested in the undertaking.

The difficulties connected with the supply of domestic labour are also assuming a more serious character, for, apart from the negroes, hardly any American-born subjects are willing to become house servants. This category of labour, therefore, is almost entirely dependent upon foreigners, Irish, German and Scandinavian emigrants supplying the bulk of the demand. In the households of the wealthy it is no unusual thing to find half a dozen different nationalities represented in the servants' hall. Some of these foreigners take service merely to make a little

money to settle at home with. Others, again, look upon domestic service as the stepping-stone towards a more lucrative, and especially a more independent position. Considering the existing difficulty in the supply of labour, it is a curious fact that wages in the United States are higher than in England, or anywhere else on the European continent. It is estimated that the expenditure for agricultural labour in the United States amounts to \$365,000,000 per year. Naturally, the price and the demand of labour vary considerably in different districts and for different industries. Thus, for instance, on the ranches the actual labour required is comparatively little, while the tobacco and cotton plantations demand an unusual amount.

Enquiring a little further into this matter, we find that, according to official returns, the land under cultivation in the United States is divided between 5,739,657 landowners, while in England there are scarcely 500,000. The cultivation of these estates is estimated to cost on an average \$65 each—an astonishingly small amount, which places the working expenses at about 10 per cent. of the annual product.

One of the causes of this advantageous position is that the soil is still fertile, and in many cases little worked, and does, therefore, not require the same amount of labour as with us, nor yet so much manuring. Another reason is that

through the perfecting of agricultural machinery and the large number of beasts employed, human labour is becoming gradually reduced. Physical force is more and more supplied by animals, preferably by horses and mules, also by machinery of various kinds ingeniously and intelligently applied. It is especially on the large plantations in the central states and in the west that we notice the improved methods of agricultural industry. Immense plains of corn, covering thousands of acres, stretch before our eyes, but no human habitation is to be seen. Involuntarily we ask ourselves: To whom does all that land belong? How is the labour supplied? Here and there we may detect a lonely farmhouse, but its inmates would hardly suffice to supply the labour needed to work the surrounding orchards and gardens. In order to understand the principles upon which agriculture is carried on, one must pay a visit to these parts in the spring, in the sowing season, or in the autumn at harvest time, when the steam plough accomplishes the work of a whole army of men, under the direction of a single capable pair of hands. In the census of 1900 the number of male field labourers was returned as 9,349,322, and including the women, who, as a rule, are not partial to field labour, this figure rises to about 10,438,188. The greater portion of these persons are owners or part-owners, share or cash tenants, so that the

number of actual day labourers, in the strict sense of the word, is reduced to about 2,000,000. The labour income of agriculturists, as the census calls it, is returned at \$288 per head, and the rough revenue of agricultural produce at \$4,187,892,000.

In the face of such favourable statistic figures, showing a steady and general increase, it is difficult to know up to what point one is justified in declaring that agriculture in America is declining. The truth is that the conditions are changing. The older districts, which have been worked for centuries, cannot be expected to yield as abundantly as the virgin soil of the newer states. Again, the economic transformations, caused by the development of the large towns and the increase of population, are bound to affect the agricultural operations of the neighbourhood. The cultivation of corn and maize crops must gradually move westward, to make room for market gardens and dairy farms. Crops requiring a large expanse of territory must give way to more condensed productions, if industrial agriculture is to make more decided progress. Factories of cheese and butter, of condensed cream and milk, will be established before long in all the districts hitherto occupied by the ranches. The farms will undergo a radical reform, and with them the life and labour of the inmates will be transformed. American

country life, so often sympathetically described by national writers, will lose the charm of peace and quietness. The picturesque plantations, with their patriarchal institutions, preserving so many of the traditions of the early days of their existence, must perforce disappear and give way before the dawn of the new day. The smiling homesteads, half hidden behind their orchards and gardens—those cheerful, prosperous homes which lend such attraction to the green landscapes of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and the whole of the North Atlantic region—will vanish ere long to give place to establishments of agricultural produce, meeting the requirements of the day.

And in the south, the large estates, dating back to the first period of colonial occupation, those sumptuous seignorial dwellings with their shady porticos and white pillared fronts, they are, alas, condemned to disappear also, together with the last traditions and the last recollections of the Old World. But after all, that which passes away is merely the form, the outward appearance of the life and labour of the country. Agriculture itself, instead of declining, will grow in intensity. The soil, far from being exhausted, must, under the new treatment, and with the different uses it is put to, yield infinitely more abundantly than hitherto. The fear of agricultural decadence in the United States is unjusti-

fied, although the deplacement of the centres of agriculture and the transformation of agricultural pursuits are inevitable. Nevertheless, all the existing conditions are in favour of continuance and development and signal results.

X

THE ATHENS OF THE UNITED STATES

BOSTON, 1900.

It was in the month of September that I made my first acquaintance with New England and its famous city of Boston. And certainly autumn is the best time of the year for a visit to this part of the country, when the great heat of summer is past, when the air is keen and fresh with the breezes blowing from the Atlantic, and the sky is blue and cloudless.

The landscape, with its undulating plains and wooded mountain slopes, is at all times pretty and sympathetic, but particularly so at the season of the changing of the leaf. The States may well be proud of this corner of their dominions, for, apart from its natural charms, its thriving farms and homesteads give it an air of cheerfulness and prosperity peculiar to itself. There is upon everything a stamp of maturity, of depth and of firm stability. To any one coming from the West this characteristic is particularly noticeable ; it is upon nature,

upon the people, and upon the institutions of the land. Unconsciously, almost, one realises that culture here is of a higher order, has a more solid basis and an older history. Whether we traverse the country following the course of the rivers with their trim barges, or wind our way across the hills, dotted with neat little houses, we are continually struck by the well-cared-for appearance of everything. And when we enter any of the farms, we are impressed not only by the ardour with which agriculture is carried on, but also by the refinement of the inmates.

It is an agreeable surprise to find no startling contrasts, no great extremes of wealth and poverty. There are no palatial residences and no miserable hovels. True, one sees many handsome buildings, but nothing extravagantly grand or conspicuous, and almost all the houses are built in the charming old fashion known as the "Colonial style," so full of historical reminiscences. Throughout this part of the world there appears to be a fairer distribution of wealth. No doubt very rich people are not less numerous here than in the other States, but they have the good taste not to make a display of the contents of their strong boxes, and not to talk of their banking accounts. All this is vastly different to the expression of culture characteristic of a new country. The refinement here found is

not the production of to-day or yesterday, it is the expression of a gradual evolution; it has descended from father to son for many generations. Intellect alone cannot produce it, it needs sentiment also. The outward form, the perfect manner, can easily be acquired, but the delicate feeling which is the stamp of true refinement is a higher gift, it belongs to the soul.

My first impression of Boston was far from encouraging. Look where I would I could see nothing pleasing in the immediate vicinity of the station. All was so terribly commonplace, not to say ugly. Form and colour are alike disagreeable to the eye. The great contrasts of form in the buildings, and the crude, glaring colouring are revolting to one's artistic taste. Next to an alarmingly high building stands another, so low that it seems to be almost level with the ground. The frontages are generally painted a muddy wine colour. Sometimes it is a more decided red, and then it is not so bad, but most often it is of a sickly, nondescript shade. The streets, at least the majority of them, have no artistic pretensions whatever; they are of the ordinary commercial type, like those of any other town in the States, encumbered with street cars and vehicles of all sorts, while overhead a network of electric wires joins the various buildings together like so many fragments of some broken piece of crockery.

To the casual observer the "Athens of America" offers nothing to justify its name. I was thoroughly disenchanted. I had expected something so different, and had imagined a kind of model town, picturesque, prettily wooded, artistic in every detail, in fact something more like Washington.

To add to my disappointment the town was still "empty," as the conventional phrase goes. There was plenty of traffic, bustle, and noise, especially at midday and late in the afternoon, when the people went home from their work. Then one could hardly walk along, but the better-class people were still out of town. The houses to which I carried letters of introduction and the homes of my numerous friends were all closed. My days were therefore spent in sight-seeing, and visiting the public institutions of the town. Boston is justly proud of its public buildings, some of which are truly magnificent, and have been erected at enormous cost. The spire of Trinity Church is conspicuous above all the other towers. The church itself is an elaborate specimen of the Romanesque style, and no sum has been considered too great to make it a monument worthy of the place. Among the public buildings the New Depot first deserves mention. It is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent railway stations in the world. I was told that the cost of construction

—for even Bostonians are not above boasting of the price of things—was over \$14,000,000. Figures do not at any time interest me much, but in America, where there is so much talk of millions and other colossal figures, one loses sight of the actual value of money altogether. What impressed me much more was the admirable structure itself, the vaulted roof stretching over twenty-eight lines of railway, and the well-chosen decorations. Although the station is so large, it is always full of trains and passengers. The majority generally live in the suburbs of the towns where they have their business, and perhaps this is the case in Boston more than anywhere else, for the country around is very charming. Along the banks of Charles River are many pleasant villas, and delightful excursions can be made to Brookline, Chelsea, Norumbega Park, and other pretty spots in the neighbourhood. One of the most interesting of these is Brook Farm, where George Ripley established the famous ideal socialistic community. The notion was uncommon and gained the more notoriety because such well-known men as Channing and the sympathetic writer Hawthorne were members of the society. Boston is still the centre of thought and refined ideas. Directly some novel movement is astir in any of the old-world cities, whether it be within the province of literature or art, or even

social fads, we may be sure that it will find its adherents in the capital of Massachusetts.

But the mental qualities of the people, or at any rate of the upper classes, find their best expression in the museum and the library. These two institutions, the Museum of Fine Arts and the Public Library, I do not hesitate to call unique of their kind. Unique, not so much on account of the richness of the collections, or of their magnificence—for in these respects they cannot compare with the treasure-houses in the old capitals of Europe—but on account of the marvellous manner in which the inevitable difficulties have been mastered of making good and comprehensive collections in a comparatively short time.

In the first place it is the choice of the pictures and art treasures which strikes us. Every canvas, even if not of the very highest merit, has its undeniably good points, and forms a link in the history of art. And after all, what is the true *raison d'être* of a museum? Is it not to instruct, to educate? And in a comparatively new country is it not doubly important that this object should be kept in view? A visit to the Boston collections cannot fail to be profitable. In the selection of the works of art amassed therein, the interests both of the professional and the amateur have been studied. There are masterpieces endowed with

qualities capable of satisfying the keenest critic and the most fastidious dilettante. I have come across canvases which perhaps at first sight might not impress one much, and to the casual observer might be even displeasing, but which, nevertheless, express astounding power and talent.

This remark applies especially to contemporary French art. Nearly all the best artists are represented, and, without exception, by works of their best period. We see pictures by Millet, Troyon, Corot, Meissonier, Gérôme, Rousseau, and many other eminent masters. All these productions proclaim the undeniable merit of the artist, and at the same time bear witness to the tendencies and aspirations of some particular period in the history of art. There are few collections extant which give one a better opportunity of following the gradual stages of art in the nineteenth century than this museum on the banks of the Bay of Massachusetts. The evolution of modern painting is here seen in all its phases, from the rigid classicism of the early part of the last century and the romanticism of the 'thirties, to the so-called "Academics" and the present-day "Realists." In the Boston museum we find examples of all these variations of school and style, all pursuing the same high ideal. That which gives the Galerie du Luxembourg a first place among modern art collections — namely, the artistic individuality expressed in

all its pictures—characterises also, up to a certain point, the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston. And if we miss some of the great painters, and others are represented by canvases less brilliant than those to be found in European collections, there is yet enough here to satisfy the most exacting critic, and what is more, to be of infinite service to the public.

The Boston picture gallery has another advantage. It has a homely stamp. One does not feel overawed by the accumulation of art treasures. There is nothing severely pompous about it. Indeed, in this land of vast proportions, where everything is done on a large scale, this museum strikes one as quite small. Its halls are more like good-sized rooms than galleries, and this fact is of greater moment than might be supposed at first sight, especially with regard to the study of certain schools of painting such as the pre-Raphaelite and the Dutch schools. In the interminable galleries of Versailles, for instance, where the historical compositions of David and the large battle-pieces of *Détaille* stand out so well, a *Simone Memmi* or a *Boltraffio* would be lost sight of. After all, should it not be our endeavour to create for the masterpieces of art, surroundings which, as far as is possible, are in keeping with their original situation? This, to my mind, is one of the great advantages of the exhibition

of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pictures in the Wallace Collection. The arrangement is perfect, and there is a style about the rooms which conveys to them something of the atmosphere of the *Rococo* period and its "powdered" masters.

It would seem that at the Boston museum a special study has been made of the early Italian painters, and of the French "Realistic" school. Boticelli and Manet might be, as it were, the two antipodes towards which the artistic tendencies and appreciation of the public were directed. The influence of the "Academics," who in the past century ruled the world of art, is scarcely perceptible here. On entering the museum we at once realise that it is a creation of recent times. The whole drift of it is modern. It appeals to us as familiar ground. The influence of two contemporary critics—Ruskin and Goncourt—pervades the collection, sometimes, maybe, only indirectly, but it is as visible here as at the "Luxembourg." Ruskin and Goncourt—the one an Englishman, the other a Frenchman. The former the greatest symbolist and stylist of his time, the latter a "Realist" and, above all, a "Verist." It was under their guidance that the transformation of taste in art took place. This movement—one might say this school—although at first it met with much opposition, has now become almost universally accepted. In Europe

its progress was slow, and even to this day there are art centres where these views have hardly penetrated. In America, however, they soon became popular, and in the United States these æsthetic principles had found many adherents, when in Rome and Munich they had scarcely been heard of. Gradually, Italy and Germany, France and England, have all followed in the same direction in their search after the true and the beautiful.

It is also interesting to note the standard of art in the gallery of Boston, as proving the general artistic development of the United States. It shows, in the first place, in what manner artistic knowledge has spread, and in the second, what can be produced in this direction in certain art circles.

Another interesting feature of the museum is the Japanese collection. It is a well-known fact that with the exception, perhaps, of a small group of French dilettanti, the Americans have been the first to recognise and appreciate the superior qualities of art as expressed in the Far East. No doubt the fact that the American ships were the first to enter the Nippon waters, and that the Government at Washington signed the first commercial treaty with the Mikado, facilitated this intimacy. Ever since the Japanese ports have been opened to foreign powers, the choicest curios have always been reserved for

the American amateurs. And so these Oriental treasures, originally owned by American millionaires, have in time been bequeathed to the museums: as, for instance, the celebrated jades, left by Mr Bishop to the Metropolitan Museum at New York. This is the reason why we meet sometimes with such exquisite specimens of Japanese porcelain, and especially of Oriental armour and gems, in the collections of the United States.

Close to the museum is the Public Library. If it had been my intention to describe the various institutions according to their importance I should have commenced with the library. There may be many finer buildings, handsomer and more elaborately decorated, but a calmer and more harmonious effect than is produced by the Boston library can hardly be conceived. To give an idea of its serene and serious beauty, it will suffice to mention the fact that on the decoration of the interior, its panels and frescoes, such artists as Puvis de Chavannes and Sargent have been engaged.

Both these masters seem at once to have grasped the importance of their task. They have understood that their mission was not only to decorate the most beautiful building in the city of Boston, but also to transmit to posterity an æsthetic monument of a period in the history of art. The work of the great

French master is worthy of his name. The composition is very simple, the colouring soft. His desire is to dominate by perfection of design, to captivate by purity of line. It represents the Muses greeting the Genius of Enlightenment, and for a decorative panel the composition is almost too simple, and the colouring too subdued to be effective. But the intention of the artist is fully appreciated at Boston, and the exquisite refinement and gravity of the design, as well as the delicacy of tint, are never misunderstood, or attributed to weakness.

Sargent's work is in every respect the very opposite. The great talent of the artist is here manifested in all its force. The composition is symbolic and complicated, the design rich, the colours vivid. To enhance the effect he has even used gold. Evidently inspired by the Byzantine Mosaics, his panels represent rich and sumptuous scenes, vibrating with life and passion. They remind us of the masterpieces at Ravenna, or in the Capella Palatina at Palermo. His work is certainly one of the most interesting creations of American art up to the present time.

The interior of the building is perfect in all its arrangements, and, above all, it is practical. The quiet reading-rooms invite one to study, and gladly would one spend one's days there. Whenever I have visited the library it

has always been full of people of all conditions and all ages. I have seen children not more than eight years old demurely sitting reading side by side with professors and simple artisans. Some people also use the library as a place for meeting their friends, as at the Exchange; it is open to all.

Considering the decidedly intellectual tendencies of the population, it is but natural that among the many institutions of the city, those devoted to public instruction and education should be foremost. And, indeed, they are many, of all sorts and sizes. Several of them are special schools for specific studies, specialising, in all its branches, being America's hobby. Boston's particular pride is the Institute of Technology, with over a thousand scholars, and the most important institution of the kind in the United States.

A description of the city of Boston is, of course, incomplete without an account of its chief glory, the Harvard University. But to tell the truth, in writing down my impressions I hesitate to enter upon so vast a subject to which I could not do justice in such a limited sketch. Harvard University is the oldest educational establishment in New England. It is more than a gigantic institution, with palatial halls and thousands of students; it is also an embodiment of the history of culture in the

United States. It is the expression of cultured aspiration. Founded in 1636, Harvard University has, in the course of centuries, produced the greatest number of the thinking men of the States, and has at all times taken a leading part in directing the thoughts of the country. Such names as John Adams, Channing, Everett, Prescott, Emerson, Motley, Agassiz, Longfellow, and many others, are intimately connected with the institution.

The years spent within its precincts are amongst the happiest recollections of many of its students, and stamp their after-life. Every Harvard man appreciates the privilege of having been there, and even in his old age recalls with pride his college days. Like Oxford and Cambridge, the mere name of Harvard inspires respect.

The University lies in a shady park at a short distance from the river. Scattered about on the lawns and among the trees are the fine college houses and sumptuous lecture halls which constitute the establishment. The most recent of these buildings are veritable palaces, perhaps a little too extravagantly magnificent for their purpose, too destructive of the sober, scholarly character which lends such charms to the English universities. It is too true that wealth is not an absolute advantage.

To this day Harvard occupies an imposing position in the history of culture. In literature,

art, and general knowledge it takes the lead in the States, and Boston owes its prominent position among the cities of the Union chiefly to its University, its schools, and its scientific institutions.

The country round Boston and on both sides of the river is pretty, and full of historical reminiscences. On the common still stands the Washington Elm, under whose branches the first president of the United States, then Generalissimo, assumed the command of the troops on the 3rd of July 1775. Arriving from Cambridge at the head of his army, he compelled the British forces to evacuate Boston. Many historical events are connected with the town itself also, for in the eighteenth century it was already of considerable importance, and numbered about 25,000 inhabitants.

At present Boston is pre-eminently the city of culture. The descendants of the "Pilgrim Fathers" have preserved much of the literary taste of their ancestors. They are great readers, and, what is more, they love their books as friends. They do not use them merely to while away the time on a tedious railway journey; they are constant companions, and when discussing authors, one does not hear only of those who have written *amusing* books, but also of the writers of *good* books.

Bostonians are always easily recognisable.

They have an unmistakable stamp, entirely their own, which, when travelling abroad, distinguishes them at once as citizens of New England. Being reserved by nature, it is perhaps not always easy to get to know them intimately, but one cannot come in contact with them without being conscious of their innate refinement. The men are necessarily for the greater part occupied in the pursuit of business, but the wives all the more readily devote themselves to works of philanthropy. The burden of the charitable institutions rests, to a large extent, upon the shoulders of the weaker sex, and the feminine element is conspicuous in all movements connected with culture and charity which ought to play an increasingly important part in the life of large cities. Art, whether in the museum or on the stage, may exercise a highly beneficial and elevating influence, if the public is made to realise its responsibility in guarding all that is good, and rejecting all that is evil.

The New England mother seems to me to be eminently qualified to inculcate these views upon the rising generation. As wife and mother she is fully conscious of what is required of her. In her we see perpetuated that greatest of all domestic virtues, the gift of making the house a real home. In other parts of the States I have visited far more sumptuous mansions, but nowhere have I found so much real family

life, combined with comfort and culture of the highest order, as at Boston.

The mistress of the house thinks of everything, and for everybody. Nothing escapes her notice, and being naturally gifted and carefully instructed, her influence reaches far beyond the actual home circle. Another great advantage which the New England woman possesses over her sisters in the other States is that she understands the art of growing old with grace and dignity. Surely this is no small accomplishment, and the prerogatives of age are very great if properly appreciated. To meet one of these noble matrons is always edifying. Retired from the battlefield of life and mellowed by time, they have become indulgent through vast experience; they ask nothing for themselves, but find their greatest satisfaction in giving assistance and pleasure to others. Simple in their manners, still simpler in their apparel and the dressing of their hair, scorning the use of artificial means to hide the marks which Time has graven on their brows—how dignified they are! How much more sympathetic than the sorry mask of the perpetually young woman! Unfortunately, the noble type is steadily becoming rarer even in Boston, and it is to be feared that before long there will be no more old ladies left on earth.

One cannot wonder that New England has

been the favourite theme of many national authors, and that its green pastures and peaceful scenery have formed the basis of many a pretty story. It is also natural that the foreigner, visiting America, speaks of Boston as the centre of culture and refinement. But we should bear in mind that although this is true, it is partly the result of circumstance. We must remember that this part of the country possesses an older culture, that its inhabitants have descended from a higher and more accomplished stock, and that even through their descent they enjoy peculiar advantages. It is therefore difficult and hardly fair to make comparisons between the conditions of West and East. The land, the character of the people—all the circumstances of life are different. There are not only hundreds of miles of geographical distance between them, but they are also separated by centuries of culture.

Thus, if we admire the commercial power of Chicago, the wealth of New York, in Boston we appreciate the high level to which culture has attained.

At my second visit to Boston in 1907 I saw this pleasant city in its winter garb. The famous Common, with its venerable and stately trees clothed with sparkling frost, and the roads covered with a thick mantle of pure white snow, presented an enchanting spectacle. The streets

and avenues were gay with thronging citizens, whose rosy, frost-nipped faces were just visible from out their garments of fur. Sleighs of every kind and colour, large and small, flitted hither and thither, drawn by spirited steeds whose harness bells jingled right merrily in the clear air.

I observed some marvellous new public buildings, notably the new Academy of Music, the famous Gardner Museum, and above all, the new Medical School, of classic white marble, certainly one of the finest specimens of American architecture.

On this occasion I spent a considerable time in this American Athens, and though on my first visit I saw only its famous sights, I had now the opportunity of studying its life. If my first impressions, being those of a simple tourist, were agreeable, my experiences during my somewhat prolonged sojourn, in the quality of a temporary citizen, were delightful.

My various pursuits brought me constantly in contact with different grades of the social order. I passed many happy hours in a number of educational, religious, and charitable establishments, returning always to work at the museum and library; meeting people of truly remarkable culture, and being entertained in homes of unquestionable taste and refinement.

Before leaving, I was invited to lecture on

my personal impressions of the Far East, and knowing so well the artistic tendencies of the Back Bay residents, I chose for my theme "Asiatic Ethics and Æsthetics." Although the subject was somewhat abstract for an informal talk, I could never wish for an audience more attentive or more in touch with the lecturer throughout.

It is seldom in life that one has the pleasure of realising one's expectations in a place from which one has expected much. Yet this was my fortunate experience in Boston.

XI

THOUGHT AND INTELLIGENCE

IF American physical activity presents an almost infinite field of study, and the metaphysical qualities of the nation are no less interesting, the *material* life and the intensity of work in this country surprise the whole world; but exception is often taken to its intellectual limitations. One sometimes hears regret expressed, especially by Americans themselves, that the part played by mind, pure and simple, is so limited. The greatest pedagogues agree that education is too material in its drift, and is not conducive to intellectual development. It is difficult to decide how far this accusation is well founded.

As the result of my personal observation, I may say that I admired the mental capacities of the people no less than their physical force. When visiting the schools and educational establishments of every kind, where I was brought into contact with the rising generation, I was invariably astonished at the average of intelligence of the children.

The swiftness with which they grasp an idea struck me particularly. Not only do they "take in" the drift of a question extraordinarily quickly, but they endeavour to reply with equal rapidity. When a problem is propounded to them, it is interesting to notice the effect on the whole class, for each pupil seems to perceive the master's intention in asking it.

It cannot be denied that intelligence is highly developed here, and it is incontestable that the children work faster than elsewhere. Their independence, and the responsibilities which often weigh heavily upon the youngest, tend to make them very precocious, and, as I have already stated, a large number of them begin to earn their living directly they leave school.

American children are incontestably several years ahead of ours. They develop particularly quickly in the working classes, and there, too, they very soon find a means of making the most of their mental qualities.

The practical cast of American intelligence is its most prominent trait. From infancy mental faculties are directed to the purely utilitarian point of view. No one has either leisure or taste for philanthropic questions. Their most distinguished thinkers have produced hardly any eminently influential books. Even Emerson, whose works were so much in vogue during the latter half of the last

century, is a brilliant disciple of Carlyle rather than an original writer.

If we consider the literature of this continent, of which I have spoken in another place, we cannot but admit that much talent of a remarkable order is here displayed, but it exhibits itself in wit and cleverness rather than in original thought.

The same criticism applies to American art. A very interesting art wave is now passing over the country, affecting especially Boston, the exponents of which are artists of no mean order, the real excellence of whose pictures and sculpture lies in their force. They impress us by their vigour and boldness more than by the originality of their conceptions.

Their technique is admirable. Whether we take great painters like Whistler or Sargent, or sculptors such as St Gaudens, Flanagan, etc., particularly in the case of young artists who are on the high-road to fame, we are constrained to extol the daring of their composition and the way they treat their subject, and are astonished by the hardihood of their brush and the fearlessness of their chisel. After all, their real merit is courage.

In architecture alone, of all the fine arts, do we discover innovation. American thought expressed in literature has followed well-worn tracks, though it has certain specialities, such

as short magazine stories and "Yellow Press" sensations; and the fine arts, in spite of the freshness and vigour of works of undoubted talent, have not made a new departure of any kind. In architecture, on the contrary, we find not merely new tendencies, but new ideas.

It was America who introduced the extensive use of steel and iron in house-building. The system of constructing regular metal cages is a speciality of hers. The house of thirty or forty stories — the famous sky-scraper — is a purely American invention. Whether one likes or dislikes it, one can but admire the victory of technical skill, as well as the spirit of invention which it evidences.

Perfection of mechanical skill and boldness of invention are the characteristic features of American architecture.

The development of the technical sciences offers the best field to those who desire to study American thought and its results. A visit to one of the great industrial centres, a walk round a large factory, or merely an hour passed at a terminus, will give an idea of the complexity of all mechanical matters.

When one inspects the most formidable factories, one can hardly believe that the innumerable, seemingly incongruous parts, the thousands of wheels and miles of belting, form part of an organic whole, that the most minute

screw has its special work, and is indispensable to the correct adjustment of the gigantic monster.

Another point that impresses us even more than the importance and huge size of these undertakings is the intricacy — I am almost tempted to say the mystery—of the mechanism. The longer we stand in front of a motor, built on a new system, or watch a printing machine capable of performing single-handed the smallest details of the work of fifteen men, the more astounded and perplexed we are at the ingenuity displayed.

Fuller comprehension brings with it something of the ability to grasp the magnitude of the genius which created these splendid and marvellous machines which lift for us a corner of the veil that shrouds the mind of the nation. All these remarkable engines, this complex mechanism, are so many documents bearing testimony to the intelligence of man, and to human genius. As we trace the record of the mental development of the Ancients from their monuments, as the mind and the genius of the Greeks and Romans are revealed by their great works of art, so, also, by her inventions and innovations, the mental force of America is most easily discerned. After all, the most noble works of art, whatever may be their intrinsic value, are really important only in so

far as they are so many brilliant representations of thought—so many instructive pages in the universal history of human culture.

In America, man's intelligence has branched out in a different direction, or, let us say, has found "fresh woods and pastures new." She is the country of practical invention.

It is exceedingly interesting to observe how this practical tendency manifests itself at the tenderest age, and an aptitude for technical science is equally apparent.

The schools, too, are often supplied with machinery, in order that the children may have an opportunity of learning to understand simple mechanics.

There are courses of mechanical and technical instruction, not only in the special institutions, but also in the middle or high schools. The latter are the most popular, and consequently have the largest classes. It is there that the talents of the children, doubtless inherited to a certain extent, are awakened and fostered, and there, probably, that new ideas will come to the little ones, and that they will first try to express them.

This is the country of invention. And not only on account of the gigantic innovations that have gradually changed the conditions of everyday life, making reality of hopes apparently so impossible that they seemed only suited to

fairy-tales, but, more especially, because every one is an inventor in some degree.

Besides men who are of recognised genius, whose names are cited as examples, such as Edison, Westinghouse, Tessler, etc., there are thousands who have contributed in a lesser degree to technical perfection. Great inventors, like the thinkers and philosophers of old, have launched new conceptions, which their disciples, as well as writers of less note, have popularised and rendered practicable, interpreting to the rest of the world the master's idea. A slight improvement of a part of any machine will produce a very great effect, not merely in the machine itself, but in the relations existing between the mechanism and the workman who manipulates it. Each improvement results in the application of the machinery to fresh purposes, and therefore in a readjustment of the conditions of labour.

In short, every invention, great or small, has social significance. Not only must the perfection and completeness of all machinery be thoroughly assured, but before it can be turned to account, the practical utility of its application must also be understood. For nothing is to be left to chance. There must be no "almost"; on method and calculation everything must depend.

Precision and rapidity of comprehension take

the first place. The manner in which the children of the New World grasp an idea is remarkable. Before a question is finished the answer to it is often ready. It is as if they can read us at a glance, and the formula of words is unnecessary, for a look or a gesture has already put them in possession of our thought. *Quick* and *cunning* are the two most coveted adjectives. If one speaks of a child, the master at once tells us that he is shrewd or "cunning." Later on in life these two adjectives are still the most often employed to convey a compliment, and no distinction is made, whether the subject of conversation be a business man or a politician, a man of letters or an artist.

In short, Americans are quick and cunning to a degree probably unequalled by any other people, and in their boldness and assurance are more than a match for even the intellectual subtlety of the Oriental races. American thought is especially remarkable by reason of its precision; however quick, it is precise — never vague, never confused, always clear, orderly, and business-like. Their intelligence is practical; it must lead to something definite, and proceed towards a useful goal.

It must not, however, be supposed that all intellectual activity is absorbed by applied science only, or even by absolute utilitarianism.

We come across many examples of more abstract idealistic thought.

If we try to discover which localities have produced the more subtle and refined types of mind, we are hardly surprised to find that these first sprang up in the States longest settled. We find the earliest intellectual expansion in New England, Massachusetts, Virginia, Maryland—the settlements, in short, of the original colonists. The pioneers of art and literature hail from these districts.

In music, too, those original melodies called *Coon Songs* generally originate in villages that are, comparatively speaking, of early date. Though the composers are usually plain working men, often negroes, the songs themselves are eminently American, and as truly national as the *gitano's* music of Spain, or as the *czigany's* melodies of the Magyar. These plantation songs are primitive and naïve, but, in spite of this, possess great originality, and I have not a shadow of a doubt that a day will come when their artistic worth will be as justly recognised and appreciated as that of the primitive ballad, or the mediæval choral.

With regard to what has been said about American art and literature, I desire that the advancing tendency of the national literature should not be lost sight of. It is important to make clear that though during the last decades

the thought of the New World has been imbued with sensationalism, it is now rising more and more on to a higher plane. I speak more particularly of inventive literature, such as novels and poetry. After a long period of the monumental style, during which, it must be confessed, their historians, essayists and poets were but following in the steps of the greater European masters, about the latter half of the nineteenth century a characteristic American style came into existence, the exponents of which developed precisely in the same way as artists and men of letters amongst us. In this new school the most salient characteristic is the form given to the idea, the medium of expression. In art, as in literature, we see this novelty of style. The popularity of some writers, especially of novelists, depends entirely on this originality, which is sometimes uncouth, and lacking in refinement, but, being generally vigorous, derives much of its effect from its unconventionality.

Yet the very qualities now under consideration were at first severely criticised, and it was not until after much strife that the "short story" in its present somewhat crude guise was allowed entrance into classical reviews. It is true that it is improving, and, in the ranks of men and women writers, there are many names of international renown.

The most important point to notice in all this seems to me to be the upward tendency. The characters and descriptions are becoming finer, more delicately chiselled, more appealing to nobler natures. Even the novelettes reflect sometimes elevated sentiments, and instead of being therefore voted tiresome and left on the booksellers' shelves, are becoming more and more popular. This explains the appreciation and the vogue of some little books which, despite their unassuming form and the simplicity of their story, have found the right words with which to clothe generous and noble sentiments. All who have read them, whether returning from their work, in office, or in field, have been the better for it, as though the higher side of every reader's nature had been touched.

What I wish to emphasise is that American literature, although still in its cradle, is often judged too severely. It is not only very prolific, but it endeavours, I think with some success, to become purer; it seeks no longer merely to awaken curiosity and to excite the reader, but rather to acquire a truer value and more elevated character.

The rudimentary conditions are perfectly natural, and are the outcome of the general situation. Although one cannot help noticing these conditions, and though Americans themselves are the first to deplore them, it would

not be just to look entirely on the black side, and to criticise in a pessimistic spirit.

Materialism is an evil which, alas! is permeating the whole world, and it would be highly erroneous to endeavour to make any one nation responsible for this dangerous scourge, for it is universal. If it finds a more congenial soil in America, and there develops into more formidable proportions, we must remember that in the New World everything is on a larger scale, everything is exaggerated. Each process of life is more intense and magnified. Life, as we have already seen, is something infinitely larger.

The very force which has assured a material success, unique in the history of the human race, has at the same time sometimes been a hindrance to purely intellectual or spiritual impulses. It is not astonishing if metaphysical qualities in this country have not had opportunities of developing to the same prodigious extent as material ones. Moreover, all nations, like living creatures, have their different ages. Youth, maturity, and decadence, follow one another at regular intervals. Intellectual refinement is not usually exhibited until after the decline of youthful physical force.

America to-day is the country of action; to-morrow she may probably be that of thought.

XII

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE universal critical objection to the national art and literature of the United States, that it is devoid of individuality, is as incorrect as it is unjust.

Before going fully into this question, it behoves us to remember that the past of this nation as an independent people consists of little more than one century. It is still in the midst of a period of active struggle and toil, and has not yet reached one in which there is leisure for higher thought and intellectual perception. It is, so to speak, still in its heroic age, and the epic of its national evolution remains to be written and sung by future generations.

The commonest charges made against American literature are, first, that it is not original, and, secondly, that individuality is wanting. It is reproached with seeking inspiration and motive from countries other than its own, and with being more interested in the traditions and the past of Europe than in its own history. These are undeniable facts, but

they can scarcely be considered faults when one remembers that it is equally a fact that it is the offspring of European, and more especially of English literature, and possesses more of a present than a past. It is but natural that the memory of the country in which it was cradled is continually reflected in its pages, and that its poetry turns longingly to the shores on which it first drew breath, and from which it set out on its own career. Moreover, does not every young nation show its interest in the intellectual life of the nation from which it sprang, and create for itself a new civilisation out of the old one? Did not Rome for many centuries remain the docile pupil of Athens, and for how long a time did not Europe consider it more important to study the classics than to interest herself in her own conditions?

As regards the lack of æsthetic sense and uncouthness of form with which American literature has been reproached, these are, no doubt, defects, but they are frequently intentional. The sentiment of the Puritan settlers forbade all expression of feeling; modern thought, on the contrary, demands it. Meaning is everything: *what* is expressed is of first importance; *how* it is expressed is quite a secondary matter. Such a style is often unrefined, but it is undoubtedly powerful. It

is in any case clear and intelligible, it loves strong phrases and startling contrasts, it surprises with unexpected turns. When employed in the domain of *belles lettres* this primitive style is almost offensive, but for technical and scientific works it affords great assistance, for it seizes the attention and impresses the memory with almost mechanical effect.

Sensitiveness to symmetry of form in literature, as in external life, develops with time in all countries, generally when the primitive power of production has to a certain extent ceased. America is still striving and struggling, axe in hand, to clear the way onward. If she seizes the pen and pours forth the thoughts and feelings of her sons in their own language, and their own manner—however unformed these utterances may be—it is both just and of supreme interest to us to listen to what she has to say.

Desire for knowledge and self-consciousness go hand in hand, and form a characteristic of the American people. All wish to learn and to gain knowledge, and those who have not had the opportunity in their youth, supply the deficiency in after years. The books published yearly can be counted in thousands; scientific and literary works are innumerable, and there is scarcely a village of a few huts and wooden houses which does not possess at least one newspaper of its own.

The power and organisation of the American press are extraordinary. Its freedom is unlimited, and its influence is often most remarkable. This power is apparent to every one who sees the palaces occupied by newspapers, as, for instance, the great Renaissance mansion of the *New York Herald*, situated in the heart of New York, the gilt-domed office of *The World*, or the huge betowered building from which the *Times* is issued. The editors, reporters, and clerks employed on the staff of one such paper number hundreds, and telephone and telegraph lines enmesh them as in a spider's web, bringing in an uninterrupted stream of news from all quarters of the globe. Their imposing halls, immense work-rooms, and marvellous machinery, which in a couple of hours can turn out a hundred thousand copies of a paper full of coloured illustrations, speak clearly enough of the enormous circulation of these journals.

I will not here speak of the tendencies, the literary qualities, or the morals of the American press. These matters have been debated often enough, and the deplorably bad influence of the "Yellow Press" is too well known for me to be able to say anything new on the subject. This evil is one of the plague spots of American public and social life, for it has the effect of preventing almost the whole of the well-to-do and independent classes from taking part in public

affairs, and keeps a very desirable section of the national intelligence and activity in abeyance.

The effect of contrast, therefore, makes the really serious and honest American newspapers seem even more praiseworthy, and they are to be respected not only as disseminators of reliable news, but also as great civilising and refining forces. The countless weekly and monthly publications, and the widely read and popular magazines and reviews throw, if not the best, yet a very clear and comprehensive light on modern American life and literary taste. The so-called "short story" reigns supreme. The majority of readers want short tales which must be as original and as exciting as possible.

These may be comical or tragic, but the great thing is that they should be concentrated, that the movement should be rapid, and that the development and ending should be as unexpected as possible. The readers must above all be thrilled; the more exciting the narrative, and the more surprising the *dénouement*, the more widely popular will the work be. Thus it is that we remark the pre-eminence of the demand for tales dealing with detective and criminal adventures. These stories hold the imagination, they give an interest to the odd moments that must be spent in train or street car, and most people do not ask for more than this. Simple stories and romances are scarcely less in demand.

The construction of these is quite unaffected, and all ends happily.

The immense circulation of monthlies, reviews, and above all of the so-called magazines, depends largely on the popularity of the stories they contain. Editors, in addition to the very high payment for matter accepted, often give prizes for the best contributions. In this manner the leading periodicals have been successful in discovering for their readers various talented writers. The most famous and best known of recent years, like Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Winston Churchill, Marion Crawford, Gertrude Atherton, Mrs Hodgson Burnett, Edith Wharton, and others little less famous, have won popularity by their weekly or monthly contributions to the periodical press. It must be said on behalf of the leading American magazines, that they endeavour to get the best material, and that they pay well for it, so that in no other country can writers obtain a better price for their work.

A comparatively new feature of the magazines is their excellent illustrations, particularly the coloured ones, which show high artistic qualities. The designs are for the most part masterly, and the scenes are depicted with great dexterity. The individual figures bear signs of being the result of keen observation, and are often true characters. In this way a distinctive world is brought before the eye of the reader as if by

the wand of a magician, and the Gibson types have as surely passed into national types as have the heroes of Mark Twain's Yankee stories, and the ever-tired, irreclaimable tramp.

The general get-up and paper are of the very best that modern skill can supply. To show what can be done in the way of illustrated magazines one need only mention those that are best known, such as *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Munsey's*, and *McClure's*, with their coloured pictures. Their extraordinary circulation has seriously affected the sale of books, and is a further proof of their excellence and popularity. We can readily understand this extensive popularity when we remember that, as we have already stated, the best writers have all been constant contributors to their pages, and that some of the masterpieces of American literature, such as Hawthorne's tales and Poe's poems, first appeared in this manner. In addition to this, the works of many foreign authors have been reprinted in them.

It is unquestionably a debatable point, however, whether this general prostitution of literature to the transient requirements of journalism has aided the higher development of the art. Especially has it had the effect of encouraging rapid writing and, still more, rapid reading, so that neither writer nor reader are sufficiently inspired to concern themselves with

form and style. They have simply no leisure for serious matters. Conditions of life are such as to allow no opportunity for a deeper critical sense, and the public is indifferent. Novelty and originality are the only essentials for the attainment of success, and we might sum up the present tendency of American literature as consisting in the selection of unusual themes, in the use of startling phrases, and in the portrayal of effective situations. As we glance at the works of modern realistic writers and study this tendency, we are better able to comprehend the marvellous strides that American literature has made during the comparatively short period of its existence.

In reading the literary productions of America's Colonisation period, one is astounded that it should so rapidly have reached its present position. It is indeed surprising that the authors of the famous "Bay Psalm Book," which, printed in 1640, was the first English book published in America, should have been the ancestors of the present generation of writers. But we must not forget that this Colonisation period was not so much American as British. The Pilgrim Fathers, who landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620, were thoroughly English, possessing all the characteristics both of their race and of their generation.

Their views and their lives were from the

commencement narrow and restricted, they were full of angry feelings against the fatherland that they were compelled to leave, and their utterances never lost the note of sadness, depression, suffering, and often, too, of pathos. Their misery drove them to harshness and intolerance, and frequently to the verge of cruelty. The religious extravagances and beliefs of the Puritans were insuperable obstacles to their producing works of any real literary merit. The most distinguished amongst them, such as Hooker, Cotton, Williams, Shepherd, Ward, and Mather, are remembered less on account of their literary ability than because of their strenuous personalities.

William Bradford and Edward Winslow, both of whom were governors of New England during the first half of the seventeenth century, can justly claim to be America's earliest authors. Both knew the Colonies well, and the former's "Relation" is a graphic and living description of the New England of his day. It narrates the famous story of the founding of Plymouth, destined to become one of the historical cities of the New World.

Not only Bradford and Winslow, but nearly all the authors of this period, confine themselves to descriptive writing. All had the same object in view, namely, that of making the land of their adoption known to the world, and thus attract-

ing to it as many new colonists as possible. To this early Colonial group of somewhat prosaic writers belong Johnson, Gookin, and especially Winthrop, the author of a "History of New England," a book which was widely read in its own day. The poetry of these early years can boast of two names—Richard Rich and Anne Bradstreet. The former went on a visit to America from England, and after staying about a year in Virginia (1609-1610), wrote his *News from Virginia*—unpolished, but often rousing ballads, which describe, in the simple language of an adventurous soldier, the dangers of the pioneer's hard existence.

The life and talents of Anne Bradstreet were of a very different character. Well educated and in easy circumstances, the wife of a highly-placed Crown official, her lines lay in pleasant places. Her verses written *In Honour of Queen Elizabeth* display more learning than talent, and plainly show how much she was under the influence of her puritanical surroundings. She ranks, however, as the leading poet of the Colonial period because of her Stanzas, which were published in 1672. These assign her a place in the history of American literature, although her chief work, a lengthy production, entitled *The Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, and Seasons of the Year*, has long passed into oblivion.

It is difficult to decide to what extent writers born in England and going to the New World for short periods, either as officials or as visitors, should be considered American authors, and how far literary historians are justified in claiming for America, as they do, the intellectual activity of this Colonial period.

“But it is always easier to talk of independence than actually to attain it,” says Trent in his “History of American Literature.” “We can dismiss without much loss the seventeenth-century Englishmen who came as adventurers to America, but sooner or later returned to live and die in the mother-country. We cannot dismiss so easily those immaterial immigrants known as influences, such as manners, customs, traditions, and beliefs, that came in with the first settlers and made America what it continues to be—an extension, a prolongation of Europe. Some Europeans may be inclined to disown their progeny, some Americans to forget their parentage, but the fact remains that the New World since the landing of Columbus has not been, and cannot be, independent of the Old.”

On going back to the eighteenth century the first name that occurs to us is that of a writer before whose genius all bow, and whose fame is world-wide—Benjamin Franklin. His personality and talents were distinctively and peculiarly American. His mind was as original as its activity was national; his intellect and his opinions were from beginning to end founded upon American conceptions and ideals.

Born in the capital of New England, the son of simple townsfolk, he began life as assistant to an elder brother who was printer and editor of a newspaper, and not only did he commence writing in earliest youth, but he actually succeeded in earning his daily bread thereby. During the later years of his life, spent mostly in travelling, he continued without interruption to follow his career as a writer. As a lad in Boston, as a turbulent youth in Philadelphia, as the honoured representative of his country, and, finally, as celebrated sage and scholar, he wrote unceasingly. What is even more remarkable is that not only did he write as he felt, but with simple directness he succeeds in making his readers understand how he came to feel it.

In "Poor Richard's Almanack" he teaches his fellow-citizens how it is possible to become prosperous and powerful. His imagination with genial daring carries him to the clouds, but when he reaches fields of speculation too abstruse he drops to the practical once more, and with true Yankee shrewdness returns to the beaten path of daily wisdom. He was in every respect an American, even in the modern sense of the word, and Trent is fully justified in saying of him :—

"Probably no other eighteenth - century American lives so truly for his latter - day

countrymen as Benjamin Franklin, and for this fact there seem to be two main reasons: one is that as an embodiment of practical learning, shrewd mother-wit, honesty and patriotism, he is a typical and unapproachable product of what his countrymen are pleased to call true Americanism."

Certainly, none of Franklin's contemporaries possessed literary talents to equal his. Books, such as the already-mentioned "Poor Richard's Almanack," or "Father Abraham," belong to the masterpieces of American literature, and his famous "Autobiography" is to this day considered a standard work. Franklin was a great man because, as has already often been said of him, his genius was clearly reflected in his actions; he was a great writer because his books faithfully reproduced his grand and powerful personality. His merits and popularity as a writer far exceeded those of the other authors of his day. Even the works which attracted most attention, such as Jefferson's "Declarations," once so much talked of, and "Notes on Virginia," or Paine's "American Critic" and "Common Sense," have long since passed into oblivion.

Other writers, such as Dickinson, Wither-
spoon, Otis, Mayhew, and many more who belonged to this so-called Revolutionary period, were merely men of the moment, stirred into activity by that time of unrest, change, and

excitement, and who gained but a fugitive reputation among their fellow-townsmen and associates. Amongst those who belong to the latter half of the eighteenth century, the name of the poet Philip Fréneau is undoubtedly the best remembered. Owing to his long and adventurous life, his writings were of a versatile nature, but it was to his poems written in prison, more especially to *The British Prison Ship*, and to his Satires, that he owed his popularity. The books, however, which belong to this period of unrest are not of universal interest; their day is past, they belong exclusively to the times in which, and for which, they were written. In this category we may include Barlow's "Vision of Columbia," Woolman's "Journal," Adams' "Discourses on Davilla," Carey's "Vindiciæ Hibernicæ," and Tyler's "Contrast," which had so stimulating an effect upon his compatriots.

The author of that period whose works are perhaps the best known outside America was Jean de Crevecoeur, the author of "Letters of an American Farmer." This volume of correspondence, addressed to a friend, gives us an idyllic picture of the daily life of an American landowner, and the sketches of country scenery and of the simple homely life are drawn with much feeling, and with masterly directness of touch. It was translated into most European

languages, and gained for American literature a remarkable international success. Jean de Crevecœur could scarcely be called an American, however; he was French by birth, was educated in England, and only went to America after reaching manhood. We cannot overlook this fact, even when considering "The Letters of an American Farmer" as appertaining to the literature of the New World, unless we attribute an American origin also to such a work as "Atala," and its renowned author, Chateaubriand.

It was not until the nineteenth century that American literature developed a distinctively independent character. Washington Irving is the first true litterateur; and the writer who, above all others, acquired cosmopolitan fame and popularity is that faithful friend of boys all the world over—Fenimore Cooper. Both these authors were born in America, the former in 1783, and the latter in 1789, and they can thus claim to be genuine Yankees.

The book which brought Washington Irving to the front was his satirical "History of New York," which, full of sparkle and colour as it is, fully deserved the storm of praise which its publication evoked. "The Knickerbocker Legend," which holds up to ridicule the petty vanities and aristocratic pretensions of the honest burghers who founded New York, is a master-

piece which will always be read with lively interest. His "Sketch Book," containing the well-known story of "Rip Van Winkle," shows us Irving as essayist, critic, and traveller. But of all the records of his journeys the most valuable are those written in Spain, namely, "The Spanish Sketch Book" and "The Alhambra." They will be read and reread by all who would visit the marvellous old Moorish cities of that country. Although Washington Irving's prose may nowadays seem rather old-fashioned, and although he can scarcely be regarded as possessing talent of the highest order on account of his lack of inventive faculty, yet his writings, by reason of their poetical feeling and exquisite power of observation, will live long, especially as descriptions of travel and studies of customs and manners.

It can safely be said without fear of contradiction that the works of James Fenimore Cooper are those which have had the widest circulation. Who has not read the "Leather-Stocking Tales," or heard of the "Last of the Mohicans"? His stories, which describe so accurately, and at the same time with so much imagination, the prairies and the life of his redskin heroes, are all the more valuable since the aboriginal forests and Indian warfare are fast disappearing from the world's stage. "The Pilot," "Red Rover," "The Two Admirals," "Wing and Wing," on

the other hand, show us this author in quite a different light. In these descriptions of sea-life there are many passages where the majestic grandeur of the ocean is portrayed with a force that is incomparably dramatic. His numerous and world-renowned books show him to have been one of the most talented writers, not only of America, but of the world. His influence on the literature of his own country was undoubted : his stories, rich as they are in exciting and dramatic incidents, greatly contributed to extend this influence, and to raise novel- and romance-writing to the high level which it has now reached.

The *sturm und drang* period of American literature belongs to the first half of the nineteenth century, and New England was the scene of the struggle. Who that has ever taken an interest in the intellectual development of the United States has not heard of "Brook Farm"? Who has not read with absorbed attention of that extraordinary Utopia? Yet this experiment of a modern Arcadia, in which the brotherhood were supposed to lead an ideally communistic existence, led to material and intellectual catastrophe : ideal Communism soon ended in real Anarchy. But the fact that is of interest from the literary historian's point of view is that in the midst of all the commercial bustle and material activity that strove to

bring everything within its grasp, there should have been found a group of elect spirits who sought only intellectual refinement and spiritual communion.

Either directly or indirectly all the most prominent writers of that day were connected with Brook Farm, and of all who attempted to lead the simple life in this Arcadia, Hawthorne was the one who achieved the widest renown. His "Scarlet Letter" is not only his *chef-d'œuvre*, but it is even to-day considered the finest novel that America has produced. It is for that side of the Atlantic what "Adam Bede" is to English, what "Le Peau de Chagrin" is to French, and what "I Promessi Sposi" is to Italian literature. The close psychological study of character and keen analysis of motive bring "The Scarlet Letter" up to the level of Balzac and George Eliot. "The House of the Seven Gables" is esteemed Hawthorne's second finest work, though it is scarcely less popular, while in "The Marble Faun" he appears in the character of art critic and traveller. One can readily understand why the literary historians of the United States cannot find praise high enough to bestow upon Hawthorne, and why they place him on a level with the world's greatest writers; his country can never too highly appreciate his creative genius, his powers of observation, and his clear and lucid style.

After "The Scarlet Letter," Oliver Wendell Holmes's romance, "Elsie Venner," is the American classic most frequently heard of; indeed, at the time of its publication, it attracted even greater attention, and was more favourably received. During his lifetime Holmes enjoyed a tremendous reputation and popularity. His books generally, as, for example, "The Guardian Angel," owed their success in a large measure to their local colour and the true representations they contained of the social conditions of the time. His well-known volumes of table talk, "The Professor," "The Autocrat," and "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," were equally popular with the reading public. But Holmes's reputation as a writer has greatly diminished since his death, and in spite of many charming qualities of style, a place in the first ranks can hardly be claimed for him.

Emerson, the popular essayist and poet, was another of those associated with the Brook Farm community, for, although not himself a member, he was one of their staunchest friends. Apart from its peculiar and often contradictory tendencies, and judged from a purely literary standpoint, Emerson's work attained unprecedented success during his lifetime. His particular forte was the writing of essays, and his articles on Culture, Wealth, and kindred topics, greatly impressed the practical

and commercial classes among his fellow-countrymen, widely removed as they were from his own idealised point of view. Some idea of his popularity may be gathered from the fact that the first edition of his "Essays" was sold out in two days. He was no less admired as a writer of verse, and his *May Day*, *Terminus*, *Good - bye*, *Proud World*, *Woodnotes*, *The Problem*, and *Rhodora*, were perhaps the most famous of his poems. Still, no doubt Trent is right in observing that Emerson was over-estimated both as a writer of prose and of verse.

"It is uncritical to rank him with the great British poets, or as an artist with his own compatriot Longfellow, who had a far wider knowledge, and a surer command of the technical resources of verse. What now shall be said of Emerson's prose? Was Matthew Arnold right when, as an experienced critic calmly judging the favourite author of his youth, he denied that the *Essays*, the *Lectures*, and 'English Traits,' formed a body of prose of sufficient merit to entitle Emerson to be ranked as a great man of letters? It seems as if the time had come for Emerson's countrymen frankly to accept this verdict. Because of deficiencies both of style and of substance, Emerson does not belong to the small class of the great masters of prose. His style, despite the fact that many of the *Essays* contain pages of eloquent prose almost equal in power and beauty to noble poetry, was nearly always that of the lecturer rather than that of the writer.

He too frequently lost the note of distinction, and was content if he satisfied his far from exigent audiences."

Yet there is no doubt that Emerson had a great influence both on his fellow-countrymen and on their literature.

Closely allied to Emerson in thought and style was Henry David Thoreau: his classic, "Woods," his "Week on the Concord," which contains some of the most telling descriptions of Nature in literature, and his "Familiar Letters," all show how closely his literary tendencies resembled those of his friend.

To the same school of writers belong Jones, Very, Christopher Pearse, Cranch, and the young Channing, with their aspirations towards idealism and transcendentalism. The writings of the well-known Margaret Fuller, which consisted for the most part of critical and analytical articles for the magazines, show much self-consciousness and self-appreciation, though in these characteristics she does not even approach the more famous Mlle. de Scudery. Other writers of similar tendencies were Ripley, Channing and the morbidly eccentric Lafler Alcott.

It was at this period that books and journals commenced to appear in large numbers, and the latter more especially had an immense circulation. This was the day when the *Boston*

Quarterly Review, *The Dial*, the *Democratic Review*, and, above all, the *North American Review*, were at the height of their prosperity. Writing had become, so to speak, the vogue, and the cultured classes considered it almost a duty to make public all that they thought and felt. Longfellow's *Last Rose*, Poe's *Raven*, and Mrs Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," were in everybody's hands, and had a profound influence on the thought of their generation.

It would be idle to waste words in criticism of works which are masterpieces of their kind, in spite of their many literary defects. Time has assigned to them an enduring place in the literary annals of their country, and in any case, it is not my intention in these few pages to enter into a discursive criticism of American literature. I desire rather to give a slight sketch of those writers who had most influence on the evolution of American literary effort, and of those of their works which offer to the foreigner the most suitable introduction to the intellectual activity of the New World.

Longfellow's works were popular from the moment that his *Outre Mer* appeared during the 'thirties of last century. His well-known poems, *Excelsior*, *Hymn to the Night*, *The Psalm of Life*, to instance but few among many, make their appeal by the deep feeling they so

faithfully express. Longfellow belonged essentially to that romantic period ; and he was a New England romanticist above all. *The Bridge*, *The Day is Done*, and *Footprints in the Sand*, are fine examples of his sentimental and poetic nature. His sojourns abroad had the effect of widening and deepening his impressions and of increasing his power of expression. He was, indeed, so filled with the ideas, the historical memories and intellectual influences of Europe, that it has often justly been said of him that he was an Anglo-Saxon, and not an American author. On the subject of his poetical gifts and of his place in the literature of his country, Trent makes the following characteristic remarks :—

“ Of Longfellow, the gracious man, none has ever spoken save in praise. Is he the facile, unoriginal poet of some hypercritical moderns, the over-praised spokesman of a naïve, unsophisticated people and generation ? Such a view, while not without apparent warrant, seems far too sweeping. Neither in its component parts nor in its totality is Longfellow’s work in poetry impressive enough to be termed great. His imagination was not powerful, his fancy was not exquisite, his intellect was not remarkably strong. Perhaps only in his command of rhythm did he approach the endowments not merely of the great masters of song, but even of poets of a secondary rank. And both in narrative, blank verse, and in the more singing lyric measures, his deficiencies were marked. Equally marked was his dependence upon

European culture for his inspiration, or else his indebtedness to British poets. Even in his more specifically American narrative poems, although the subjects treated and the metrical forms employed were novel, he does not now seem to have been a fresh force in letters. These statements are made not to discredit him, but to explain why depreciation of his work has been so common of late. Having made them, however, we should instantly remember that his New England rearing, his wide reading, his European travel, his impressionable nature, made it as natural for him to apply British and European poetical methods to his subjects as it was for Irving to apply the methods of British essayists and historians. That in neither the one case nor the other was the literary product of the first order of excellence, was owing in the main to the fact that neither writer was endowed with great genius. Both did what they could, and their work was, on the whole, excellent of its kind. Longfellow as translator, adapter, and in a less degree innovator, counted greatly in the development of his country's culture. He continued the work begun by Irving of revealing the Old World to the New."

Poe, on the other hand, was a writer whose distinguishing feature was originality, and since his death literary historians have acknowledged him to be the most original of all American authors. If we forget the man himself—the irretrievable Bohemian whose sad and dissipated life and want of morals led to so much tragedy—and think only of his literary and artistic

virtues, we shall recognise in him one of the most powerful and brilliant writers that America has produced. The poetic art, mingled with haunting power, which finds expression in *The Raven*, the rhythm of *The Bells*, the dramatic intensity of *Ulalume*, all bear witness to his undoubted, though often diseased genius. His poetical fame extends far beyond the limits of his own country, and literary critics consider him the best poet that America has yet produced.

Nor are his prose works less remarkable than his poems. "The Black Cat," "Shadow," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Eleonora," and "The Gold Bug," to mention but a few, are fiction which, in spite of much eccentricity, belong to the finest examples extant of the "short story." Poe's place in the annals of literature is well outlined in the following passage from Trent's work:—

"The task of assigning relative ranks to authors is a very delicate one, so delicate that many persons are inclined, erroneously, but not without provocation, to regard it as a waste of time, if not as a piece of impertinence. Perhaps the safest conclusion in this vexed matter of Poe's standing in American literature is to admit that in view of his primacy on the continent of Europe, his influence upon modern literature, his perfection as an artist in his two roles, and his steadily increasing fame, he is the American writer that means most to the civilised

world of to-day, and that probably he has the best chance of maintaining, if not of increasing, his hold upon posterity. If this means that he is the greatest of American authors, it does not mean that he need ever be the favourite of the American people. There is a devotion that proceeds from the heart and an admiration that springs from the mind. The one may belong to Hawthorne or Emerson, the other to Poe."

The recognition and admiration bestowed by their generation upon Whittier, Bryant, and Lowell, stand out in startling contrast to the treatment meted out to their illustrious *confrère*, Poe, whose success was uncertain and much disputed during his lifetime. Whittier's "Ballads and Narrative Poems," and "Poems Subjective and Reminiscent," were in universal request, and seldom has a volume of poems been received with so much contemporary critical acclaim as was his "Snow Bound," upon its publication. All these works are productions typical of the times and circumstances under which they were written, and especially are they full of the reminiscences and impressions of New England's intellectual dawn.

This patriotic, one might say almost local vein of inspiration belonged more particularly to Bryant, whose writings met with unceasing applause during the whole of his long life. From a purely literary point of view his best works were his poems, such as *The Lapse*



of *Time*, *Thanatopsis*, and even *The Past*, in spite of its formal and stilted style. They cannot, however, rouse the least enthusiasm or stir the emotions of their readers. The works of most of these descendants of the Puritans must certainly be regarded as belonging to the classical and conventional school of literature.

There is no name connected with America's *sturm und drang* period better known than that of James Russell Lowell, who came of a literary family, and was born in the University town of Cambridge. His "Fable for Critics," "The Bigelow Papers," and "Among my Books," in which his many-sidedness and genuine originality find expression, are the best known of his works, and are still popular. Lowell has never ceased to attract admirers and imitators, and his poetical as well as his prose works are amongst the most popular that America has produced. Many of his critics, including Matthew Arnold, consider his prose superior to his verse, and Wilmont Griswold praises him unreservedly.

Other writings of this period which are constantly referred to are Sargent's *Song of the Sea*, Pike's *The Widowed Heart*, Parson's *Lines on a Bust of Dante*, Willis's *Pencilings*, Taylor's *Poems of the Orient*, and, above all, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. Willis, Whitman, and still more Taylor, rank with the best American poets, and, although they did

not possess talents of the first order, they are interesting figures in the literature of the New World.

Amongst women writers of the nineteenth century one of the most beloved was Elizabeth Wetherel, or, to give her her proper name, Miss Warner. "The Wide Wide World" at once gained a striking success, and it is a good example of the somewhat sickly sentimental tendency of that day. Miss Sedgwick was another writer of this school who obtained great popularity, as was also Maris S. Cummins, the author of "The Lamplighter."

But of all these romantic stories none gained so overwhelming a triumph as Mrs Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a triumph which was shared in no small measure by her second negro story, "Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp." These are not so valuable from a literary point of view, and indeed in their style and construction they leave much to be desired, as on account of the light they throw upon the tendencies of that period. The books which were written in imitation of Mrs Beecher Stowe's were innumerable, and touching tales of negroes and plantations grew into a veritable literature of their own. It is true that most of these possessed no literary merit, but they must be respected for the noble results they achieved in ameliorating the lot of the slaves. Undoubtedly,

few books have been written which have done so much to relieve the sufferings of poor humanity as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and there is scarcely any work of fiction which has created so profound an impression.

So far as more endurable literary efforts of the United States are concerned, although such are not very numerous, we must mention two of exceptional merit, namely, Motley's and Bancroft's Histories. Motley's great work, "The History of the United Netherlands," is still prized as the finest historical record of the Dutch Republics, and it justly gained for its author the reputation of being one of the greatest of modern historians. Its wealth of annotation, its intimate local knowledge, and the evident love of his subject which inspired its author, all combine to make it a work not only of great value to the historian, but also one which can be read with never-failing interest by every one.

George Bancroft, who studied for many years in Germany, and who afterwards represented his country as Minister Plenipotentiary in Berlin, is renowned for his "History of the United States." This well-known work gives us the most complete picture possible of the development of the New World. It has been frequently criticised and analysed, and is sometimes less esteemed and valued than it deserves, but it

will always be generally popular by reason of its flowing rhetoric and narrative style, and will continue to be valuable as a book of reference. Trent — to quote once more this authority on American literature—justly estimates its worth in the following lines:—

“Crude as were Bancroft’s rhetoric and philosophy, they were genuine and generous, and did not obscure his many merits as a narrator, investigator, and collector of materials. Every student of the Colonial and Revolutionary epochs owes him much, and a certain measure of his fame is sure. It would be a mistake, too, to suppose that he was incapable of filling the higher functions of the thoughtful historian. But that he could continue popular, except as a mere name, was impossible after the nation emerged from the callow stage. To consult him is often a necessity and sometimes a privilege; to read him is too frequently an infliction.”

Two other historians of merit were Prescott and Parkman. Prescott attained fame with “The History of the Conquest of Mexico” and “The History of the Conquest of Peru,” and having selected the Spanish conquests in America as his subject, he thereby filled a gap in the study of history.

Much more modern in method and more scholarly are the works of Parkman, his last book, “Montcalm and Wolfe,” being a perfect example of analytical history. Especially unique in their way are his description of the state

of France in the eighteenth century, and his character sketch of the heroic Montcalm. Even his earlier works, though they are less carefully finished and less psychological, such as "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," "The Old Régime in Canada," or "Pioneers of France in the New World," are both valuable and meritorious. Just as Prescott devoted his life's work exclusively to the study of the Spanish conquests, so did Parkman devote his to the colonising efforts of France in Canada.

American literature affords no better critical and æsthetic studies than Whipple's "The Age of Elizabeth" and "Essays and Reviews," which, in spite of their deficiency in real critical sense, contain many striking thoughts. William Curtis was another fine writer who helped to make his countrymen better acquainted with the culture of other nations. His best books are his reminiscences of the East, such as "The Howanji in Syria" and "Nile Notes of a Howanji."

Amongst histories of literature George Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature" is regarded as a standard work. Wilmont Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," though often one-sided and not always just in its estimate of individual writers, gives an excellent review of what America has produced in the domain of verse. A universal History of Literature has been published by Professor Trent in an admirable volume,

and more recently Charles Gaffin has written on American Art and Artists.

The speeches and utterances of America's great statesmen are also of much interest. They have naturally been chiefly inspired by political, but frequently also by the social and economic problems of the day. From Washington to Roosevelt, the majority of the presidents of the United States have been able writers. The first president was a great orator, the last is a highly - gifted *raconteur*. Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" and his "Strenuous Life" must be included amongst those books which have recently excited quite exceptional interest. Some of the speeches of the presidents have been published, and although many of them are somewhat crude from a literary standpoint, the majority must be considered valuable historical records, directly reflecting, as they do, the various political struggles of the nation. Most of them were able men in every respect, possessed of wide knowledge and culture, who had pronounced literary talents ; for instances, such men as Jefferson, Madison, Adams, and Lincoln, not only reached the exalted position of first men of their nation, but were admirable writers into the bargain.

As I have endeavoured to make plain in this slight sketch, there has been great literary activity in the United States from its earliest

times down to the present day. I have merely attempted in the foregoing pages to give a general view of this activity, without in any way desiring to arrogate to myself the position of critic, or to go into details regarding those writers who have done most to form their national literature. Although many of their names, and even the titles of their books, are well known in Europe, American literature as a whole is little studied on this side of the Atlantic, and, with the exception of a few of the most brilliant, American authors of past days have with us sunk into oblivion.

The books and writings of present-day authors are too well known and widely circulated to need commentary. The distances and differences which once separated the two continents have now almost ceased to exist, and no longer limit literary intercourse. Books written in the United States are published simultaneously in Europe, and thus, like sparks of electricity, do the intellectual currents flash across land and sea from the New World to the Old.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the literature of the New World is still in its infancy, and that great names are few and far between. On the other hand, the number of clever and able writers is enormous, and in spite of the weaknesses and inequality of these, it must be placed to their great credit that their work is

never low or common in tone and quality. From a purely literary and æsthetic standpoint much might be said in depreciation, but so far as morals and ethics are concerned, the impartial student will admit that the American writers as a whole endeavour—though not always choosing the best method—to elevate their readers.

XIII

PICTURES AND PAINTERS

THE two names, Whistler and Sargent, directed the world's attention for the first time to the art of America. The appearance of the works of these two eminent painters, James A. M'Neill Whistler and John Singer Sargent, in the great Art Exhibitions evoked general surprise. Admiration of the pictures produced by these two remarkable individualities prompted people to ask each other with astonishment: "Who were the precursors of these extraordinary artists? Have the United States a history of painting? And have they a higher art movement and a developed artistic life?"

These particular masters, like most of the well-known American painters, owed their birth only to America; they studied their art and made their homes in foreign countries. As of American literature it is often said that its character is more international than national, so it may be said with even greater truth of American painting and fine arts, that they lack characteristic individuality.

Most of their students came to Europe to study, and often lived their whole life here. Until the middle of last century, and the more earnest development of art in the United States, many of the American students were attracted to Düsseldorf. A few decades later, Munich became the great art centre of the world. To-day, all who wield brush, modelling tool or chisel, go to Paris. America, however, does not stand alone in her want of individuality: Cosmopolitanism is a general and a very interesting feature of modern artistic culture.

General and foreign influences cannot be avoided. Particular national qualities will recede more and more into the background in favour of a style or school common to all countries. The modern artistic expression of a country does not confine itself to its own boundaries. Germans may call themselves "Secessionists," English "Æsthetics," or French "Impressionists," but the tendency of their art is a general one, and their influence international. Thus, American painting does but follow the trend of all contemporary art.

Although the New York Drawing Association and the National Academy already existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and included such notable members as the portrait painters, Jewett, Vanderlin, Waldo and Inman, and the landscape painters, Cole, Doughty and

Durand, American art did not develop, and the real artistic movement can only be said to have commenced towards the end of the 'seventies, or rather during the course of the 'eighties.

Young pioneers, such as St Gaudens, Wyant, Low, Shilow, Innes and Martin, founded in the year 1878 a new society — the "American Art Association," whose exhibitions obtained most important results. The works of its one hundred and thirty members caused a great sensation, even in Europe, where they were regularly exhibited; and names of members such as Alexander, Thayer, M'Ewen, Humphreys, Walter Gay, Donnat, Forrest, Melchers, Knight, and others are widely known.

They all follow the new school, and even anticipate the future one. They desire to create something original, but they endeavour, nevertheless, to carry out the aims of the common æstheticism. Their conception is, I allow, often rough, and their handling coarse, but they are always sincere, and courageously apply themselves to the most difficult tasks. Their self-reliance has already obtained them a considerable measure of success, and it is to be hoped that perseverance and diligence will overcome all obstacles.

In order to become acquainted with the principal features of the history of American art, and to take a close survey of its entire

development, it is necessary to study the road by which it has attained its present state.

John Smibert is generally held to be the father of American painting. He belonged to the Colonial period, and was of Scottish origin, having been born in Edinburgh in 1720. He went as a youth to the New World, and lived and worked mostly in Boston. His work consisted chiefly of portraits of lank and dreary Puritan personages. Had Smibert lived in different surroundings, and had his models been more vivacious and picturesque, he would certainly have attained a higher degree of excellence in his art.

The most celebrated painter of this early period was undoubtedly Benjamin West. He was a born American, having come into the world in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. When grown up, he left his country for the purpose of studying in Rome, and then went to England, where he thenceforth lived exclusively. In that country he held a prominent position, both as citizen and artist, and was eventually elected President of the Royal Academy. His career, from his birth to his pompous funeral in St Paul's Cathedral, was an exceptional one. But whether his art was worthy of the extraordinary honour paid him is questionable. However, he was certainly possessed of natural talent, for, when quite a

child, he painted with a few colours surprising pictures of the Indians. His artistic merits won him unexpected success, and his style, though conventional, was adapted to the taste of his times.

The most remarkable painter of the period was Gilbert Stuart. Born in 1755, in Narragansett on the Atlantic Coast, his active career fell within the Republican period. Scotch through his father and Welsh through his mother, he showed independence and energy from early infancy. From the University of Glasgow, where he spent some time, he became a student at West's celebrated Art School in London, and remained there for eight years without losing his independent attitude to art. Individuality was his chief quality, and reality and truth were the strong points of his work.

The American War of Independence took Stuart back to his native country, where he painted three famous portraits of Washington, two of which still exist and continue to excite admiration. One of them, a half-length, is now in the Boston Gallery; the other is a full-length picture. The artist was dissatisfied with the likeness of the third and destroyed it. These portraits were painted from life, and the two still existing give a good impression of Stuart's capacities, and mark the highest standard reached by American painting at the beginning of that country's independence.

Stuart's best-known contemporaries were Charles Wilson Seale and John Singleton Copley. The universality of the genius of the former was remarkable. In addition to painting he occupied himself with science, especially with archæology. He founded the first American museum, and exercised great influence over scientific work in his country. Seale's versatility did not, however, prevent him from devoting himself strenuously to painting; his works show knowledge of his art and as much originality as was possible at that time. Many of his celebrated contemporaries were immortalised by his brush: of Washington alone he painted fourteen portraits.

John Singleton Copley was the last of the well-known Colonial artists. After the Declaration of Independence he left the States to spend his old age in England. The spring of his life was passed in Boston, and it was there that he principally worked. Of good family, wealthy and well educated, he chose his sitters from the ranks of the upper classes. His masterpiece was his portrait of a celebrated person, Lady Wentworth, who in her splendid dress and Court train reminds us of the courtly figures depicted on the canvases of Lely or Raeburn. Beside portraits, Copley ventured upon historical pictures, of which "The Death of Chatham" is the best known. But these compositions are of

less characteristic interest. His Italian journey and sojourn in Rome exercised some influence over his style, as may be observed in his portrait of a young married couple (the Izzards), where a view of the Coliseum and Forum forms a background to the picture. His talent is, however, best revealed in his more intimate work.

Robert Pine and Matthew Pratt were also portrait painters. The great work by the latter, "The American School," which represents West's London studio, and is now the property of the New York Metropolitan Museum, shows considerable talent.

The inaugurator of the new era, and the personification in art of the Revolutionary period, was Trumbull. His battle pictures, particularly those of Trenton and Bunker's Hill, earned him fame during his life, and enable us, even at this distance of time, to appreciate his style and artistic achievement. A soldier of the Revolution in his youth, and rich in general knowledge and experience, Trumbull held in a certain measure an exceptional position among his contemporaries in art. Above all a patriot and an idealist, he considered his art insufficient for the fulfilment of his heroic aspirations, and he expresses this opinion in a letter as follows:—

"I am fully sensible that the profession, as it is generally practised, is frivolous, little useful to society, and unworthy a man who has talents

for more serious pursuits. But to preserve and diffuse the memory of the noblest series of actions which have ever presented themselves in the history of man, is sufficient warrant for it."

The principle of "Art for Art's sake" was, as we see, far from supplying the sole motive for the work of the painters of the Revolutionary period.

Two other well-known painters, John Vanderlin and Washington Alliston, were possessed of the genuine artistic temperament. The great compositions of these two masters which hang in the galleries of New York and Philadelphia are shown with pride, though, to tell the truth, the sight of them to-day leaves one rather cold. Even the masterpiece of Alliston, "The Dead Man restored to Life," and the historical canvas of Vanderlin, "Marius among the Ruins of Carthage," are too remote in conception and execution from the art of our own times to win our admiration. But it is interesting to note the serious endeavours of these two painters to achieve something of real æsthetic value, and we can recognise their artistic merits in spite of their conventions and lack of originality. Alliston and Vanderlin had both the great advantage of living for years in Rome in the society of eminent men, followers of Goethe, Byron, Lessing and Ampère. Both were enthusiastic and fanciful, and both formed ideals too high and difficult for their powers of attainment.

The Hudson River School were the first to make an attempt to create a national art. The members were mostly landscape painters, who covered great canvases with diffuse and tedious attempts to produce striking panoramas and noble landscapes in the style of Claude Lorraine or of Poussin. But without the elegance and sense of colour of the former, and the strength and technique of the latter, their pictures remained conventional and tame.

Thomas Cole, Asher Durand, Thomas Doughty, William Hart, Thomas Moran and Frederick Church were among the leaders of this group. Doughty, who died in 1856, was the first landscape painter which the New World produced. Nobody had yet looked at nature with the same discerning eyes, nor had striven, as he did, to reproduce the charming simplicity of country scenes.

Durand is another landscape painter to whom reference is often made. He also was responsive to all that was beautiful and touching in nature, but he was too much trammelled by the influence of the Academy to be able to reproduce what he felt, and his pictures suffer accordingly from idealisation. His compositions are more valuable as illustrations of the work of his school than as independent achievements.

Thomas Cole was the most talented of the Hudson River group, and he may justly be

considered as its founder. Though born in England in the first year of last century, in early manhood emigrated to the United States. The strangeness of his new country made him perhaps more keenly alive to its natural beauties. He was, in fact, the first faithful interpreter of American landscape. His enthusiasm for the wave-like contours and soft undulations of the Catskill Mountains is a welcome relief to the traveller along the rough paths of American painting. It was Cole's love for the Hudson country that first drew general attention to it, and led to the formation of the so-called Hudson School. Unfortunately, he elected to attempt higher artistic flights, and in his "Course of Empire," and the still more pretentious "Expulsion from Paradise," we miss the intimate charm of his landscapes and find no dramatic power to compensate us.

Hart was of Scottish birth, and began life as a carriage painter. Bierstadt was of German origin and maintained a predilection for complicated outlines and effects. His friends, Church and Moran, also sought to portray striking and romantic scenery. The landscapes by the former in the Lennox Library at New York, and the latter's "Ghoshone Falls," which represents a torrent falling over gigantic rocks, are good examples of this tendency.

Meanwhile, portrait - painting was making

fairly good progress. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was evidently under the influence of the English masters, that of Lawrence in particular. The most eminent portrait painters were Henry Inman, Charles Elliott, Thomas Sully and Chester Harding.

Sully always remained English, both as man and as artist. Born in Lincolnshire, he studied under West in London. He was an enthusiastic follower of Gainsborough, and became a typical Early Victorian artist, possessed of all the faults and virtues belonging to that period.

Inman, on the contrary, was a born American and lived in Philadelphia. He was more original in his conceptions, and showed himself capable of reproducing the individualities of his sitters with some power.

Harding was a good draughtsman, but though his technique was sound and vigorous, his pictures are lacking in interest.

Elliott, whose period of activity extended over the 'fifties, was the most talented of the four. He was an accomplished draughtsman, possessed of adequate anatomical knowledge and extraordinary dexterity. His technique and touch were wonderful, but he was unfortunate in that he lived and worked in so unfavourable and unstimulating an age.

About the middle of the nineteenth century we find American art under the influence of

three different schools—those of Düsseldorf, Munich and Paris. The same may, however, be said of other nations, for all the art students of the world were attracted, half a century ago, to the banks of the Rhine by the strenuousness of its artistic life, and by the fame of such masters as Schadow, Lessing, Knaus and Vautier.

The characteristic features of the Düsseldorf School were glowing and sometimes even coarse luxury of colour, sharp contrasts and bold outlines. Its chief productions were *genre* pictures. “Interiors” were much sought after by the public; also landscapes, particularly those of Southern scenes with exaggerated contrasts of light and shade: these attracted popular admiration at the exhibitions. The marine pictures of the Düsseldorf masters, among whom Achenbach senior deserves special mention, were also very much remarked. Some of the distinctive features of this school—for instance, sharp contrasts in thickly-applied colours—became stereotyped, and were adopted by artists all over the world.

Leutze, a German, and Johnson, an American, represent the leaders of this school in America. Both studied in the Westphalian city and adopted the mannerisms of its peculiar art. Like many painters of that time, they turned their attention mainly to the production of

genre pictures. Intimate scenes and pictures of still life in richly-carved gilt frames found their way on to the walls of the wealthy patrons of art. Millionaires who had started life as workmen, and who had suddenly become rich, built themselves palaces and adorned them with a vast number of pictures. For this purpose such *genre* productions were most suitable, as they were easy to appreciate from the point of view of simplicity of subject, independently of their artistic merits. Many such pictures were painted and sold. From New York to San Francisco we find in several of the wealthier houses only pictures of this class—over-burdened with colour, cheap in effect and puerile in subject; these in massive frames are regarded with pride, and are shown to visitors as “genuine oil-paintings.”

But the influence of Düsseldorf was of short duration; and Munich became the new centre of artistic interest. The pupils of Schadow now turned with admiration to Piloty.

This popular movement passed from Europe to America, and all young art students then directed their steps to the Bavarian capital, endeavoured to see as the Bavarian painters saw, longed to feel the artistic emotions of the members of the Royal Academy of Art, and did their best to paint like Piloty and his pupils.

The influence of Munich has been a good

one in many respects, and it has helped to develop much talent. The new generation has learned to draw, and, above all, has acquired a thorough knowledge of anatomy. The spirit of Cornelius continues to inspire through new methods, and the true contours of the body have been revealed by him, though the colours have been mixed by Piloty.

The best-known American painters whose names have been connected with the Munich School are Chase and Duveneck. Both had lived for many years on the banks of the Isar, and both were doughty champions of the new tendency. This was the epoch of the palette and paint-box. The hitherto mighty pencil gave way to the brush. Drawing was relegated to the background; colour values only gave reality and plasticity to form.

Chase and Duveneck, with many of their friends, Shirlow, Dielman, Alexander, Vinton, Story, and other talented artists, absorbed the ideas of these precursors of to-day.

The third and last school which influenced American painting was that of Paris. Architects, painters, sculptors—all must study in the new capital of art. Americans in Paris number some thousands; in certain quarters of that city there is as much English spoken as French. Indeed, Paris to-day is less the metropolis of a country than the cosmopolis of the world.

The youth of the transatlantic Republic are quite at home in the artistic community in Paris. They flock to the schools presided over by the great masters, Julian, Constant, Fleury and others. Led by the various artistic influences in vogue, they become impressionists, symbolists, tache-ists, and all other "ists" in popular favour. They quickly acquire the methods of Paris; indeed they often acquire the method without the art.

American artists have acquired French methods so thoroughly that when their pictures appeared collectively for the first time in the International Exhibition at Paris in 1889, the Jury remarked in their official report that:—

"The United States section was but a brilliant annexe to the French section. The ambition of American artists evidently is to interpret the world of to-day, but they have come to us to get their method of expression. . . . It would be difficult to mention many who do not draw their inspiration directly from French masters."

The first American painters of celebrity to go to Paris for their methods of expression were Hunt, Innes, and La Farge, names which must be mentioned again and again when American art is discussed. Hunt and Innes were the first to study thoroughly expression and effect in connection with objects, and they endeavoured

to master the power of original reproduction. They wished to depict their models as they saw them, and not as convention prescribed. The influence of the famous Barbizon School on their work is fully apparent, and its dissemination from their studios produced a decisive effect on the development of American art.

La Farge was the painter whose work secured the greatest approbation in his own country. He was a thinker as well as an artist. He not only observed the various effects of objects, but analysed the causes of them; and he strengthened his conclusions with his own artistic experiences. He painted in oils and in water-colours, on canvas and plaster. His pictures, such as "Nicodemus" and the frescoes in the Vanderbilt mansion, prove his skill and talent, the power of his conceptions, and the maturity of his individuality.

La Farge was also highly skilled in the production of stained glass by original methods of his own devising. The results of his devices and many experiments were most remarkable. He can fairly be credited with the invention of the stained glass called "American" or "Tiffany," which is now famous throughout the world. He was, as he says, the first to obtain certain combined effects. He tells us:—

"I used almost every kind of glass that would serve, and even precious stones such as

amethysts and the like. I began to represent effects of light and modulation of shadow by using streaked glass, glass of several colours blended, and glass wrinkled into forms as well as glass cut into shapes or blown into forms, and even glass into which other glass had been deposited in patterns. I also painted the glass very much and carefully in certain places, so that in a rough way this window is an epitome of all the varieties of glass that I have seen used before or since."

This description throws an interesting light not only upon the ingenuity and activity of La Farge, but also upon the manufacture of the stained glass windows so popular in America during the last few decades. When we visit a factory, like that of Tiffany, we are surprised by the diversity and originality of its productions. We find a wonderful variety of glass objects, from the monumental cathedral window to ingenious little trifles; and also admirable imitations of old Swiss, Bohemian and Venetian glass. We note with interest the objects for architectural decoration, natural or conventional designs or purely ornamental devices, which are now in use everywhere, and find that the New World has produced something fresh in the field of decorative art with its stained glass and mosaic.

The International Exhibition of Paris furnished a good opportunity to observe the general activity of living American painters,

and to survey the achievements of the last few decades. Modern painters from all countries assembled there with their best efforts, and France did her utmost to show honour to the world's art by placing it before visitors in a fitting manner. The organisation of the Exhibition and the arrangement and lighting of the pictures afforded striking evidence of French taste and skill. The American section was one of the most interesting and successful ones. It was possible to visit it and revisit it without interest becoming exhausted, and the pleasure some of the fine works it contained gave to spectators proved the reality of their artistic value. There were 255 pictures, 41 miniatures and about 100 drawings, engravings and etchings; all these worthily represented the talent of their country. The number of artists represented was, however, so large that it is not possible to consider them and their works in detail; and as many of them were still young, judgment of them is best left to the critics of the future.

The names of most of the present generation of American artists are well known to the annual art exhibitions and their visitors, and their works are largely reproduced in illustrated papers and magazines. They regularly exhibit at the Paris Salon, the London Royal Academy, and the Munich Crystal Palace; and several of them have studios in European cities.

In 1900 they were fully represented in the Champ de Mars, when there was an exceptional opportunity of studying both their art as a whole, and their various qualities and idiosyncrasies in detail. Among their exhibits may be specially mentioned the remarkable figure compositions of Meller, Brown, Brush, Eaton, Thayer, Dewing, Melchers, Abbey, Homer, Walker and Hassam; the portraits of Whistler, Sargent, Alexander, Benson, Henry, Kendall and Shannon; the landscapes of Wyant, Martin, Ryder, Woodbury, Walker and Weyslon. This was an exceedingly comprehensive collection and appeared to make a deep impression on the spectators, who were here offered an unique opportunity of forming an estimate of the value of modern American art, and the ability of its youngest exponents.

We stopped involuntarily before some of the pictures, struck by the adroitness and artistic conception of such young and comparatively unknown painters. In some of them strength and courage were the qualities which impressed us the most. There was no lack of ambition and daring; originality and a deeper sentiment were what we chiefly missed. These remarks on American painters as a body are equally applicable to individuals; even in the best of them we noticed a tendency to place technical skill before expression and sympathy.

The collection as a whole attained a high standard of excellence, and some of the painters were entitled to rank as masters. Many of the names were new to the European public, but this only added to the interest with which their pictures were regarded. I remember the pleasure with which I stopped here and there before the the works of the transatlantic artists, admiring the landscapes of M'Ewen and Vonneh, the figures and groups of Melchers, Tarbell and Vedder, and the nature studies of Foster, Gibson, Bohm, Coffin, Fromuth and Butler. The colouring was warm, and the effects bright and full of life. The pictures showed a sincere love of nature, and a truthful reproduction of it; also an endeavour to paint the external world from a subjective point of view, and not entirely from an objective one.

The influence of the Barbizon School, or rather of the Japanese impressionists, was evident. Moreover, their work reflected the good and bad qualities of popular modern tendencies, rather than the personal qualities and conceptions of the artists themselves. Though the painters showed much talent and more skill, they had too often abandoned themselves to the pursuit of transient fashionable methods. Among the masters who manifest the most independence are Alexander, Shannon, T. Dewing, H. Walker, and C. Thayer; their art is fully developed, free from the vacilla-

tions of immaturity, and reveals the harmony and sound equilibrium of their artistic temperament.

The portrait of the famous sculptor, Rodin, and the picture "Mother," by Alexander, surprised me by their intelligent simplicity and bold execution. The most attractive qualities of Alexander's works are their refinement and spontaneity.

Similar simple realistic qualities are shown by T. Shannon, Wiles, Kendall, Lockwood, Vinton and Benson; all these are artists who seek to depict life and not a pose, the inner meaning and not only external appearance. Among women artists may be mentioned, Cecilia Beau, Adelaide Chase, Lucia Fuller, and Sarah Sears, whose pictures in the international exhibitions are viewed with admiration.

Horatio Walker, Alexander Harrison, Childe Hassam and Frank Benson are among the most courageous champions of the "outdoor" school. They aim at representing warm sunshine, light with all its variations and dark shadow, often without regard to artistic beauty. Atmospheric effects appear to interest them more than their subjects: they furnish efforts interesting to the critic, and though they are sometimes unsatisfactory, they bear witness to yet another phase of the art of the United States.

The two masters, Whistler and Sargent, with

the mention of whom I began this descriptive sketch, are certainly predominant in the domain of American art. Criticism of their work would be out of place in a mere outline such as this chapter. They are international rather than national artists, and their fame is so widespread that I can add nothing new to the praise or blame already bestowed upon them. Since the day when Whistler's portrait of his mother, and Sargent's "Carmencita" were hung side by side in the Luxembourg Gallery, there has been a perpetual pæan of eulogy and admiration. The rugged paths by which they climbed to the summit of the Olympus of modern painting, their struggles to uphold their ideals, their defeats and their triumphs, are most significant incidents in the history of their art.

James Abbot M'Neill Whistler first saw the light in New England, though his transatlantic birth had no influence on his artistic career. While still a boy, he was taken with the rest of his family to Russia, where his father, an eminent engineer, was employed on the construction of the Petersburg-Moscow Railway. There he received his first instruction in drawing. After his father's death he returned with his mother to the United States. Following the family traditions he entered the military college of West Point, but did not remain there long, as his unfitness for military service was soon

detected. He then obtained a modest post in the Coast Survey, from which his unpunctual and careless habits brought about an early retirement. It was in the 'fifties that he commenced his career as an artist and began to work in Gleyre's studio in Paris. Those were times when Whistler held a position in the Bohemian world by right of his wit rather than of his art. The Whistler of that period has been handed down to posterity in the pages of "Trilby," where he figures as Joe Sibley.

In 1859 he sent in a picture to the Salon, but it was rejected. Again, in the following year, his work was rejected. Discouraged and disgusted, he left Paris to settle in London, and established himself in the Chelsea district, where he lived in friendly intercourse with Rossetti, George Eliot, Carlyle and other famous people. There he painted his best pictures and wrote his wittiest papers. Those were the years in which he created his two masterpieces, the portraits of his mother and of Carlyle, composed the famous colour symphonies; when he painted the celebrated Peacock Room in the Leyland mansion in Prince's Gate, and wrote the scathing philippics, afterwards collected and published in "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

This was the period when he made his fame

and his many enemies, and became the object of numerous virulent attacks and caustic criticisms. Ruskin was his most prominent and dangerous assailant; he wrote of Whistler's "Night," exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, in the following terms:—

"For Mr Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the Gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approaches the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

During his residence in Chelsea he produced many of his etchings and dry-point drawings; and it is interesting to compare a critique on these by Pennell with that of Ruskin on his painting, with its contemptuous expression, "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Pennell wrote:—

"Whistler was the greatest etcher and the most accomplished lithographer that ever lived. I know it will be objected at once that Whistler did not produce such plates as 'The Hundred,' 'The Three Trees,' 'The Descent from the Cross' and the 'Christ before Pilate.' He did not, and the reason is simple. It is not the fashion nowadays to do so, and more than this, there is no reason why he should. When

Rembrandt lived, it was the fashion to evolve classical compositions, and he did this amazingly. I probably should not say 'the fashion' but 'the tradition,' a more appropriate word that expresses much better what I mean. Whistler was the faithful follower of some traditions but not of others. He saw no necessity for doing large plates for the benefit of the collector. Whether Whistler could have used his etching needle for the same ends, I have no means of knowing. I only know that he did not, that he never made a 'pot-boiler'—a composition if you like—and that he protested against the large plate—'The huge plate is an offence.' He may, therefore, be best compared to Rembrandt for his treatment of those subjects which both artists etched because they liked to etch. . . . The methods vary, but the results are always the same: the greatest, the most perfect, as a whole, that any etcher has ever accomplished."

After these two extreme opinions, let us see how the master himself judges his own work. He writes to a friend:—

"I am grown exacting and difficult; very different to what I was when I threw everything pell-mell on canvas, knowing that instinct and fine colour would carry me through. What an education I have given myself! or, rather, what a fearful want of education I am conscious of! With the fine gifts I naturally possess, what a painter I should now be if, vain and satisfied with those powers, I had not disregarded everything else!"

Nothing can be added to this sincere self-criticism, and we involuntarily ask ourselves

whether Whistler has ever revealed himself to us more truly in his brilliant and sometimes imperfect works than he has in these few pathetic words.

The career of Sargent has been an exceptionally prosperous one from its beginning. He was born in that city of eternal spring, Florence, of parents in easy circumstances, and enjoyed all the advantages of good education and culture. His artistic inclinations were soon apparent, and while still a child his drawing revealed decided talent. He commenced his studies at the Academy in Florence, and continued them in the studio of Carolus Duran in Paris. His visits to Madrid and Seville, and his study there of the methods of the great Spanish masters, particularly of Velasquez and Goya, have remained an abiding influence in his art.

From the very commencement his pictures were accepted at the important exhibitions, and were the subjects of interest and discussion. His first work which caused real sensation and admiration in artistic circles was "Carmencita," which was exhibited in the Salon during the 'eighties, and is now in the Luxembourg. To-day the portraits by Sargent are conspicuous annual features of the Salon and the Royal Academy of London, where their appearance is eagerly anticipated and regarded as the artistic event of the year.

Annually the public returns to admire with renewed enthusiasm the great and unique power of characterisation possessed by this master. This "keen penetration of human nature," as Walker M'Spadden styles it, has rendered him marvellously accurate with his brush in delineating a likeness. His portrait of W. M. Chase has been described as "more like Chase than Chase himself," and this happy paradox hits off Sargent's realism more aptly than a whole chapter of criticism. No one who has ever seen the sketch of T. Jefferson will ever forget it: just a few rough strokes of the brush, apparently dashed on the canvas with careless ease in an idle moment, and what, what a living likeness! These unfinished sketches are some of the painter's most characteristic work, and reveal his genius to our admiration. He has surpassed himself in this phase of his art in the so-called "Wertheimer Series."

Those who have had the privilege of watching him at work in his spacious studio in Tite Street, London, cannot fail to admire the masterly way in which he boldly sketches in his subject and his earnest meditation before laying on his colours.

Sargent is not only eminent as a portrait painter, but also as a historical painter. His decorative compositions for the adornment of the gallery of the Boston Library are unsur-

passed in their class. He is still at the height of his powers, with a full capacity of giving us more masterpieces; and perhaps his *magnum opus*, which shall show him at the zenith of his genius, remains yet to be painted.

American art is still in a stage of evolution; the painters of to-day are the precursors of those who shall adorn the Golden Age which is to come. Though there have been, and are, individual artists of distinguished merit and ability, art itself is not yet fully developed nor understood. The nation has had hitherto neither time, opportunity nor inclination to interest itself intelligently in the fine arts. Money-making and the material life have absorbed the whole national and individual activity. It is not strange that the artistic sense should not have developed under such circumstances.

Those who bought pictures did so less as *dilettantes* than as merchants. The purchase of works by famous masters, which were likely to increase in value, was regarded in the light of a good investment. Rich men bought pictures from the best studios of London and Paris, as they bought furniture and clothing in the best shops. The majority of the wealthy classes acquired pretty, pleasing pictures of lively or melodramatic scenes to adorn and brighten their homes; and such pictures are

still in demand. To gauge American taste in art, we must not go only to the public galleries, but also to the private collections of the wealthy, and to the numerous sales. At these latter one is surprised and puzzled at the extraordinary medley of trashy daubs and real masterpieces. Who can say which of these causes the most pleasure to the purchaser? Or is he, perhaps, indifferent at heart to both, and finds his sole pleasure in the consciousness of possession?

Amateurs and connoisseurs will increase in course of time. Already there is a refined, artistic coterie in such cities as Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. And there is an inner circle, possessing extensive knowledge and sound judgment, which has cultivated the æsthetic sense to a high degree. Its members have, however, lived much in European countries, and their taste is cosmopolitan rather than American.

Such is particularly the case with two artists already discussed, who are international in expression and sentiment. And we must needs ask ourselves how Whistler, who lived and worked abroad and never saw the States except for a few years of his boyhood, and Sargent, who was even born abroad, can be called American painters. We will answer the question by quoting the words of an American, Gaffin, who

undoubtedly voices national opinion when he says :—

“Frequently one hears the question asked in a somewhat different form: ‘Is there yet a distinctly American school of painting? and if so, how does it compare with other schools?’ But, strictly speaking, there are no distinct schools anywhere, since the reason which accounted for their existence in the past no longer exists to-day. The whole trend of modern art has been toward a free trade in motives and methods, the clearing house for which, for all the world, has been Paris. Yet while the age of close communication of artists following some distinct tradition or influenced by some one leader, and producing work which bears the stamp of a common sentiment and manner of expression, is past, it is unquestionably true that the local conditions of race, temperament and natural environment, do still stamp with a certain general distinction the work of each country. It is not difficult, for example, in the presence of a given picture, to be secure in the conclusion that it is Dutch or German, French or English. Is there, then, any corresponding mark by which we could feel equally sure that such and such a picture was by an American painter? I believe there is.”

Gaffin then tries to explain why Dutch art is so characteristic, basing his explanations on external appearances. He continues :—

“We see at once that there can scarcely be a similar unity of feeling in the work of American artists. Even if the devotion to the pictorial

aspects of their own country were as single-hearted, the country itself presents no such compact synthesis of suggestion. Both in topographical features, and in the still more significant matter of atmospheric conditions, wherein, besides the moods and changes, the actual expression and spirit of the scene, the country offers a wide range of differences."

About the new realistic and impressionist tendencies which are followed by the whole of American artistic youth he says:—

"One should understand that its appearance in American painting was rather belated, for it is but repeating what Courbet and Manet did for the refreshment and invigoration of French art forty years ago. They, however, were the leaders in painting of the theories and practices entertained by the writers of the period; and painters and writers alike were a part of the realistic movement that was affecting the thought of the time. But since then the wheel has revolved: realism is no longer a motive; it is now only one of other means to an end. People, indeed, have grown a little weary of the diet, discovering that they 'cannot live by bread alone.' Once more the spiritual needs of man are awake and calling to be fed. Abroad, especially in Germany, the more progressive of the painters have realised this reaction from materialism, and are responding to it. It is for a similar recognition and response on the part of the painters of this country that we are waiting."

XIV

SPIRITUAL ASPIRATIONS

HAVING spoken of the physical and intellectual toil of America, some observations must also be made on her spiritual life. This question, naturally, was the one that interested me most, and though I have dealt with it in another place at more length, I cannot refrain from noting at least those traits that seem to me the most salient.

“Is the American religious?” is one of those general questions most frequently asked; and, “Is it true that the New World has no religion at all?” is another. The first question as to whether America is religious or not is too vague and undefined to need an answer. It is difficult—even embarrassing—to know exactly what to call religion in this country, where the number and variety of sects are legion; but the accusation that the United States are entirely destitute of religious sentiment is not only unfounded but entirely false.

It is inevitable that the material activity of

life around us, the intense toil which apparently absorbs the whole of existence, should at first strike the foreigner most forcibly. The surroundings also in which he finds himself at the commencement of his stay will not be favourable to any observation of abstract life and thought.

In the first place, we must never lose sight of the immense and ever-increasing number of the inhabitants, their various origins, their natural inclinations and, let us say, the difference in their homes. It is evident that the enormous masses of people flowing ceaselessly into the country from the entire universe must bring with them a religion of some kind or other. At the outset they all hold some sort of belief, even if not very clearly defined.

That a large number of the immigrants lose their religion is an accusation which, alas, is only too well founded. The number of those who have given up the habit of attending church in their adopted country is incalculable. Christian families, most zealous for the faith in their old homes, very often no longer practise their religion once they have settled down in new conditions of life. This arises not so much from unbelief or hostility to religion, as from indifference, and, more especially, lack of time and leisure. They become absorbed in the whirlpool of all kinds of enterprises, joining in the cruel battle for bread or gold ; consequently,

their spiritual life suffers, and even runs the risk of being extinguished altogether.

Granted all this, yet we must admit that no other nation in the world has shown such a pronounced proclivity for spiritual and mystic questions as North America.

This country, where the crudest materialism holds sway, takes the most exaggerated interest in occultism. No hypothesis can be propounded without instantly attracting some adherents; no spiritualistic doctrine fails to allure a number of disciples. It is strange that these people, ordinarily so matter-of-fact in every-day life, give themselves up with the most naïve credulity to the weirdest occult theories. The number of transcendental societies is incredible, and almost all of them are continually forming new branches and subdivisions wherever these are desired. There are Spiritists, Occult Scientists, Mystics, Transcendentalists, Theosophists, Souls, and a thousand others more or less dependent on them.

We can hardly run our eye down the advertisement columns of any important newspapers without being surprised by the number of invitations to take part in strange meetings. These notices often give an approximate idea of what may be expected to happen, and a list of the apparitions or miraculous occurrences which it is hoped may take place. Special reviews

and papers are entirely devoted to occult questions, and their huge circulation is a proof of the interest taken by the public in these matters, and the grim seriousness with which they are treated.

Sects and denominations are not less abundant. Innumerable varieties may be counted. Some are dogmatic, others undefined; some profess only the principles of the most primitive natural laws, others grope amidst the darkest doctrines. Many sects, even, after a little spiritual attention promise to effect miraculous cures. The Christian Scientists are one of these, and have been much in fashion during the last few years. Their principal Christian tenet consists in their claim to possess the same power over spirit and body as the Apostles and the Saints. Their meetings, at which they pretend to make cures, have roused quite a sensation. According to them, the age of miracles has never ceased; nay, they go even further, and assert that, as there is no such thing as evil, the idea of physical suffering cannot be admitted. The attention this movement has attracted shows the height to which it has attained in a short time.

The Zionists have made rather less stir, for they have not been taken so seriously by the educated classes, though they have drawn a modest following from other sources. I met the founder of this sect in Australia, where they

flourished a few years ago and roused a good deal of interest. He was a Congregational minister at one of the churches in Sydney, and there it was that he first started his peculiar form of belief. I have been told by people who knew him some thirty years ago that he was a most impassioned preacher, and thus gained immense influence over his flock. This influence appears to have been won not so much by piety and erudition, as by the fervour of his utterances. He noticed that his exhortations had the greatest effect on those classes that were neglected by others, which had never known the privilege of a religious education. The most elementary ideas were novel to them, and fundamental principles of Christian doctrine were often a revelation. While Christian Science became the fashion in drawing-rooms, the Zionist, on the other hand, went forth to gather in the outcasts from the gutter. Seeing that his disciples were composed almost exclusively of simple working men, Mr John Alexander Dowie asserted openly that he was the third incarnation of the Prophet Elijah, the second being St John the Baptist.

He picked the town of Chicago at the time of the Exhibition as the best locality in which to start his campaign. Time and place were certainly well chosen. Among all the curious attractions of that Exhibition the so-called Prophet, evoking the past, was quite the most

original! Arrayed in white, surrounded by disciples in costumes suitable to the occasion, the *séances* and the prophecies of Mr Dowie must have been rather alluring. Amongst the many thousands who came to listen, there must have been many artless people who could not fail to be fascinated by the impassioned eloquence of the self-styled Prophet to lead a simple life. The idea was popular, and visitors to the Exhibition, with well-filled purses, came in the intervals between his receptions, and pressed upon him the money necessary to buy a site on which to erect his ideal City of Zion, where there was to be no temptation and no vice.

This was the origin of the sect, and of their town, which has since become so notorious. The history of the Prophet Elijah III. and his strange company, with its record of jeers and applause, terrible losses and wonderful miracles, is a striking example to show us how keenly the lower classes in America, who belong to no Church and frequently have not had any religious teaching, feel the need of faith.

The disciples of General Booth are more numerous than those of any other association that has arisen in the present epoch. The Salvation Army has now spread over the entire world, therefore it is not necessary to describe it here. It is a most extraordinary and practical organisation. I learnt with much satisfaction

that in the United States their work is more social than sectarian. It especially wars against unbelief, and is often the means of bringing people back to their original creed. For several years the Army has devoted itself to the task of abolishing the slums of great towns in agricultural districts. It buys large estates in far-away regions, to which it takes people who were unemployed in the towns, and forces them to work on their farms.

Protestantism in America, although in some points it seems analogous to that of Europe, is really quite another thing. The Anglicans are not so favourably situated here as in Great Britain, and Lutherans long for the pre-eminence which they enjoy in Germany. The Baptists and Methodists, on the contrary, flourish far more than in the Old World. The negroes, who are increasing rapidly, belong almost entirely to these two denominations. The wealthy classes seem to give the preference to the Episcopalians and Presbyterians. There are also many who support different forms of High Churchism, rather in vogue a few years ago, in which the ritual and ceremonies were carried out with the most minute care. But all these numerous sects and divisions, separated by mere shades of opinion, are often varied to suit the idiosyncrasies of their pastors. These adopt such measures and regulations as they deem neces-

sary; even the services and ritual, simple or ceremonious, are made to suit their taste. The supreme authority seems to have very little to say in the matter.

The Catholic Church in the United States incontestably occupies, as a body, the first place, even in localities and districts where half the population have no religion at all, or at least lean towards agnosticism. The numbers would be yet greater if so many thousands of the immigrants did not become indifferent.

Indifference is a danger, not only to the Church, but to the nation. An individual who does not admit the existence of a superior law, who does not believe in a Creator, who has, in short, neither faith nor hope, cannot be a desirable or useful member of the social order. Happily, there are not many such—not many who do not believe in God. The most ignorant have a certain vague faith, which admits the existence of the Supreme Being, and is more or less a primitive or natural religion. Even those who call themselves non-sectarian, free-thinkers or evolutionists, are, at the bottom of their hearts, Christian in some degree, and, without admitting it perhaps, think and act in accordance with the Commandments. Happily there are very few who, either from being devoid of religious sentiment, or from the force of circumstances, having had no opportunity of in-

struction, make war upon Church or creed. I always noticed that unbelievers had at least the good taste not to parade their want of religious sentiment, and if they possessed no spiritual aspirations, they never boasted of it. On the contrary, they appeared desirous of concealing their spiritual insufficiency, just as people seek to hide physical deformity.

Moreover, the incredulity of the real unbeliever is rare; it may be said hardly to exist. When people have no religion, it is because they have had no opportunities of instruction in their youth, or because the struggle for existence has diverted their thoughts from higher ideas and strivings. On the other hand, those who have a creed are not ashamed to confess it, and to lead a Christian life.

In this country which has no State religion, it is remarkable to see the general respect accorded to every minister of the Catholic Church, and the universal admiration evoked by the severity of her discipline—still more, the public honour conceded to her episcopate.

In every important question, public or religious, social or national, the utterances and opinion of the clergy not only meet with consideration, but often are of decisive importance.

The United States recognise more and more that the Church is a necessity for the good of the individual, is a factor in the general moral

development, and still more, is the most powerful agent in assuring future national welfare. What would become of man, what would be the fate of the nation, if there were no such thing as belief in a Creator or hope in supreme justice? It must be admitted that all the various creeds work together in counteracting the dangers of irreligion, and that every force tending towards morality unites to combat it, realising that the peril is on the increase.

This is why we so often see the Cardinal of the Church side by side with the President of the Republic, and why Mr Roosevelt and His Eminence are both applauded by enthusiastic crowds who desire to show their respect and admiration for the representatives of national principles, and who regard these two as embodiments of their own greatness. Both the President and the Prince of the Church are sons of this country, working mutually—though on different lines—for the general good.

These grateful expressions of public opinion must act as a most beneficent encouragement. I was very thankful for the sympathy shown me and the sincere expressions of goodwill and of admiration for my efforts on behalf of the destitute immigrants from my own country, though conscious that they were undeserved. The less worthy I felt of so much kindness, the more desirous I was to merit it. There-

fore, I held lectures and missions in different languages among the destitute.

The number of people disembarking annually on the shores of the United States of America is, broadly speaking, very near 1,000,000. A quarter of these persons comes from the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. From Hungary alone last year there were more than 100,000 arrivals. According to some statistics the exact number was 109,000, whilst others put the total at almost 130,000. These are colossal figures, yet they are surpassed if we count the immigrants from Italy. In their native country most of these people belonged to the Catholic faith, and their creed is the only restraining influence on their lower instincts. If the Church does not extend a welcoming hand, and does not prevent them from sinking into degeneration, the pitfalls surrounding newcomers being so terrible, they would run the risk of drifting into the most degraded and criminal slums. The Church, by her Commandments and Sacraments, is alone capable of fighting against the evils of intemperance and vice.

All those who have the public good at heart, and who are in authority over the nation, not only perceive the usefulness of the Churches, but bear the most grateful testimony to the services they render.

The project that I had in view met with the

same favourable reception from everybody and every place. The necessity of the Church's watchful care and moral influence is readily acknowledged, in view of the fact that hundreds and thousands of people, absolutely forlorn and entirely ignorant of the language of the country, are incessantly arriving. The kind consideration so widely shown me was greatly due to the urgency of my mission. As we have already seen, newcomers are only too liable to "go to the wall," or at any rate, instead of becoming desirable elements and fresh sources of national strength, they drift into the position of the refuse and outcasts of Europe. Hordes and masses of semi-barbarians are a menace, not only to general development, but to national greatness. The Church alone can protect and safeguard these new arrivals by establishing missions for adults and classes for the instruction of the children. These are the two most efficacious means of doing both material and moral good, and hitherto every attempt in this direction has been crowned with the most gratifying success.

In the course of so many sermons and simple exhortations, I received numerous touching proofs of gratitude, which amply repaid me for all my trouble and fatigue. At first there were some difficulties to be encountered, but they were all obviated by the purely

religious nature of the work and its results. Missions should be held in the mother tongue, the only one the immigrant understands, and this, not merely from an ecclesiastical but from a social point of view.

Besides, it is absolutely futile to endeavour to throw artificial obstacles in the way of emigration, or even to attempt the repatriation of those who desire to change their country. We may regret the loss of so many compatriots, but we shall only deceive ourselves if we imagine we can take steps in new countries which will restrain the tide of emigration. It is of no avail to send these people back from more favourable conditions in the New World to their primitive state, but it is by ameliorating their position at home that this object may be attained. To my regret, the ambassador was away on leave, and affairs were left in charge of Baron G——, a very amiable young secretary, whose accomplishments, however, were at a discount, since, being himself an utter stranger in Hungary, he could have had but little opportunity of understanding working-class problems, or of realising the conditions of life in the eastern half of the Dual Monarchy—the district suffering most severely from the current of emigration. Yet the continuous criticism levelled at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy was often not merely exaggerated but unjust. After all, if

errors were committed they might easily be corrected. It would be a great pity if the *gaucherie* or personal inefficiency of a young diplomat or subordinate were to cast a shadow on international relations, or if through the fault of any individual the cause of the people should suffer.

The Church has nothing to do with civil authorities; and the clergy or missionaries who accompany their flocks to far-away countries, or visit them there, should be absorbed by spiritual work. They are there solely to render assistance to their congregation.

This is why the Irish have adhered so strongly to the Faith, and have done so much for it. It is in great measure thanks to them that the United States, which at the commencement of the last century could only claim 100,000 Catholics, now—a hundred years later—possesses a hundred and fifty times as many. This number would be considerably higher, if the immigrants from other countries had also priests of their own nationality.

The Irish incontestably have a great advantage, in that the Catholic troubles in the Isle of Erin have brought the priests and their flocks into ever closer relationship. Having to rely solely on one another has intensified that union, and has encouraged their generosity and zeal.

Cases of insufficient provision are unknown.

On the contrary, the priest, having more than enough for present requirements, may well look forward to the future and save for his old age. The position of the Protestant pastor is even more advantageous, and sometimes their salaries mount up to more than \$71,000.

The American is open-handed ; he makes his fortune with ease, and spends it with pleasure. He is particularly generous, as I have already observed, over his schools and churches. He very justly considers these institutions as his property. Communities vie with each other in the good cause of providing better educational establishments, with erudite masters, for their children, just as they like to have most beautiful churches, and to make adequate provision for their parish priests.

This is partly the result of the American's practical way of thinking. He does not like doing anything by halves ; he is thorough. He may be either a believer or an unbeliever, on principle ; but whichever it is, he has the strength of his convictions. If a parish possesses parochial churches and schools, the whole community not only does what might reasonably be expected of it, but is ready to make considerable sacrifices to support them. In the whole history of the Church the munificence of the United States has never been surpassed. Look, for instance, at the gigantic cathedrals built, as

though by magic, often by the pennies of the poor. Think, on the other hand, of the centuries spent in the construction of the great edifices of the Old World, many of which are not even yet finished. This intensifies one's astonishment at seeing so splendid a cathedral as that majestic one of New York, the architectural glory of that capital, quite completed.

Erected on the most beautiful site of the town, in the centre of the fashionable part of the city, its façade looks on Fifth Avenue. Surrounded on all sides by streets, the value of the site alone would re-build several churches, and the expenditure on the construction, and all the fittings of this monumental building, must have been nearly \$5,000,000. Where, it might reasonably be asked, did this enormous sum come from in so short a time? The reply must be—from the workmen's pence. The Catholic churches—indeed all ecclesiastical work in the United States—are almost entirely supported by contributions from the poor.

Rich Catholics are not very numerous, and, with the best will in the world, could not meet the increasing needs even by most generous donations. It would be but one drop of water in the ocean, and could have little effect. The admirable ecclesiastical, educational and charitable institutions have been erected, thanks to the pence that are ceaselessly collected, and

the enormous extent of the country. The faith of the masses of the nation assures her future progress in culture and in religion.

The organisation of the Church is not inferior to the proverbial generosity. Her property and the administration of it belong to each parish, from which a council is elected, the members of which are called curators, presided over by the parish priest under the supreme authority of the Bishop. The work of these councils is allotted to several branches, but the most arduous task is incontestably the keeping of the accounts and the control of the property. I had more than once an opportunity of being present at most instructive meetings, where I was struck, not only by the zeal shown in the cause, but by the minute and exact knowledge of the very smallest matters affecting the interests of the parish. The great open-handedness shown on one side is balanced by strictness on the other. The communities give lavishly, but they must know how their money is spent, and what is the result of their munificence. Every one who is a member takes a sincere interest in the administration of the parochial estate.

It is precisely this activity, much more than the money, which makes the Church's organisation and institutions so flourishing. Each member of the parish, having his special occupation and his own field of interest, does his

utmost. The Americans, who, as I have just said, do nothing by halves, bring to the affairs of their Church, as to those of their business, the full scope of their activity. The constant work and the contract between families and parish matters draw the lay world and the clergy into close connection with each other.

The intimate relation between parson and parishioners is another factor in keeping the pulse of religious life beating. The priest knows each member of his congregation personally, and is acquainted with all their cares and griefs. He shares in their family events, and is also delighted to take part in their pleasures. At all the marriages, christenings, and friendly meetings, the priest is the honoured guest of his flock. He is often asked to undertake the organisation of charitable entertainments, such as bazaars and dramatic performances. He organises the young men's clubs and the Church guilds. It is one of the great drawbacks in the Catholic countries of Europe that the most zealous priests are obliged, from force of circumstances and tradition, to remain in seclusion, cut off from the young people of their congregation, and thus lead an almost monastic life.

It is a question whether in new countries like America, and especially in Australasia, the secular clergy are not too much exposed to the vicissitudes of every-day life, and whether their

numerous mundane occupations do not lead to undesirable contingencies; but this cannot be decided for several generations to come.

It must, however, be remembered that there are religious orders established nearly everywhere, who do a great work in purely spiritual matters by holding missions for the different classes of society, and by retreats and quiet days for the clergy. Many times in the course of my long travels I have been pleased to accept the generous hospitality of the Fathers of various orders—those of the Immaculate Conception, the Society of Jesus, the Marist Fathers, or the Benedictines—and everywhere I was forced to admire their arduous labour, unique in its importance, in various environments. As missionaries, parish priests, and especially as mentors, the efforts of the religious orders meet with admirable success.

The schools and universities established by the teaching orders are continually increasing. To give an approximate idea of numbers, it may interest my readers to know that in the establishments of the Christian Brothers alone there are nearly 1,500 members, while their pupils are not far short of 50,000. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus have colleges in all large centres, preferably for children of the upper classes. Their two houses in New York are perhaps the most popular schools in the

metropolis. As to the Catholic University at Washington for the training of missionaries, it is quite a recent foundation, but promises to develop into large proportions.

The Apostolic Mission House, as it is called, interested me excessively, as an establishment of the greatest importance for the good of innumerable immigrants. The Superior most kindly offered not only hospitality to me, but, what was worth much more, promised his assistance to priests coming from my country to continue my work, and to hold missions from time to time for the workmen who did not speak English.

The Paulist Fathers, those of St Sulpice, the Marists, the Franciscans, and the Fathers of St Croix, all have houses close to the University, in an immense park on the outskirts of Washington. This is a settlement which is but a few years old, but is already quite imposing by reason of the magnificence of its buildings and the excellence of its installation.

All these institutions, large and small, are so many documents in proof of the activity of the Church. Each newly-built school and recently-organised parish or diocese represents the result of individual devotion to the general good. The great personages of the hierarchy in the nineteenth century are too well known for me to dilate on here; they belong to recent

history. Truly, whenever the deeds and movements of our epoch come to be recorded, one of the most remarkable histories will be that of the marvellous efforts and success of the Catholic Church in the United States of America.

The exertions of one man, and the results of work accomplished in the short period of a single human life, often attain such proportions and importance that they are equivalent to the labours of a population during a century in the Old World. The intensity of endeavour, the incessant activity, so to speak, has accomplished many miracles.

It is from the toil of humble workmen and of their modest parish priests that the Church, with her brilliant hierarchy, has grown so strong in organisation. America rejoices over all her acquisitions, material and spiritual, and she is proud, quite irrespective of difference of religious creed, of the grandeur and importance of her work. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons is justly regarded by all his fellow-citizens as a great historical character. He not only receives the honour due to his rank, but also the universal respectful affection that he so well deserves. Eminent priest and citizen, uniting in himself the duties of the two, he is regarded almost in the light of a national example. In the course of his long and difficult career, he has

passed through all the labours and trials that fall to the lot of an ecclesiastic in a new country, where everything has yet to be done. The ups and downs that all pioneers must experience have contributed to give to his personality that benevolent individuality and patriarchal gentleness which make him the beloved of old and young alike. I had the pleasure of meeting him for the first time at Washington, and also had the honour of being his guest at Baltimore. I will not fall into the error of repetition, for what can be said about the first Cardinal of the United States that has not already been written many times? If I were asked what were his most striking characteristics, I should certainly reply: His Apostolic nature, his zeal, his love of work and action, and his paternal benevolence towards all around him. It was especially touching to see him at home in the midst of his clergy, seated at his table, surrounded by young chaplains and secretaries, acting more like a loving friend than a severe Superior. Then it was that I really understood the secret of the great popularity of this Prince of the Church. The democratic spirit, in the Christian sense, based upon the principles of our Lord, was visibly manifested.

But simplicity is one of the great virtues of all the American hierarchy. Chaplains and parish priests, missionaries and bishops, are all,

like loving brothers, on a friendly footing, affording each other mutual support. The democratic spirit of the American hierarchy is not merely one of its virtues but a great practical advantage. In a liberal country, surrounded by institutions conferring the same rights and equal prerogatives on every human being, it is necessary for the disciple to be thus strengthened. Superiors and inferiors, outside their official capacity, stand on an equal footing, are on the best of terms and meet as friends. It is to a great extent to the goodwill and cordiality manifested by the bishops that the work of the lower clergy has been so successful, and developed in such a remarkable manner. This same apostolic spirit, in the best sense of the word, was what impressed me most on my numerous visits to the Archbishop of New York.

The largest number of immigrants is to be found in the capital itself, especially in the suburbs. The working classes here are almost entirely drawn from the new arrivals from Europe. The number of my compatriots is quite incalculable; over 2,000 come every week from Hungary alone. These have already formed several communities in the town itself and in the manufacturing suburbs.

The organisation of these parishes and of their primary schools is not only a most laborious work, but requires great zeal and ardour, much

prudence and tact, to make it a success. The elements to be reckoned with are very diverse. The people are often without a settled place of abode, and to explain to them the necessity of defraying the cost of organisation by voluntary contributions requires quite special gifts. The interest that the Archbishop of New York kindly showed in the care of the immigrants whenever I approached him, is one of my most consoling recollections of the other side of the sea. The tokens of sympathy displayed by Monsignor Farley, Archbishop of New York, with my modest endeavours were most encouraging in my work.

I must also express my gratitude to the clergy in general, particularly to those who came from far-away countries to settle in the working-class centres dotted all over this enormous country.

The manner in which parishes are here formed is, from a European point of view, exceedingly strange. On arrival, the priest finds neither church nor congregation. He must therefore first discover who belong to his creed, and make a list of those who live in his parish. He then hires a room in the locality where he can read Mass. This room serves also as school until sufficient funds have been collected to provide the necessary buildings. The pastoral work is supported by the worshippers themselves. Collections, sales, bazaars and charitable

entertainments of all kinds succeed each other in various forms for a whole year. The priest, to procure the wherewithal for his work, must have recourse to a thousand ingenious methods, and is, moreover, obliged continually to render to the public a clear account of what he has spent.

I had the great honour of being invited to open the first Hungarian church in Chicago, where the nature of these pioneer operations was brought home to me. It was a long journey to take, but, fortunately, distance does not count in this country. Besides, Chicago itself, that prodigy of modern economical success, is more than 40 kilometres in length. To reach my destination I had to travel both in train and street car, and to thread my way through suburb and cultivated field. I constantly saw streets marked out in the country places I passed, and was assured that in a very short time houses would be built there and inhabited.

Our church, a modest wooden building of two stories, used also as a school and as the habitation of the priest, rises like a landmark in the midst of a desert of factories, for here are the iron-works of the Illinois Steel Trust, and the famous workshops of the Pullman Car Company. In both these great enterprises the number of hands employed greatly exceeds 10,000, drawn for the most part from Austro-Hungary. That

is why this parish was formed. The population, called into existence by these works, required the consolations of religion, and their numerous progeny needed education and care, in an atmosphere impregnated with smoke and alcohol.

When at last I arrived, after a long journey, I found the church crammed with workmen and their families, all persons who earned their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. This sympathetic crowd, and the warmth of their reception, almost made me forget that the congregation had gathered in an erection made of planks, more like a barn than a place of worship.

What was my surprise at the end of my sermon when the priest appealed to the generosity of the worshippers, and, a sheet of paper in his hand, held a meeting of the congregation, asking them to furnish the empty building. The altar-cloth, ornaments—everything was subscribed with a truly Christian generosity, and if ever Providence should again take me back, I am certain that I should find that humble parish a most flourishing centre.

At Chicago I witnessed the initiation of an American cure of souls, with its preliminary work; at Cleveland, on the contrary, I was able to admire the full development of one

of these immigrant parishes. This was the first and incontestably the most important of the Hungarian communities. The number of Magyars alone exceeds 30,000. They have numerous churches, several newspapers published in their language, and many societies and clubs. I knew all this beforehand, and yet on my arrival was surprised at the importance and size of the church of the first Hungarian parish in the United States.

I had promised to pass the feast of Whitsuntide there, and, thanks to my stay of several days, I was able to understand the phenomenal growth and immense influence attained in so short a period. The Church of Cleveland, like that of Chicago, had been founded only a few years before, in a suburb far from the town. The priest arrived there alone, without either help or acquaintance, finding nothing, knowing nobody. It would have been difficult to believe that such had been the state of affairs if I had not already known something of the work and the marvels accomplished by the faithful in these new States. My reception, in which all the different associations took part, their banners unfurled, was a most touching exhibition of hospitality and affection. The church and all the galleries were crowded with worshippers, thousands of voices sang the hymns, and the ground was strewn with flowers which perfumed

the air, laden with incense which mounted in silvery clouds toward the blue heavens—the priests prostrate before the altars of God, made a beautiful picture, and was quite the most edifying scene in the whole of my mission, rich though it was in heart-warming recollections. Good Father B—— may well be proud of his work, and of the results of his apostolate.

Such results, attained in the short duration of a single human life, are only possible in new countries. They afford the greatest encouragement to the humblest parsons in their work. The bishops on their side give full liberty of action, so that it may vary with the necessities of the different localities, and in order that the activity of each place in their diocese may be developed to the very utmost. Thus both agent and work increase in force, and existing parishes make new ones. Gradually independent dioceses are formed, for as soon as a parish priest has more members in his congregation than it is possible for him to know and care for, a further division is made. In Europe there are parishes of forty or fifty thousand souls. In America, on the contrary, the number rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen thousand. The dwellers in each parish form, so to speak, a large family, in which the members know one another, at least by sight, and each one is known to the priest. Thus they constitute, as I have said, large

families, each member contributing according to his power to the welfare of the community. This is how the success to-day recognised by the world is made possible, and why the Catholic Church in the United States has risen to her place of general respect and honour.

XV

THE BLACKS

MY first acquaintance with the black race in the United States was, as is usually the case with foreigners, through my servant. In this respect I had nothing to complain of. He was a quiet, steady man, father of a family, and very particular and conscientious in the performance of his duties. His manners were quite as good as those of a well-trained English *valet*, and he was perfectly polite.

This was my experience in one of the northern states, where the negroes are in the minority, and if I had written about them under the influence of those first impressions, I should probably have followed the example of many writers of great merit, and severely criticised the existing prejudices against the blacks in America. Above all, I should have lifted up my voice to protest against the crying injustice done to the coloured race in social and political circles.

My second experience was with the conductors of the Pullman cars. This was not so pleasant.

These functionaries seem to labour under the impression that travellers are made for their particular convenience. It never occurs to them to render such trifling services as may add to the comfort of those who are placed under their charge; indeed, they treat the traveller almost with disdain, and strut about in their grand, belaced uniforms and jaunty caps, oblivious of everything but their own importance. With childish delight they seem to imagine that they are the masters instead of the servants of the public. In many cases they fail even in common attention to the wants of the travellers, and on one or two of the railway lines an attempt has been made to replace the black servants by white men. But it has not been possible to carry out this scheme on account of the objection of the whites in America to do any kind of servile work.

At Washington I had an excellent opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with the life of the black population. In the capital of the United States there are special negro quarters, and whole streets inhabited by black people only. They have their own churches and schools, and keep entirely to themselves. Many follow various trades that will ensure them a modest living. They act as domestic servants, cabdrivers, laundrymen, street vendors, minstrels and street performers; nothing, in fact, comes

amiss to them. All live very simply, and their large families are crowded together in small wooden houses. These houses are very unpretentious, but for all that they attract the eye of the passer-by by their quaintness. The black people have a predilection for gaudy decorations and glaring colours, and when too poor to permit themselves any other luxuries, they will at least have a bit of some startling material for a window blind. In the evening, at the hour of vespers, when the men come home from their work, the streets grow animated, and the *piazza* is crowded. All the members of the family, great and small, settle themselves in their "rockers" and smoke the pipe of peace. Then to the strains of the banjo the old plantation songs float softly upon the evening air. These negro quarters form a town in themselves, with a population not only of a different colour, but with altogether different habits and notions. Of their intellectual faculties one can judge best by visiting the schools, and it will be found that the younger children, as a rule, are sharp and quick and learn easily. But, in the majority of cases, when they have reached the age of youth the mind seems to come to a standstill; they are unable to grasp more complicated and advanced studies, and they become discouraged and give up learning. Subjects which appeal to their imagination are most to their liking, but the

exact sciences, and specially mathematics, leave them quite indifferent.

As regards the question, so often discussed among sociologists, whether it is possible to educate the negroes up to a higher moral level, I venture to suggest that the difficulty lies not so much with the individuals as with their surroundings, with the social atmosphere in which they live. They are accused of deceitfulness, but is this not for the most part the fault of their bringing up and early associations? Let us consider what has been the past of the black race, before condemning them for the condition in which they now are. A few decades ago they were a nation of slaves. Liberty came upon them suddenly before they were ripe for it, before they were sufficiently civilised to make a proper use of their freedom. And for this reason the education question is such a serious one, for this large fraction of the population of the United States has to be raised to a cultural level sufficiently high to obliterate all fear of the "black peril."

The total number of blacks in the States is roughly estimated at 9,000,000, and reckoning the white population at something over 80,000,000, the proportion cannot be called alarming. The danger spoken of as the "black peril" and the complications which may ensue is confined to the southern states, where the number of blacks

not only equals, but often exceeds that of the white inhabitants. The blacks are in the majority in the states of Mississippi and South Carolina, where they form more than 58 per cent. of the population. In Louisiana they form 47, in Georgia 46, in Alabama 45, and in Florida 43 per cent., or nearly half of the total number of inhabitants. In Virginia and North Carolina the blacks still exceed 35 per cent., and in Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas and Maryland they number about 20 to 30 per cent. In the other states the proportion of blacks is considerably smaller, and the danger therefore lies not so much in the total number of blacks in the United States, as in their grouping together in certain districts, notably in the districts bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and on the shores of the Atlantic. In the interior states of the south they still preponderate, but in a lesser degree, and for the rest they are fairly evenly dispersed over the land, and form a decided minority.

The centralisation in the southern regions inevitably leads to serious difficulties, and graver even than the political questions and the endless frictions arising therefrom are the social problems involved. Since the abolition of slavery in 1865, nearly half a century ago, the negroes are supposed to enjoy equal social and political rights with the white population of the United States. There is universal suffrage.

According to the wording of the Constitution, the descendants of the founders of the land and the children of the slaves are all equal. But in reality this law has never been enforced. In the first place, the negroes, although suddenly enfranchised, have taken no interest in State matters, all their energies being occupied in making provision for themselves under the altered conditions. Moreover, the greater number of these old plantation hands have not by a long way reached the cultural standard which would enable them to benefit either themselves or the State by taking part in the administration of the land. In the districts where they have appeared to show a more lively interest in politics, it has almost invariably been at the instigation of demagogues and adventurers of all kind.

The general experience has been that in order to ensure public peace, the lower classes must be excluded from the political arena. To this end various preventive measures have been introduced in different states. In Mississippi, for instance, the right of vote is granted only to persons who understand what the national Constitution is. In South Carolina a knowledge of reading and writing is obligatory for obtaining the right of suffrage. In Virginia and the other southern states similar preventive clauses have been accepted, all giving facilities for the with-

holding of the electoral vote from the blacks and from all politically unfit or incompetent persons.

These measures, although often vague, and giving rise to a good deal of arbitrary interpretation, have at any rate for many years checked the turbulent element and secured peace to the States. Wherever attempts have been made to look into the question, the general dissatisfaction has always become more prominent, and the more strictly the letter of the constitutional law has been applied, the greater the agitation has grown. The most impartial and serious-minded statesmen have not been able to suggest any definite means for the solution of the difficulty. It is the question uppermost in everybody's mind. Much has been written on the subject, and it is frequently discussed at political meetings and in parliament, but so far without satisfactory results.

Meanwhile, the number of educated blacks steadily increases. Men returning to their native villages, after finishing their university education, easily gain popularity, and loudly claim for their clans the rights to which the Constitution entitles them. Fights between whites and blacks are on the increase, and assume day by day a more alarming character, and as time goes on the hatred of the white workman for his black brother becomes accentuated instead of softened.

But the moral grievances are even more

serious than these purely material troubles. It will take centuries to overcome the antipathy and to level the difference of disposition and temperament which thus far has kept the two races apart, and not until many generations have passed, can the blacks attain to a standard of civilisation which shall put them on an equality with the white population. The existing ill-feeling, it is to be feared, although partly due to their intellectual deficiencies, is aggravated by the superior physical qualities of the lower race. The American negroes are more prolific than the white population, and this in itself is sufficient cause for alarm. Yet, well considered, the danger is not so great as it appears at first sight. It is true that the birthrate among the blacks is higher than among the whites, but, taking into consideration the constant influx of white immigrants, the proportion between the white and the black population still remains in favour of the former. Official statistics show that the proportion of the black race has been steadily decreasing since the beginning of last century. In the first decade of the nineteenth century the blacks formed 19 per cent. of the total population, and in the last decade of the same century their numbers had decreased to 11 per cent.

Allowing that the increase of the white inhabitants is due chiefly to immigration, and not, in

the first place, to births, we are not surprised that a cry of alarm is raised throughout the land, and that "racial suicide" is being denounced as one of the great national evils. Is not the President himself up in arms against this "scourge" of the great cities? Yet, knowing as we do that hundreds of thousands of newcomers are landed every year at the various ports of the Atlantic, to make their home in the States, there seems no immediate danger of a preponderance of the blacks to the detriment of the white people. The negroes are, for the present, denied any leading part in political, commercial, and social matters, and although there are men of distinction, and even of eminence, among the coloured population, these are but isolated cases, or rather they are the forerunners, for as yet the race, as a whole, is excluded from the best society of the great cities and the select clubs, and is not admitted into first-class hotels and restaurants.

It is difficult to say how far these exclusive measures are justifiable, for, although contrary to the liberal character of the Constitution, and directly opposed to the American principles of equality, it would seem as if the present circumstances have almost necessitated this arrangement. The negroes in the United States are in a false position, and the treatment they receive is doubtless very galling to those among them who, by natural gifts, by superiority of intellect,

and, above all, by arduous study and the acquirement of many cultural accomplishments, have raised themselves above the majority of their brethren, and are now in every respect the equals of their white compatriots. Social conditions are against them. They have to cope with racial prejudices, so ingrained that it seems impossible to eradicate them. Indeed, the feeling of aversion to the blacks is stronger to-day than it has ever been. For in the past, in the days of slavery, there was at least compassion for them. No white man with any human feelings could help showing pity and sympathy with those unfortunates, but when, with the abolition of slavery, they received—so-called—equal rights with the whites, this pity turned to spite, and in many cases to hatred. The depth of this hatred may be gathered from the institution of lynch-law, which most often has been an expression of, and administered in a spirit of, vindictiveness. The newspapers have given horrible accounts of the application of this unwritten law, with many revolting details, and we can only look upon these as the remnants of barbarism in the United States.

The present stage is one of transition. The present position of the negroes cannot continue, even in the case of those who are comparatively prosperous and satisfied with their lot. They must develop. They are treated as

children and kept in a state of perpetual childhood, no matter how great their aptitude, how superior their endowments. We forget that they are growing, that our efforts to keep them down are futile, and that time must leave its stamp of progression upon them as upon the rest of humanity. The race is young, still almost in its infancy, and it will have to pass through many phases and through a general evolution before it can reach maturity, but, situated as it is among the most advanced institutions and the most modern culture, the process of assimilation must inevitably be rapid and easy. The work of education, or rather of elevation, is therefore an important and a noble task. The school can do much, but without the wholehearted aid of society, the desired result can never be attained.

It is not for a moment to be admitted that the negroes will consent always to remain labourers and field workers if they live in the country, and servants if they live in the town; that their intellectual qualities will never be of any weight in the social scale. It must be remembered that "caste" is no longer tolerated, that personal merit alone is the ladder by which the individual rises to the top. Every man's value must be tried in the field of action, and every man's labour must receive its just reward. Therefore every child in the land must have the

same advantages for his formation and development in order that his qualifications may be brought to light. And that is why I venture to think that it is futile to treat the blacks as if they were overgrown children. I have noticed it every time I have seen whites and blacks together. It is not that the white people are necessarily harsh or unkind in their manner, but the tone of voice always reminds me of the nursery. They laugh at them, do not take them seriously, treat them, in fact, with a kind of superior indulgence, as if they could not help it, for "they are but children."

Yes, they are children, and often very badly behaved children, but whose fault is that? The vices so often laid to their charge, such as untruthfulness and dishonesty, are they not to a large extent the result of their bringing up, of the treatment they have received in the world? Imagine a white child brought up under the same conditions as a little blackamoor: should we not find in him many of the faults and defects which we are apt to attribute especially to the black race? Nature is not so unfair as we often make her out to be. Vices and virtues are more or less evenly distributed among all races, but the good and the bad qualities are differently developed. External circumstances, cultural, social, ethical conditions, have influenced the natural germs in a different manner. The

peculiarities which we call characteristic of the negro, although they may be largely developed in them, would be more correctly determined as eminently human. Qualities, good and evil, are deeply rooted in all mankind, but in the case of the blacks, the good properties have never had a chance of developing, either in their native land, Africa, or in their present home, America, while the evil tendencies have never been controlled or exterminated by culture. Left to their own instincts, they grow up wild as the trees of the forest. And their religious ideas are equally crude and vague. Pagans by origin, they embraced, on their arrival in America, the faith of the nearest church, and accepted the teachings of the first missionary with whom they were brought in contact; often, also, they merely followed the master of the plantation in his belief, whatever it might be. As for any deeper knowledge of religion, or a clearer understanding of the doctrines of Christianity, few had either taste or leisure for such enquiries. The consequence is that now, especially among the better informed, we find many free-thinkers and atheists. These form a small faction as yet, but amidst the many social and moral difficulties which beset the path of the black population in the United States, is not this one of the gravest symptoms? Can we not see the approaching danger, when

they will, as one man, discard all respect for authority, and become socialists ?

Mr Theodore Roosevelt, whose presidency has been marked by so many novel and spontaneous actions, has prepared a surprise for his country also in his treatment of the negroes. A black man has been his guest at the White House! Outside America it is difficult to realise the astounding effect, the panic this action has created, the sudden revolution it has produced in the mind of the public. A black man received at the table of the President! The news spread like wildfire throughout the country. The daily papers were full of it, and their censure was severe. At the very time that the "colour question" had assumed such grave proportions, especially in the southern provinces, the cordiality of the President to one of the coloured race was denounced as inopportune, and little short of antipatriotic. Yet, strange as this departure may appear, the distinguished citizen, in whose favour the exception was made, is fully worthy of the honour bestowed upon him. Mr Booker T. Washington is well known to have already done much for the cause of his brethren, and his name inspires universal admiration.

He commenced his career as servant at the Hampton School, and by his industry and exemplary conduct obtained the goodwill of

the professors, who permitted him to follow the course of studies there. He is a professor himself now, and president of the Model Institute at Tuskegee, of which laudable mention has often been made. In this establishment more than a thousand black children are instructed in all the practical industries of life. They are taught housekeeping and cooking, carpentry, joinery and bricklaying, in fact all that belongs to the building, furnishing and keeping of a house. The scheme is an excellent one, and, what is more to the point, seems to answer its purpose.

Mr Booker T. Washington is of opinion that the negroes have need, in the first place, of primary civilisation. They want the solid foundation of modern culture and moral principles. Familiar as we are with the dark pages of the history of slavery, and knowing something of the savage life led by their ancestors in the virgin forests of Africa, we can well understand that it will be no easy matter to make up by education all that is denied to them by inheritance. Mr Washington, the zealous advocate of his race, is fully conscious of this, and it is therefore his earnest desire that the process of education shall be slow and systematic, in order that they may, by gradual stages, rise to the standard of culture attained by the white population in the United States. Of ultimate success he has no doubt.

XVI

A VISIT TO MR ROOSEVELT

MR ROOSEVELT is perhaps the first to recognise officially the necessity of a loftier social and national moral standard. It is also worthy of remark that though the United States worked at first, with what energy we have already seen, for the material well-being of her citizens and the worldly prosperity of the nation, to-day she is actively interested in the moral development of the country. I had a very long conversation with the President on this subject, just as he was commencing his term of office, in which he expressed full agreement with the general opinion as to the necessity of giving children a thorough religious education.

During this interview, Mr Roosevelt not only made a great impression on me by that charming simplicity so characteristic of all great men, and by the intelligence to which every one bears testimony, but even more by the very keen interest he takes in all ethical questions, particularly in those connected with education.

He clearly sees that the most perfect schools, from the point of view of instruction, of which there are many in the United States, would be ineffective if the children did not receive a solid moral grounding, as well as instruction proper.

I had the advantage of being received alone by the President of the Republic, in his study in the historical White House. It is a spacious, but very simple room, to which I was conducted by an usher or servant, without uniform or livery. The absolute want of all parade and luxury, this somewhat severe and simple environment cannot fail to impress a stranger. One is not overwhelmed by the cold, ceremonious splendour of the conventional audience chamber. There is nothing of that official luxury and crowd of important-looking personages that usually surround the chief of a state, and nothing of that commonplace stage management which, instead of heightening the effect, destroys it. How often the futile parade of reception rooms and the infantile formalities of etiquette detract from the value of personalities which, in a more natural light and atmosphere, would appear to infinitely greater advantage.

The simplicity of White House corresponds exactly with the disposition of its present occupant, and his study, strewn with books, papers and maps, is an illustration of the spirit of work. The papers are as numerous as their contents

are diverse. Their owner is interested in everything, and any question relating to the present epoch has his sympathy. Himself a writer of no small merit, whose books, whether on history or on social questions, have made a universal stir, he is greatly interested in the intellectual output of all nations.

Besides his official occupations he is a soldier and an enthusiastic agriculturist. He has a farm in the West, where he has passed years together, and where he was first attracted to rural pursuits. Even now the President takes a delight in following the agricultural progress of his country in the press. He is no less at home when sword in hand, and at the head of his rough riders he has given proof to the world of military valour. Particularly striking, even in this country of "go," is the enthusiasm with which he throws himself into everything he undertakes. An ardent statesman, he does his utmost to extend and increase the responsibilities of the presidential field of action more and more every day; and his Imperialism has widened the sphere of presidential activity to an extent hitherto unknown. The President of the Republic of the United States exercises to-day more power than any European sovereign. "To will is to do," as the saying runs, and during his presidency, Mr Roosevelt has proved the truth of this. Even America's success in

international diplomacy must be attributed in great part to his personal will-power.

During my stay at Washington people could talk of nothing else but the preliminaries of the Russo-Japanese Peace. Having but lately returned from the Far East, the question interested me all the more keenly. The methods of warfare had become more and more cruel; the victims had increased every day. It is horrible to see thousands and thousands of people massacred, and hecatombs of human lives. The reconciliation of the combatants, and the successful issue of the Peace, are largely due to Mr Roosevelt, and for this he merits the gratitude of the whole world.

The study at White House bore evidence to all this activity, to the labours, as excessive as important, of the occupant. If an aspect of cold and impassable grandeur sets its seal on the sumptuous palaces of the Old World, the presidential abode—just as much as the most insignificant office in the country—testifies to a palpitating activity. If what I heard is correct, that White House is to be altered, enlarged and refurnished, so that it may be more suitable for the abode of the president of a great power, I think it would certainly be a pity. The simplicity of White House renders it infinitely more magnificent than all the treasures of the world could make it. Any

parade would be a sign of decadence. The modesty of Washington's home is its greatest luxury, for *it is only the truly great that can allow themselves a humble appearance*. The most splendid façades and the most lofty domes count for nothing — it is the *thought* expressed in an edifice that is important. The idea represented by the White House makes it a national glory.

Mr Roosevelt kept me for some time, charming me more and more by the unconventionality of his manner, and by the sincere note that rings through all his utterances. I think that those celebrated speeches, in which he begs his compatriots not to lose sight of their higher development in the pursuit of wealth, owe their popularity mostly to the unmistakable honesty of his nature. He upholds those domestic and civic virtues which are the most stable props of the social order. Mr Roosevelt owes his personal influence, not only in the States, but in the world, to something more than his brilliant qualities and strength of will; he owes it to his moral sentiments, and to the noble example he sets as citizen, husband and father, not less than as head of a State.

During his long public career he has passed through all the phases of political life. He was also for a long time a rancher on the prairies of the West, leading the hard existence of a pioneer. As organiser of the famous rough-

riders he made acquaintance with military life, and as Chief of Police in New York, he was brought into contact with all the diverse elements of the capital. This life, as full of movement as of variety, helped him, not only to acquire a detailed knowledge of his country, but a profound understanding of his compatriots. He talks of the different districts of American territory as if he always lived there, and there is no one of any distinction whom he does not know personally. It cannot be doubted that these experiences must have widened his ideas in every respect. We touched on many subjects during the interview, and he entered into each with the same interest, treating all with equal thoroughness. As soon as a question regarding the well-being of humanity is raised, his discourse becomes eloquent.

The President spoke most eulogistically of the Catholic Church, and of her constant co-operation for the public good. He has many friends among the clergy, and loses no occasion of publicly affirming his sentiments of profound esteem for their apostolate.

Mr Roosevelt is particularly interested in mission work among the labouring classes, and spoke with warmth of the public misfortunes resulting from the strikes and riots that had happily been terminated by the benevolent intervention of the Church. He knows, and likes

to visit, the parish schools, where he never fails to arouse ardour by his speeches. He generally speaks on the spur of the moment, and his subject varies with circumstances, though the moral and religious note which dominates all his addresses is unvaried. These presidential discourses are noted word by word; read at a distance they cannot create half the effect produced on the spot. The great success of Mr Roosevelt's utterances is partly due to the spontaneity with which he expresses his thoughts, but perhaps even more to the force of his personality. This is a proof of the existence of that personal magnetism, so often extolled, which seems to create a direct current between orator and audience, not only convincing, but fascinating. As Mr Gladstone said: "What we take from an audience in sympathy, we give back to them in eloquence." There are also in his improvised addresses, though sometimes careless in form, happy phrases which find a place in the memory, and are helpful in the battle of life.

"In the eternal war of good and evil, the friends of good must remember that it is not enough to be irreproachable, but that they must act."

"Honesty in public and private life must be the foundation of everything,—an honesty which respects not only the strict letter of the law, but practises in spirit."

His ideas are not merely elevated, they are of eminently practical value. They contribute not only to individual but to national good.

“‘*God save the State!*’ Are you satisfied with singing that, or do you try to realise it? If you only sing it, your share will be but a poor one in the realisation of your vows. The State will only be saved if God puts into the hearts of the citizens the desire to live in such a way that the State deserves to be saved.”

From the mouth of the head of a republic the effect of such words may easily be imagined. The practical value of his discourses is incalculable, as well as the impression they make upon the masses who, though of little culture, have an open mind and much imagination. It is therefore not astonishing if they regard Mr Roosevelt, not only as the President of their Government, but as the living expression of national force and aspiration.

He is American in the strictest and best sense of the word. Though descended from one of the “Knickerbocker” families who founded New York, yet, on the distaff side, the blood that courses in his veins is that of the Latin and Celtic races which populated the country. By his career, sphere of labour and strenuous action, he represents the model citizen of his country. The practical many-sidedness of his activity makes him so sympathetic to his com-

patriots, that no one would dare to say that Mr Roosevelt has any one pronounced faculty. He is forgiven for the hardest lessons and the severest reproaches, for every one knows that they are the outcome of good intentions.

Though when he alludes to the manners of his countrymen, or brings their vices to light, he takes a very hard view, the crowd silently and respectfully acquiesces. One of his favourite subjects, to which he constantly refers, is the danger of immorality in married life.

The problems of education, of childhood, and of adult morality are also specially interesting to him. He treats these subjects with great courage—even frankness—when he stands, like the last of the troopers, facing the enemy, or when he unmasks some scandal or corruption in the administration.

To the children in a school he will forcefully utter harsh words such as these :

“There is always a tendency in very young people, especially in boys hardly adolescent, to believe that a little vice, being a proof of manliness, is necessary to distinction. How often have you not heard a little fellow boast of having learnt what life is, when he had only learnt that side of life of which it is best to be ignorant ?”

This simple truth, so often heard, which would make but little impression on the souls of young people if expressed by masters or

parents, never fails to sink deep into their minds when spoken by the President.

Even when he exhorts persons of ripe age and of prominent social position his reprimands are accepted as just.

“When women shrink from maternity they are trembling on the brink of damnation; they should be swept off the face of the earth, or they should be despised.”

The nation applauds. No one dreams of resenting what he says, and even those who are guilty have nothing to urge in excuse. On the contrary, the most degraded are proud of the President's elevated thoughts. His utterances are regarded, not as those of an individual, but as those of the nation; by his lips the mass of the people expresses disapproval or condemnation.

I listened with increasing interest while the President unfolded his favourite ideas. He discourses with pleasure to visitors from distant climes, and is never tired of restating the opinions to be found in his books and in his addresses. He repeats them constantly, and they are often quoted by those who have had the opportunity of meeting him. But however well known they may be, the subjects of his speeches and interviews are not the less interesting for that, for the method of exposition is always original.

Evidently it is enthusiasm which renders Mr Roosevelt's addresses so significant. Though they may sometimes be wanting in rhetoric, the effect is perhaps all the greater. Geniality and sincerity are the qualities which make his words so fascinating. He shows to even greater advantage in an interview than on a platform ; at least that is my personal opinion. I admired his spirit and the force of his oratory when he made his grand Inaugural speech from the top of the peristyle to an immense crowd—to the whole nation, in fact. His pathos was dramatic in the highest degree ; many thought it theatrical. To tell the truth, personally I do not care for pathos, however artistic it be, and in old countries it is going more and more out of use. Perhaps this is why Mr Roosevelt's conversation impressed me infinitely more than his speeches.

At the end of our interview he touched upon the problems of work and the disposition of labour and capital. Consequently, he spoke of the social conditions of the lower classes. No one knows these better than he does. Having been President of the Police Board, he had opportunities of verifying the most minute details of misery and suffering in the New York slums. It was then that he learnt, not only the material, but the moral needs of immigrants.

It was then, too, on one occasion, that he jokingly promised that, if ever he were to become President of the Republic, he would come and pass the evening in "*Little Hungary*," the meeting-place of a group of Hungarians. The banquet, now so famous, took place a few days after my arrival. Not only the house where the entertainment was given, but the whole quarter was decorated with bunting and with the American and Hungarian flags. The President arrived at the head of a solemn procession, and the streets of New York had never resounded to such "Hurrahs!" and "*Eljen!*" as thundered forth together that evening.

The presidential toast had an effect impossible to describe. Next day all the newspapers of the country — one might almost say of the whole world — published it. The President of the United States of America chose this occasion to acquaint the whole world with his opinion on the question of immigration.

"Whatever be the religion or the birthplace of the newcomer, we welcome him sincerely. In return, we have a right to insist that he does not bring with him the quarrels and prejudices of the Old World. He must also be made to understand that America never admits anarchy or secret societies whose avowed design is murder, here or abroad. This lesson is the same for all peoples who come here, whatever be their race."

These words were almost identical with those which he addressed to me a few weeks later in Washington. They were not new; I had heard them before—even read them in books. In spite of this, they made quite a novel impression upon me. As I have observed above, their effect was due to the accent of sincerity and to the warmth with which they were pronounced. Mr Roosevelt speaks with fervour on platforms at popular meetings, but his pathos is not less effective in a *tête-à-tête*. I should say that the President's emphasis, which is often declared to be artificial, is, on the contrary, absolutely natural in intimate talk.

His nature is an ardent one. It is easy to see that he is one of those men who can do nothing by halves, and throws himself heart and soul into the question or cause with which he is engaged. If we cast a cursory glance over his past, we see that all his life, and in all the phases of his varied career, as child, as cowboy, and as President, he has been engaged in mounting one by one the rungs of the ladder of American public life. He has been in turn farmer, soldier, employé; but everywhere, and in all these somewhat contradictory occupations, he has exhibited the same zeal and perseverance.

Perseverance and will-power are the most eminent qualities of Mr Roosevelt. Without them he would never have succeeded in his

numerous enterprises. These two pronounced characteristics render him such a typical figure. Thanks to them, he has become the most popular citizen of the nation. There is no mistaking the fact. Mr Roosevelt may have antagonists in politics and in public life, but that does not prevent him from being the admired leader, of whom the whole United States are proud.

He is, so to speak, the personification of the States, not only of their inclinations, but of the new tendencies of the country. He is, above all, a man of action, but at the same time he labours for ideals. In the numerous works that the President of the Republic has found time to write in the midst of all this activity, the object he has at heart is to express his thoughts and recommend these ideals to the nation. In "The Ideal American," "The Strenuous Life," "The Conquest of the West," the duties and principles of citizenship are brought to the front. In short, all his books are text-books, written for the members of a young nation. They contain indirect lessons for the encouragement of noble aspirations in the masses, still in a state of formation and development. Each page presents maxims in praise of public and private virtues; each chapter illustrates some moral argument. It is immaterial that such doctrines are well known; they will

always remain the fundamental principles of family and civic life and duty. Every time that they are enunciated afresh, they cannot fail to make the finest and most sensitive chords of human nature vibrate.

When the Chief of a State emphasises these things to his people, and when the first commoner of the Republic does not repeat them merely as a lesson learnt by rote, but also practises them, the result is far more efficacious and of far greater importance. Another advantage may be perceived when an eminently practical man gives utterance to such theories. The presidential addresses are not the work of a mere theorist, his books are not the abstract suggestions of a philosopher who never quits his study. On the contrary, these convictions are the outcome of a practical life, and represent a detailed acquaintance with America. He has acquired tabulated knowledge on the spot, whether buried in the solitudes of far-away prairies, jostled and hustled in the whirlpool of the great city streets, or in constant contact with the most diverse classes of society. In peace and in war, Mr Roosevelt has always been in the forefront of toil and strife. Life, with its chances, has taught him the lesson which he advocates to-day.

The President of this great Republic expresses, whether in private or public, the sentiments

of the masses. American Imperialism, and the necessity of fighting against corruption, were earnestly desired by public opinion. The nation strove in a heroic manner to gain her liberty of yore; to-day she understands that, in order to be great, she must purify her morals and carefully bring up the rising generation.

Mr Roosevelt's conversation was of real importance, in that it expressed the thought of the whole nation. On questions social or political, on matters educational or religious, the words of the President resounded like the echo of the nation; and this, not only because he is the official representative of his country, but still more because, by his natural disposition and salient characteristics, he is a typical American. In short, the great secret of Mr Roosevelt's popularity is that he thinks and acts like the majority of his countrymen.

The incessant activity and intensity of his work, whether on the ranches of the West, at the writing-table in his study, or even at the head of his battalion, are what every American boy considers the best and the happiest existence. It is this life of action that we admire so much in the United States. As soon as the President noted the necessity of directing physical energy by spiritual thought, he did not hesitate to express his conclusions, and launched his reprimand to the world: "A people that sacrifices

everything to the acquisition of wealth cannot be too severely judged."

I regret that I cannot record all he said to me, but each of his remarks was instructive and highly important and valuable, as it made me realise, not only his personal predilections, but the sentiments of the nation.

I listened to Mr Roosevelt as though the American people were speaking in him. Imbued with vigour and full of enthusiasm, the ideas of the whole population seem reflected in his conversation. It was as though the whole nation expressed itself in his eloquent utterances—the nation proud of its work, and the nation striving for ideals of a higher order.

Young and sturdy, decided in her actions and confident in her hopes, America labours indefatigably, certain of her success.

This vigour and self-confidence are the two most prominent qualities of this new country. These two eminent and powerful factors have rendered the people capable of their incessant activity.

It is this youth and force that the Old World most admires in her young rival, who will so soon surpass her. But the life of nations is very similar to that of individuals. They, too, have their youth, their maturity and their decadence.

The United States of America have the advantage — perhaps also the drawbacks — of a golden youth.

XVII

THE VALLEY OF LAMENTATION

PITTSBURG, 1907

THE bells are tolling for a funeral. The modest train of mourners is just setting out for the little churchyard on the hill. Everything is shrouded in gloom, even the coffin lying upon the bier, and the people who stand on each side in threadbare clothes and with heads bent. Such is my sad reception at the Hungarian working-men's colony at M'Keesport. Every one who has been in the United States has heard of this famous town, and of Pittsburg, its close neighbour, which is perhaps better known. This is the great centre of the iron and steel industry of America. Here are the innumerable foundries of the famous, or infamous, Steel Trust, that monstrous industrial excrescence.

Fourteen thousand tall chimneys are silhouetted against the sky, along the valley extending from M'Keesport to Pittsburg; and these fourteen thousand chimneys discharge their burning sparks and smoke incessantly. The realms of Vulcan could not be more sombre or filthy than this valley of the Monongahela.

The foundries and smelting-works are up-reared in serried ranks farther than eye can reach over the surrounding countryside. On every hand are seen burning fires and spurting flames. Look where one will, nothing is visible save the forging of iron and the smelting of metal. From thousands upon thousands of these plants the thud of the steam-hammers and the hissing of escaping steam smite aggressively on our ears. One can hardly imagine it to be the conscious labour of human beings; the thundering tumult, blinding flame, and choking steam which surround us, rather suggest a horrible calamity fallen upon the land. From above, soot, ashes, and glowing embers rain in a steady shower, as though from some volcanic crater; indeed it is difficult to believe all this chaos to be wrought by human hands. It is like the nether world of Pluto, the valley of Hades—of eternal night. Only the imagination of a Dante could depict the horrors of a hell so dreadful as that to be found on the Monongahela, and well might every newcomer be addressed in the words of the Divine Comedy: “*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch’entrate!*” (“All hope abandon ye who enter here!”)

In this mephitic atmosphere, mist-laden, the tolling bell performs its solemn function in a manner suggestive of some tired and struggling creature, while the funeral cortège wends its

sorrowful way slowly towards the distant churchyard.

Along the valley below, the workmen's colony and the mighty conglomeration of forges and factories unfold themselves to our view. Pittsburg, Homestead, Braddock, Duquesne, M'Keesport, follow on each other like links in an interminable chain. The impression given by the sight of this series of gigantic industrial hives is indescribable and horrible in the extreme. It may best, perhaps, be characterised in the language of the Americans themselves: "*Pittsburg is Hell with the lid off.*" And this fearful place affects us very closely, for thousands of emigrants wander here from year to year. Here they fondly expect the realisation of their cherished hopes, and here, in this inferno, they suffer till they are swallowed up. He whom we are now burying is the latest victim. Yesterday he was in full vigour and at work in the foundry, toiling, struggling, hoping;—a chain broke, and he was killed. To-day he is a new addition to the row of silent sleepers in the churchyard, but to-morrow—who knows how many may be added?

Like the terrible idols in past ages, the implacable iron and steel works must have their daily human sacrifice. Scarce an hour passes without an accident, and no day without a fatal disaster. But what avails it if *one* man be crippled, a life extinguished, among so many,

when each place can be filled from *ten* men, all eager for it? Newcomers camp out in sight of the foundry gates, while a little farther away others are arriving with almost daily regularity—thousands of newcomers to don the fetters of slavery.

The road leading to the barren and dreary churchyard is lined on both sides by humble wooden dwellings, smoke-begrimed and dirty, miserable barn-like structures. It may be that there was no longer room in the other burial-grounds for dead Magyars, a separate place has been allotted to them. The ditch dug a few hours ago is awaiting its occupant, who is now being escorted to his last resting-place by a few of his comrades. His family is at his old home, expecting to join him later. His wife is not yet aware that she is a widow, and his children do not know they are fatherless.

The sad dirge of the Psalms is rendered still more pathetic by the confused and angry murmur arising from the forges and foundries. The hissing of the boilers, the roar of the blast-furnaces, and the whirr of the wheels accompany the last "farewell" of the old *cantor*, in cruel and menacing disharmony. Oh, the pathos of the scene!

Meantime, the sun goes down, yet it will not become dark. Evening tranquillity is unknown here, and twilight does not bring peace and rest.

The fires burn on, the steam-hammers clang, and the rain of sparks continues with even greater fury. Toil and struggle proceed without intermission. There is no Sunday in the hell of Monongahela; no holidays are observed. The host of bond-slaves bear their yoke without cessation. There is no day and no night; for God's day is darkened by steam, and smoke, and clouds of soot rising heavenward, while the dark pall of night is snatched away by a conflagration worthy the abode of Satan himself.

Words fail adequately to describe Pittsburg, this city of dreadful night; no human language contains sufficient adjectives for the purpose. Everything and everybody are black and gloomy; black is the place, and black is the air; the sky itself is black. Day and night these fourteen thousand chimneys pour forth their noisome vomit of smoke, steam, soot, embers, and sparks, killing everything that grows and blooms, vegetation, grass, flowers, and shrubs, in a territory of a day's journey in extent. In the works, around the furnaces, the atmosphere is poisonous, the heat infernal. The temperature is such that the human organism cannot endure some of the furnaces for more than a few minutes. The workmen are relieved every ten or fifteen minutes, but even in this brief period the perspiration rolls down their naked bodies, and their lungs, and, indeed, their whole constitutions, are fatally

infected by the poisonous gases thrown off by the filthy materials in use.

This is scarcely work for *mankind*. Citizens of Pittsburg, Americans, will hardly undertake anything of the sort; only immigrants, rendered desperate by circumstances, take up this degrading means of earning their daily bread. When a foreigner arrives, he is quite alone. In his lonesome state he has no one to take an interest in him and guide him with friendly advice. He comes from the shores of the blue Adriatic, or from the sunny valleys of the Carpathians, without means, and he must perforce seek and obtain work. He knows neither the language nor the customs of the strange land in which he finds himself, and thus he is at the mercy of the tyrannous Trust, which gathers him into its clutches and transforms him from a free being into a regular slave. The state of the humble immigrant is worse even than that of the Chinese coolie, who sometimes learns the language with comparative quickness, and soon, with the shrewdness of his race, fits himself for some less arduous employment in the sphere of industry.

As regards the American-born, the lowest from the slums, and the negro with his native cunning, lead better lives and follow less congenial careers as waiters, domestic servants, or railway employés; but they will sink no lower.

The alien, however, unable to discriminate, accepts the cruel degradation uncomplainingly and unquestioningly, and performs such revolting tasks as are scarcely offered to Americans, and which the yellow Chinaman and the black negro decline to undertake.

This is one of the saddest features of the Hungarian emigration, of which a visit to the factories, foundries, and furnaces of Pittsburg will furnish abundance of convincing proof. In making a tour of these industrial prisons, wherever the heat is most insupportable, where the flames most scorch, and the smoke and soot are most choking, there we are certain to find compatriots bent and wasted with toil. And it would seem to us, as we gaze upon the thin, wrinkled, and wan faces before us, that in America the newcomer is of no use except to help to fill the money-bags of the insatiable millionaires, by the sweat of his brow, by his blood and sinew — aye, even by his life itself. After all these depressing experiences comes the saddest one of all — absolute unappreciation, callous ingratitude; he is despised for the very pains with which he has filled his task-master's coffers.

In this realm of Mammon and Moloch everything has a value—*except human life*. Scientific brains cogitate how to turn the filthiest dross to account, but no one concerns himself about the

sanguinary destruction which goes on constantly in the ranks of mankind. Why? Because human life is a commodity whose supply exceeds the demand. There are always fresh recruits thronging to supply the place of those who fall in the battle of life; and steamships are constantly arriving at the neighbouring ports and discharging their living human cargo still further to swell the phalanx of the instruments of cupidity. The situation is revolting, and certainly not less terrible than in pre-abolition days, when slavery was a recognised institution. It is even sadder and more essentially tragic. *White* slavery is an institution whose depths of misery and degradation are lower even than they were in the *black* slave-holding days.

It is true that the factory labourers of Pittsburg get more money than farm hands on the old plantations, but if they get more, they have also to sacrifice much more. Whereas the black slaves of the past spent their lives under the blue vault of heaven, in the enjoyment of sunshine and health-giving open air, the pariahs of Pittsburg struggle for their lives in noisome dungeons, shut out of the pure daylight, and from morning till night enveloped in fire, water, steam, and smoke.

Day after day, week after week, year in, year out, their tired eyes rest upon nothing

but glowing iron and molten steel. But yes, there is some change—a constant recurrence of disasters, the bloody tax exacted by this Moloch of the furnaces, who claims his victim every day. Sometimes he exacts more than usual, as when some awful explosion makes work for death's scythe, which cuts broad and deep swathes in the ranks of the workmen. If one could compute the fatal accidents that take place in a year at the Pittsburg plants, the number would be found to be incredibly large. And if one ascertained the extent to which preventive measures are taken to minimise this waste of human life, one would find, alas! that the *minimum is done*. The number of accidents is steadily on the increase. A fellow-countryman, a blacksmith of Pittsburg, related to me the following very typical incident. Some workmen were set to repair a boiler that was out of order. The men ventured to call the foreman's attention to the fact that certain parts were corroded, and predicted an accident if the matter were not remedied. The foreman's reply was terse, and put the situation in a nutshell: "*The emigrant steamers bring workmen enough!*" A week later the defective boiler exploded according to prediction, making a sad gap in the ranks of the labourers.

In view of the regular occurrence of disasters, and of the seemingly absolute indifference with

which the owners of the works regard the annihilation of their employés, the question arises: How can such inhuman callousness be accounted for? The only plausible answer is: The indifference of the employers is confirmed and rendered chronic by the ghastly calculation that there are more men outside the works than are required inside.

When the supply exceeds the demand, the article must perforce be held cheap. It is obvious that in this environment everything is a matter of business. What is cheaper? What gives more profit? The reformation of the works on the lines of safety and sanitation, so far as might be practicable, would cost much more than the compensation which the employers are legally bound to pay in cases of accident. Therefore they prefer to take the cheaper—though inhumane—course; and so things go on as they have ever been since the beginning. Obsolete machinery and appliances are very often used instead of the expensive improvements, for the simple reason that alterations would cost much more than the “death-money” which the firms have to pay to the families of their victims. The new Compensation Act, recently passed, actually protects the employer instead of the employé, for it not only lowers the rate of compensation, but provides that the injured workman who has no family in America

is not entitled to compensation at all. The tendency of the Act, then, is decidedly against the toilers. Fifty per cent. of the workmen leave their wives and families in their native land, and arrive alone to commence their new existence, and when such men happen to be injured or killed, their wives and children become paupers. This Act is one of the most unjust, pernicious, and heartless that has ever been passed by any nation, and it is doubly unjust, pernicious, and heartless, in view of the fact of such a superabundance of capital, which is being further piled up hour by hour.

But the most astonishing feature of this land of dollars is the absolute indifference and contempt of the rich towards the poor. One might well suppose that, in a democratic country, such as have risen from the lowest strata of society would entertain more liberal and humane sentiments towards those less fortunate than themselves, especially their employés. But in the struggle for gold there is no room for sentiment. One might perhaps suppose that a sense of duty at least would prompt them to kindly actions. Sad experience, however, teaches otherwise. Strange as it may seem, it is found that often the most unsympathetic and callous to human woes are those who have themselves graduated in the hard school of adversity; and of such are many Americans, who evince an indifference

amazing in its utter heartlessness. In this eternal turmoil of roaring, smoking, and hissing, this seething, reeking den, the worker's lot is hard in an especial degree. But the most difficult is that of the Hungarian and the Slav, who, while getting the least pay, do the most degrading and dangerous work. Usually these people are appointed as trolley-men or as stokers in the foundries and blast-furnaces, always where the heat is most intense and the danger most imminent. And the daily remuneration for such strenuous labour and appalling risk is only about 1 dollar 75 cents.

It is hardly credible that men risk their lives for such a paltry pittance, yet so it is. When we consider that in Pittsburg lodgings, clothing, and all the necessities of life are exceedingly dear, the sum mentioned represents only the half or the third of our currency. We cannot imagine how a man can live upon it, and to save from it seems past comprehension. Yet actual fact contradicts our surmise. While he cannot be said to live, yet he *exists*, and actually manages to put aside. Most of the alien workmen have no families, and having no homes, their wants are fewer and simpler. They are not regular members of the social order; they are, as it were, outlaws. As the Chinese coolies in the Far East, so are these aliens in the miserable huts of mere pittance-givers. As many of

them are herded together in rooms as can well be packed therein, without regard to the requirements of decency or hygiene; many others do not occupy rooms at all, but find shelter from the elements in out-houses. There is no proper furniture in these hovels, simply rude wooden benches on which the occupants may lie down and sleep, closely crowded together. No comfort, no cleanliness, no light, the atmosphere sickening.

To sustain life under such conditions is hardly conceivable. Is it to be wondered at that various diseases decimate the denizens of these foul quarters? Often the most terrible epidemics rage. The food partaken of is even worse than the lodging. The people, it is true, eat meat three times a day, but the meat supplied is in nine cases out of ten unwholesome. The recent Meat Trust scandals have sufficiently proved this. The noxious effects of this tainted diet are aggravated by the fact that the workmen take very little farinaceous and vegetable food with it. Their employment is dangerous; they have no homes; their work-days are gloomy and cheerless — what may be their Sundays, their holidays? The programme of their recreations is very brief. Ignorant of the language, they can enjoy no society, they are debarred from all pleasures, the questionable ones of drinking and gambling excepted. And so the most

sober-minded of them are induced to indulge in these vices. . . .

Is there no one to rescue, to ameliorate, to help? Are there no millionaire employers with the enthusiasm of humanity to build cottages, plant gardens, and by so doing establish decent homes for their employés? Is there really no charitable organisation to interest itself in the welfare of those who expose their lives and risk their eternal salvation in the heaping up of gold, and accumulating the immense fortunes of the modern Croesuses? Not seeing anything of these, I timidly besought various people to show me some of their benevolent schemes, and at once, with an air of pride, they pointed out to me certain marble halls, lofty edifices, and gilded cupolas, "in memory of Mr X.," "to the honour of Mr Y.," and "for the glory of Mr Z." I failed to understand, and said so; and then it was explained to me that one of these palaces possesses a famous collection of antediluvian skeletons, another some marvellous ancient parchments, while Mr Z.'s glittering cupola shelters thousands of most valuable volumes. Yet I could not quite see the connection between these magnificent specimens of architectural art, with their dazzling interiors, and the practical well-being of the toilers. It seemed to me that they served much less for the benefit of the poor than for the glorification

of the rich ; and I thought how laudable it would be if Messrs X., Y. and Z., instead of advertising their own wealth and greatness in the fashion alluded to, would erect humble, yet clean and comfortable dwellings for their labourers. . . .

Is it to be wondered at if these poor, neglected, good-natured creatures — having no wholesome counter - attractions, no friends, no benevolent patrons—cannot resist the temptations lying in their path ? Who would have the heart to condemn them ? Their environment and lustreless existence drive them into the abyss. The smoky country round Pittsburg has often been called “ *Hades with all its horrors and all its sins !* ” and the comparison is even more apt on further acquaintance than it seems to be at first sight. For the everlasting flames blotting out the sky, the eternal belching forth of steam, smoke, and soot, can remind one only of Hell.

Alas ! that men should be driven to earn their daily bread by such inhuman labour, such bloody sweat ! How heartrending that man should sacrifice all his noblest aspirations, and every lofty ideal, and, blindfolded by primitive instincts, should see nothing but the alluring, chimerical *gold !* In the effort and struggle to obtain it he sacrifices peace, happiness, even God’s precious gift of life, and risks what is more precious still—his soul.

XVIII

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

“WHAT was it in America that surprised you most?” This was the question which everywhere greeted me on my return from the United States.

Everybody wished to learn of surprising adventures. They expected to hear me relate wonders of the nature of a fairy tale; they longed for exciting descriptions of life on the prairies; and romances of the Californian mining camps, or Mark Twain-like stories of the scramble for dollars in Wall Street, seemed the sort of thing for which there was greatest demand. European familiarity with matters American is generally as limited as American knowledge of international affairs is considerable and accurate.

It is undoubtedly true that our understanding of the New World is either obscure or incorrect. The teaching in our schools on the subject is very slight, and is limited to a few general

facts connected with historical events, and a superficial instruction in natural history and geography. If, however, one notes the ever-recurring succession of changes and the still quicker development of the United States, it will be patent to the most cursory observer that a far more elaborate scheme of instruction would scarcely suffice.

Many books on America have been written by travellers who are more interested in awakening astonishment than an earnest and intelligent interest in their subject. Their desire has been rather to mystify or surprise than to understand and explain. They enjoy describing the amusing side of the life of the Yankee, without caring to bring to their readers' notice the serious facts which underlie it, and they can hardly ever resist the temptation to give their narratives a flavour of the adventurous. Indeed, "The Last of the Mohicans," and other popular tales of Cooper's, appear to have sunk into their imaginations so deeply as children that they find it impossible to forget them. It is no exaggeration to say that travellers in America are apt to go there with a preconceived determination to verify these recollections of their youth. And thus, when they find that they meet with no fairy-tale adventures and no romance, they supply the deficiency out of their own imaginations without troubling about

reality, or caring to observe the everyday life around them, which, though hardly poetic, is nevertheless full of interest to those possessed of sympathy and understanding.

My own first impressions were neither astonishing nor remarkable, although to myself they conveyed something of each of these qualities: they were, however, founded on an ever-growing interest in my new surroundings.

It was on a glorious summer day that I first landed in New York. The gigantic statue of Liberty opposite the entrance of the harbour, the endless city with its houses twenty to thirty stories high, the powerful Brooklyn Bridge, whose arch spans the sky like a dusky rainbow—all around me was so enormous that for the moment I seemed to lose my sense of proportion, just as one does on seeing St Peter's or the Pyramids for the first time.

It was only as we came nearer that we were able to compare things, and to note that it is possible to walk about on the arm of the statue of Liberty with ease, that the church towers scarcely reach to the height of the tenth story of the surrounding houses, and that buildings of ordinary dimensions stretch away to the horizon in endless succession.

By the time we were anchored in the harbour, and had joined the stream of traffic pouring down Broadway, our sight was already so

accustomed to the extraordinary and gigantic proportions of all around us that we were able to smile at the smallness of our previous conceptions. It is remarkable, once surprise is overcome, how easily we accustom ourselves to the unfamiliar, and find perfectly natural that which we had previously considered impossible. But our interest deepens; the more accustomed we grow, the more we are on the *qui-vive* for new experiences, and the more anxious are we to understand their causes.

Our ears soon grew used to the clanging of the overhead railway, and our eyes to the sight of the tall sky-scrapers and roof gardens. But from day to day our astonishment and admiration increased for the industry and the power which produced these wonders, and for the activity of the people that can in so short a time create the marvels of construction that surround us.

The most interesting of all questions, however, are those ever-changing matters for observation and enquiry—the physiology and the psychology of America.

To the question, therefore, of what interested me most, I was unable to reply the Falls of Niagara, the primeval forests of Texas, the wild fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, or even Chicago's labyrinth of streets, for my attention has ever been more for the abstract than the material.

The will-power of the Americans astonished me, and the manifestations of this will-power impressed my mind more than anything else. The determination that has transformed a handful of emigrants into a powerful nation; the industry which has made it great and wealthy; and the wisdom which is leading it onward to a glorious and assured future—these were the subjects of my profoundest attention.

Whether we are to attribute this wonderful energy of America to individuals, as a quality peculiar to a few; to society, as a united force; or to the nation, as a political creed, is a question which, in spite of all my studies, I do not feel competent to decide.

How is it possible for a day-labourer to become a millionaire, an ambassador, or President of the Republic? How can a society as classically cultured as that of Boston or Baltimore be formed? How has a collection of emigrants come to constitute a flourishing state?

In the course of one century North America has shown a development, the like of which the whole history of mankind has never known. What, then, have been the most important factors in this marvellous growth, those which have formed, maintained and inspired it?

On the whole it is safe to say that too much has been attributed to America's geographical position. The United States may be said to

form an enormous plateau. The mountain chains are of monotonous outline, and seldom reach the height of the Alps, the rivers and lakes are imposing on account of their size, but offer little variety.

The greatest characteristic of the climate is its dryness. In winter cold, in summer hot, it has many points of resemblance to that of Europe, but it has no such peculiarities or extremes as would tend to hasten or retard the development of its people. Nor should we forget that when America was discovered the aboriginal tribes were on a low plane of civilisation, and to this day continue to lead a very primitive form of existence in their reserves.

The mixture of races has, in any case, had a far more powerful influence than climate or geographical position. When it is remembered that people of every latitude have emigrated to the New World, and that the children of the North have intermarried with those of the tropics, it will be admitted that this intermingling has undoubtedly made for the rejuvenation of all the races concerned.

The principles of natural selection have had an even wider influence. The poor wanderers who, in the seventeenth century, landed on the coast of Massachusetts, were not in any way men of an everyday type. Such a pilgrimage

required courage and strength of will, and in those days it meant a life-and-death struggle. The long sea voyage in badly-built craft, the arrival in an unknown country covered with primeval forest, the conquering, the keeping, and the peopling of such a district, meant overcoming many and great difficulties.

In this struggle for existence only the strong could triumph, the weak went under at once. In a new life, under new conditions which admitted of no privileges or protection, a man was valued for himself alone and for the worth that was in him. The difficulties and unending struggles of this existence fostered such natural qualities. Industry, endurance, strength of purpose, and frugality, developed as natural virtues, and were handed down from generation to generation.

During this time the North American type developed into an enduring one, which to this day remains distinct. Physically, it has much of the Anglo-Saxon in strength and form, but it is not so slender nor so refined. The facial peculiarities are more Dutch than English, although the broad cheeks, the dark-hued skin, and the shape of the head are sometimes reminiscent of the Indian type. The character shows many contrasts: serious and unsympathetic in public, by contrast the friendliness and kindness of the family circle are all the more re-

markable. The American husband and father dispenses generously in the home what he has so hardly earned abroad, and is not concerned to keep even a small share for himself.

His industry is German, his endurance is British, but his acuteness is almost that of the Latin races. It is scarcely credible what abstruse matters engross public attention in this practical and commercial country: originated in the daily papers or reviews, a great part of the press is engaged in the discussion of abstract questions. The occult sciences have nowhere so many or such ardent devotees, and there is no teacher of any doctrine, however childish or absurd, who has not his disciples.

The American temperament is remarkably youthful, spontaneous in society, naïve in its diversions, and with a taste for the brilliant and the eccentric. Americans are gregarious in disposition and make friends quickly, for they are a talkative and open-hearted nation. Their hospitality is sincere, and when they are entertaining a friend, or one whom they wish to honour, this hospitality is almost unbounded.

Rich and poor vie with each other in befriending the traveller. The dollar-king will throw open the gates of his palace with no greater readiness than will the poor cottager the door of his humble home. Millionaires and miners are one as delighted as the other to explain

their work and its ways, and to give all information as to their respective callings. They have a very clear idea of their own position and importance, which gives them ease of manner: they talk with pleasure, for each man speaks of that which he thoroughly understands, and when it is all explained, they will invite the stranger home with them to share a meal with the same easy naturalness of manner that they have displayed all through.

Hospitality is certainly a leading trait in the American character. It is in their blood, just as it is in that of us Hungarians. The American is delighted when old, or unknown, friends seek him out, and he loves to dilate to such on the progress made by his country, its power and its greatness. With almost childish vanity he will retail the story of its successes, and with unbounded contentment comment on its past history.

American hospitality has this advantage over ours, that it does not limit itself to trying to make the stranger's stay as pleasant as possible, it also endeavours to be of use to him. Directly our American hosts discover that a matter is of interest to us, they do their utmost to help us investigate it from every point of view, and in the shortest possible space of time. Thus I once mentioned, in course of a conversation on the workman question, which is undoubtedly

the most important problem of American industrialism, that I should certainly make a point of visiting the ironworks, the furnaces, and the workmen's quarter of Pittsburg—the American Sheffield. The following day I received a complete library of pamphlets on the statistics and various features of this city, together with several letters of introduction, and an intimation that the President of the Railroad had placed a drawing-room car at my disposal for the journey.

This trait made it possible for me to gain a vast number of different experiences during a comparatively short time. I have as much cause for gratitude to those whose railway-cars, yachts, and mansions made my travels easy and luxurious, as to those in whose huts I had an opportunity of studying the more difficult conditions of existence. Nothing impressed me more than to see with what equal force this spirit of hospitality inspired those whose powdered footmen served the dinner on gold plate, and the simple folk who invited me to share their homely meals off a tin platter; it was, indeed, this national trait which gave the situation its inward and psychological meaning.

Those who earn the dollars are of more interest, as types, than those who spend them. There is a wonderful potentiality about the millions, but it is even more important to

observe how the first cents of such fortunes are accumulated.

In spite of great social contrasts, the two groups of worker and employer are much nearer each other than one would suppose. Those whose labours are crowned with success can, at one stride, from the lowest ascend to the highest rung of the social ladder, for there are no prejudices and traditions to bar their progress. Both parties are equally proud of their freedom and rights of citizenship. They are convinced that on the whole the conditions of life, laws, and form of government of their country are those which are best suited to present-day requirements. They never tire of expounding their principles and opinions to the stranger, and they do everything in their power to make him grasp all the good points and advantages of their ideas.

It was for this reason that I was able from the first moment to feel myself at home with Americans, and to gain a deep insight into their inner life. When I arrived at the quay in New York I found the carriage of an acquaintance awaiting me. I was able to get my luggage through the Customs without trouble or delay, owing to the kind offices of a fellow-traveller, and as I sat amongst friends at the midday meal, I could scarcely believe that I had only a few hours previously arrived in the New World.

Whether we stay a short or a long period in a foreign country, we should always do our best to forget that we are birds of passage. We should live the life of the people we are among, and, as far as possible, adopt their ways of thinking and their customs. We should interest ourselves in actual facts, instead of arriving full of prejudices and opinions. A capacity for using opportunity will show us more the best thought-out travelling plans. In an unknown country, under new conditions, everything around us is of poignant interest. The villages and towns, the hills and valleys, which we rush past in the train have the glamour of strangeness. In North America the picturesqueness of Nature does not strike us so much as the largeness of the scale on which all natural objects are planned, and which is indeed extraordinary.

Everything in this country is gigantic. The rivers are as broad as lakes, while the lakes are inland seas. The monotony of the great prairies is unending, and as the express train rushes across them, hour after hour, and day after day, it is difficult to believe that one has not been standing still the whole time, so unchanged is the landscape. The standard of natural beauty is quite different in America, and "beautiful" is a word seldom used with appropriateness; exclamations such as "Extra-

ordinary!" "Magnificent!" "Grand!" come more aptly to the tongue. The inhabitants of these landscapes, and the life they lead, offer, however, even more material for observation and wonder.

How is it possible for new towns to spring up in the wilderness in the course of a few months? How do they become inhabited? How do they so quickly grow populous and wealthy? Truly the strength of a young nation, and its powers of production and absorption, are incalculable!

From whatever point of view we study America, and taking its unique features into consideration, we shall always find animating it that national spirit which carries all before it, whether in the crowded cities or the lonely forest, in the workshop or under the dome of the Capitol, and which is ceaselessly at work urging the nation forward. This spirit fills me with surprise and admiration, for it inspires alike, and in equal degree, the Commerce, the Literature, the Art, the Government, and the policy of the country.

I

Statistics of the commerce and manufactures of America run into enormous rows of figures. Enterprises of such tremendous value change

hands on the Stock Exchange and in the money-market, that any attempt at a correct calculation is quite impossible. The yearly assessment of national property alone is computed at about \$2,000,000,000, and many private enterprises return unheard-of riches.

From an agricultural country, producing chiefly raw material, the United States has developed into a commercial power of the first magnitude. It is only a few years since American goods were first exported, but they are now competing seriously with those of European manufacture.

The means of internal communication in America are greater than those of any country in the world. They possess a greater length of railway system than all other countries put together: this length at present consists of about 190,000 English miles, and new lines are being constructed in every direction. They represent a capital of £1,000,000,000, and the average number of passengers carried in one year is 500,000,000.

This swift development seems all the more marvellous if we glance back into the near past. Even in the middle of last century travelling in many districts was still impossible. At the time of Federation of the States there were no national means of communication: between big cities one or two stage coaches

were run weekly, but all westward communication ceased at the banks of the Mississippi.

The postal arrangements were equally primitive; but during the first ten years after freedom had been proclaimed the number of post offices increased from 75 to 903, and their income from \$38,000 to \$230,000. To-day the postal system of the United States is, after that of England, the best in the world, while their telephone system undoubtedly takes the leading place.

The appearance of the first steam-boat was a turning-point in the economic history of America. The face of the country took on a changed aspect. Canals were dug, water power was regulated, and ports were built. On the rivers, upon which small craft had formerly floated down with the current—return journeys having to be made on foot or on horseback—a regular service of boats was instituted. The hazards of the sail were displaced by the certainty of the paddle-wheel, and intercourse with Europe entered upon a new phase. Places which had once seemed far away came gradually to be within easy reach, and new ideas took the place of old ones.

Agriculture, too, became more scientific. Whitney invented a machine for the cleansing and combing of wool, which gave a great impetus to the industry, and during the first few years after its introduction the export of

wool increased from 189,000 to 21,000,000 lbs. per annum. In Rhode Island and in Massachusetts spinning and weaving factories were established, also iron works and foundries.

In seaport towns the ship-building industry increased enormously. In the year 1790 the total tonnage of ships built in North America amounted to 478,377: ten years later it had reached the figure of 4,068,034.

As time went on, too, people emigrated West in ever-growing numbers, and enormous tracts of wilderness were brought under the plough, with the result that soon a great part of the European market was supplied with American wheat. On the shores of the lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron and Michigan, towns and villages arose, whose population averaged an increase of one-third every three years. At the time of the Federation of the States, in the year 1787, the population of these towns amounted to 2,781,000 persons; three years later it was 3,929,214; while in the year 1800 it had reached a total of 5,308,483.

The time from the invention of the steam-boat to the introduction of railways can thus be considered as America's second great period of development. Instead of the painful struggle for the bare necessities of existence, a fight for wealth and comfort now began. The original obstacles and natural difficulties had been over-

come ; the national enemies — whether English, French, Spanish, or Dutch — had been driven back, and the aboriginal tribes had been finally conquered and confined to their reserved territories. Now, therefore, internal affairs were organised, the art of self - government was developed, and the State evolved a national policy.

The public debt of \$42,000,000 was gradually reduced. Large sums of money flowed into the Government's coffers from the sale of huge tracts of undeveloped country—indeed, during several years such sales amounted to \$25,000,000. The terrible money crisis of the 'thirties passed over without injuring the young nation, owing to the action of the President, Van Buren, who, with a splendid understanding of financial matters, succeeded in regulating the complicated relations of the Banks with the national wealth. Thus public and private property speedily regained its usual value, and prices on the Stock Exchange resumed their normal figure. Progress continued unchecked.

When the Pacific Railway was constructed to run from the Atlantic ports to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, the third period of America's development may be said to have commenced. A general transformation took place, and the success of all new undertakings surpassed the highest expectations. The greatest obstacle to

the complete evolution of the United States, namely, the vastnesses of the distances, was overcome.

In the year 1869 Vanderbilt introduced a carefully planned Railway system. He constructed his line from the banks of the Hudson to New York Central, and fitted out his trains with comfort and even luxury. These trains did the 912 miles to Chicago—which had once seemed quite out of reach—in twenty-four hours.

Railway travelling in America is not tiring; on the contrary, it is refreshing. A train on its way to San Francisco or to Mexico is a series of moving houses. The cars are divided into rooms, and are provided with all the necessities of life. Spacious libraries, smoking-rooms and dining-saloons open out of one another, and there are bathrooms and barber's shops. In the anterooms are the servants, chiefly white-coated negroes, who are there to carry out all orders, but who seem to find little further to do than to remove the dust from the passengers' clothing with feather brushes.

Ordinary railway tickets are cheap, usually costing about one penny per mile. There is an extra charge for Pullman or Wagner carriages, which, however, entitles the traveller to a comfortable bed.

Those who have not seen the Palace Boats that carry passengers up and down the rivers

and across the lakes, can have no adequate conception of the comfort of these. As their name suggests, in the distance they have the appearance of enormous houses, their fore-parts being fitted with many windows, while inside they are decorated in the manner of a luxurious modern hotel.

When I went on board the *Puritan*, running between New York and Providence, the captain said to me with pride: "This is the most comfortable ship in the world"; and indeed I scarcely knew where I was, for anything less like what is usually meant by the word "ship" I could not conceive. From the landing-bridge, a wide staircase led down to the principal hall. Our guide took us to the office, where we engaged our rooms. When we were conducted thither, we found all our luggage installed, and a servant in waiting, who handed us a sheet of paper on which to write our orders. The black waiters wear a livery and carry out their duties with as much zeal and punctuality as if they had just been drilled on parade. Later, the captain took me all over the ship and showed me everything, from the four-storied drawing-room to the engine-room. I saw the heating apparatus, and the cellars and kitchens, where about twenty-five cooks and kitchen boys were preparing food for the passengers. We went up and down, partly by

stairs and partly by lifts, along immense passages, and at last came to halt on a veranda-like deck, where we could feast our eyes with a magnificent view of the surrounding country. My kind cicerone was gratified with the result of the inspection, for when it was over I could but echo his words with sincerity, and declare that it was the most comfortable ship in the world.

No less interesting are the inhabitants of these floating palaces. The wonderful number of new faces one sees during the days and weeks passed on steamers and in railway trains give the journeys an added interest. The American, from childhood onwards, spends half his life in travelling. Distances are so great, even between different parts of the same town, that the inhabitant is always obliged to take the train to reach his office or the houses of his friends. But even thus he loses no time, for he reads, writes, or conducts his business in the noisy railway carriage, apparently entirely oblivious of all around him. In returning, after a hard day's work, the journey home serves him as a period of rest. Young children of five or six years of age travel alone, without any companion—they buy their tickets, look after their luggage themselves, and during the journey the curious stranger may observe them repeating their lessons for the day.

But what they learn from the noise of the

wheels and the throbbing of the engine is for them the most important lesson. The American takes up the struggle of life almost in the cradle. When he reaches his thirteenth year he is in many ways independent, goes to business, and often at the age of thirty retires as a rich man. Only iron industry and intense application can win such early successes; in other countries they would be almost impossible, and indeed it is just those conditions and customs peculiar to America which render them practicable.

The organism of the American is, in spite of its apparent simplicity, exceedingly complicated, and it has the same effect upon the foreigner that a machine, whose parts act upon each other without apparent cause, has upon the ignorant onlooker. Those who wish to understand the American thoroughly must live in America and work there. He is accustomed to be independent from his early years, does what he thinks right, and makes or mars his own fortunes; and this is the cause of the early development of his character and judgment. He who leaves his home in early youth, gains experience and the courage to deal with the events of later years.

Another characteristic of American life is the constant changes of good and bad fortune which are continually taking place without apparent reason, and during which riches and poverty

hang in the balance, often depending on a single moment's decision. The most remarkable quality of the American character is pluck. This word, so freely used here, means more than courage; nor is it temerity, for it involves a better comprehension of possible results than the latter quality. Difficulties do not alarm the American; he makes the most daring schemes with confidence, and is indifferent to praise and blame, for he is prepared for all that may befall. The bad side of pluck is expressed by the well-known Yankee word "bluff."

This nation rejoices in work, and the more difficult it is, the more ardently they set about it; but it must be of the quick and feverish order, so that it may excite them. Energy is in their blood, it is part of their nature and is a characteristic of every class.

The emigrants who went to the New World, their sons who founded the State, the grandsons who fought for freedom, and, finally, the great-grandsons who are making their country rich and powerful—these are the four generations who have made America, for all four have worked with their whole strength. Till now there has been no time for rest. The old ideals may have changed, the conceptions which inspired the fathers may not be those which animate the sons, but the industry, the power, the endurance, and the ambition remain the

same. If we observe America at work or at play, these are the qualities which we shall find most remarkable in her sons.

Wall Street in New York is the most famous centre of commerce. Crowds, like swarms of bees, fill the wide street. They do not walk, they run. Some acute observer, I think it was Bryce, once remarked that the inhabitants of the city of London walked upright, but that those of the city of New York were bent nearly double. And this is true: in the race for money everybody runs with head thrust forward as if he hoped to win, at any rate, by a head. Electric trams and motors rush past, scattering mud in all directions. Inside the buildings, elevators dash up and down from story to story at a giddy speed. "Time is money," says the proverb, and in Wall Street minutes may mean millions. And, undoubtedly, it is the quickest man that wins. The entire nation participates in this daily struggle, and buying and selling have become a second nature with them. One man may deal in millions, another in a few hundreds—their positions are entirely different; nevertheless, it is well within the bounds of possibility that they change places at any moment. By the end of the day the rich man may be a beggar, while the poor man in a few hours turns into a millionaire. All work, some from necessity, some for pleasure.

The only relaxation for the business man is when he joins his family for a short period either in the suburbs or the country, where they usually pass the summer months.

The favourite watering places of the Crœsuses and the much-envied "four hundred" of America are the towns of Tuxedo, Lennox, Bar Harbour and Newport. All that money can procure is to be found in the latter place. There is no article of luxury, no costly whim, no expensive pastime that does not flourish: there is a wild race of extravagance, and only the most outrageous waste of money wins social recognition.

The dwellings of the rich are either mediæval stone castles, Italian marble palaces, or small Trianon-like houses, according to whether inspiration has been sought on the banks of the Rhyne, the foothills of the Apennines, or at Versailles. The yachts are built on the model of ocean-going steamers, and require from a hundred to two hundred hands on board. There are whole studs of horses in the stables, and the number of the servants is legion. The money spent daily amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Thus live the Steel, Copper, Oil, and Railway Kings of America.

These families who pass the summer at Newport form the richest society in the world, but the life they lead is even more charac-

teristic of their nation than the extravagance and riches with which they are surrounded. They are supposed to be in Newport for rest, but in reality they are engaged in practising all the sports which they have transplanted from England, such as tennis, golf, cricket, polo, fox-hunting, sailing, rowing, swimming, and horse-racing. Those who can find time in the twenty-four hours, and can afford them, go in for all of these amusements. They rise early, go to bed after midnight, and are unceasingly occupied the whole time. When they return to town they say joyfully: "I had such a nice busy time," for these two words mean the same thing in America. Only that which demands energy and effort can give an American pleasure; the *dolce far niente* joys of the Southern temperament are incomprehensible to him. Diversions of this kind are desirable only when they give play to the three principal qualities of his nature—his love of overcoming difficulties, his endurance, and his strength of will.

The most popular, and the national game is Baseball. Somewhat similar to our Hungarian *homo-mèta*, it is played all over the country, and there is no town, village, or even farm, where there is not a baseball team. To watch this game is both exciting and instructive. The unexpected manner in which one player hits the ball, the quickness with which another will

pursue it, the dexterity with which a third will seize it, and the untiring energy with which all will strive for victory, is truly American. Their faces reflect hope, confidence and determination—enthusiasm waxes with every stroke, until at last the onlooker is completely carried away. When the critical moment of the game arrives, young and old are in a frenzy of excitement: the players are one and all possessed of but one thought, one desire—to win. Each hopes ardently for this, puts his life and soul into the game, and with all his energy strives for victory.

The lives of many American citizens bear a great resemblance to this game—the same changing chances, bitter disappointments and brilliant successes follow each other. Take, for example, the following instance, which is but one drawn at random from many of the same kind. X. goes to California as a miner. After five years' hard work he manages to save a certain number of dollars; with these he buys a bit of land on which he hopes to find gold. He digs and digs without success, until he is ruined. He is not, however, discouraged, for he sets to work once more as a day labourer, and continues search. This cruelly hard existence goes on for years, but at last a ray of hope shines out when he turns up a nugget of the long-looked-for gold. Another ten years—and

behold X. has become one of the richest men on earth, envied by the whole world!

When we consider the development of the various cities, we shall find that Chicago is probably the one whose career has been the most surprising, the most stormy, and the most successful. Old people can still remember the day when it was a village with perhaps a couple of hundred inhabitants. To-day it is the second city of America, with a population of 2,000,000.

In the year 1871, when this development was beginning, Chicago was partially destroyed by a fire which reduced 17,460 buildings to ashes, making 96,866 people homeless, while 250 lives were lost. Yet within two years a new city arose like a Phoenix out of the ashes of the old, and far surpassing it in every respect. In 1893 the World's Exposition held at Chicago was an enormous success, and aroused international interest. It was on this occasion that America celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of her discovery, and all the most learned and celebrated of her sons gathered there to do her honour. The foreigners who were present scarcely knew what to admire most—the beautiful exhibits, the laying-out and construction of the Exhibition, or the good taste and magnificence of the buildings. The Old World had to lower her flag before that of the New, for in this gigantic “World's Fair” all the

riches and the possibilities of the country were displayed, and all could note its growing might and power.

The commercial output of Chicago shows a yearly average of \$6,660,000,000, and the value of its factories amounts to \$500,000,000. Its famous cattlesheds and slaughter-houses dispose daily of as many sheep, oxen and pigs as would feed an entire country. Last year one firm alone—that of Swift—killed 1,437,844 oxen, 2,687,591 sheep, and 3,928,659 pigs. On all this they made a profit of \$150,000,000, and their capital consists of \$20,000,000,000. The firm of G. D. Armour & Sons is bigger still. In the steel works 10,000 men are employed, and the capital of this enterprise is \$175,000,000. In all forms of industry enormous sums are invested, and everything is on the largest possible scale, as the nation loves to have it. The Town Hall is a veritable small town in itself, and, to build, it cost \$25,000,000; the Public Library cost \$20,000,000, and the School very nearly as much. As well as striving for pre-eminence in commerce, Chicago has also ambitions for culture. Its citizens support learned institutions most generously—one man alone having, with a single stroke of the pen, presented \$6,000,000 to the University.

“To go ahead”—that is the watchword of the United States. “Forward”—in all and every

respect; and it is essential that this progress be due entirely to their own energy and industry. Everywhere one goes one meets this spirit—among the poorest as among the richest. When we visit the factories and stand amazed at the sight of the hundreds of rotating wheels, panting engines, and thundering hammers around us, it is impossible not to feel an intense admiration for the genius which has called all this activity into being.

II

The Art and Literature of America are no less important in revealing to us the national spirit and ideals.

The universal critical objection to the art and literature of the United States, that they are devoid of individuality, is as superficial as it is unjust.

As I have already said when speaking of its literature, we ought not to forget that this nation is only in its youth. It is still in a period of evolution, and the epic of its progress will have to be written by coming generations.

America's bitter struggle for freedom had, of course, a great influence on the literature of the time. Franklin's, Washington's, Adam's and Hamilton's works all reflect the ideas for which

their authors were fighting. Jefferson, as the representative of his country at the court of Louis XVI., was, at first hand, able to note the terrible signs of coming revolution, and his letters foretell very plainly the fate of the French monarchy.

Whenever I turn over the pages of Franklin's characteristic writings, I am reminded of that author of more modern days—Emerson. That which interests me most in Emerson is not so much the tendency of his thought as his manner of thinking, for this is typically American. His logical principles are drawn partly from Aristotle and partly from German thinkers, but he is also something of a mystic, versed in the teachings of the ancient East, the Assyrians and the Persians. His deductions are unsound, but, even where they do not convince, they are interesting. His style is serious, and his sentences roll forth with emphasis and dignity. Full of unexpected turns and contradictions, they are as paradoxical as their author, or rather as the nation whose feelings he once expressed.

In more modern prose and fiction, the names of Cooper and Mark Twain are undoubtedly the most famous. "The Last of the Mohicans," "Leatherstocking," and other Indian stories of Cooper's have been translated into all languages, while Mark Twain's popularity is ever growing,

and his books are as much read in Europe as in his own country.

In the region of poetry, Longfellow and Poe have attained the greatest fame. *The Raven* and *The Rose* by the latter belong to the most admired poems of the nineteenth century. It is not necessary, however, for popularity to be in proportion to poetic talent, and thus it is that at the present day Hawthorne's works—full of genius though they are—are much less read than many sensational books of the Yankee type.

Hawthorne's most famous book is "The House of the Seven Gables," despite the fact that the "Scarlet Letter" is of far greater value, and is indeed one of the most powerful psycho-analytical novels that has ever been written. Hawthorne was a writer who belonged to the *sturm und drang* period of America's development. In his day it was still necessary to fight for liberty with pen and sword; it is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that these difficult conditions lent his writings a certain tone of pessimism, and that he was not always able to share the sanguine expectations of his countrymen.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was another analytical writer whose novels "The Guardian Angel" and "Elsie Venner" have given him a place in the same category as the greatest European novelists. Washington Irving is also an immortal belong-

ing to the same period, and in spite of the fact that his "Knickerbocker" belongs to past history, he takes a foremost position among American authors.

After these came many excellent writers, such as Paulding, Brown, Hoffman, Winthrop, Judel, Willis, and, among the poets, Whittier, Parker, Bryant and Whitman—about all of whom I have written in another chapter. Even from these few we can see what a mistake it is to say that the United States has no literature of its own. It may be truer to make such an assertion with regard to modern times, but America is not the only country about which this may be said. If during the latter years of the nineteenth century we were able to note a certain similarity between the nations, and if modern culture becomes daily more international, no individual nation is to be blamed for such a state of things, but rather the epoch in which it occurs. In spite of apparent resemblances and identical forms, it is impossible to say that national inspiration is lacking, and that American literature is not something more than a pale imitation of her elder sister—European literature. It is in the same sense that the literature of Russia is reminiscent of that of France: the likeness is merely superficial, just as the inhabitants of Paris and Petersburg wear the same sort of clothing, without in any way

disguising their different nationalities. So it is with American literature. It is only in form that it misses individuality, in spirit and in material it is peculiar and national.

The same causes, the same past and conditions have developed both form and substance. The national ideals remain unchanged ; though commerce and politics may appear to be of most importance, the American people are in reality just as earnest in their cultivation of the spiritual life of Art and Literature.

It used often to be said that American art possessed no originality. Art students came over to Europe to study, and generally remained there. But does not the artistic youth of most nations receive its education in Paris or Munich ? America is not the only country at whom this reproach may be levelled. The cosmopolitanism of Art is one of the most interesting phenomena of our modern civilisation. Social and other international influences are not to be withstood, and, instead of possessing distinctive national peculiarities, Art is now divided up into so many different schools. Thus, although on the banks of the Tiber or the Seine one may see many groups of statuary which show a high degree of artistic talent, there is nothing about them to betray a national origin. Modern artistic tendencies have no nationality : Bavaria may possess the Secessionists, London the

Slade School and the Pre-Raphaelites, Paris her Impressionist painters, yet none of these is national. It is the same with the young Reid School of America, which is as international as all other modern schools of painting.

Although the New York Downing Association and the National Academy were founded at the commencement of last century, and exhibited the works of many excellent artists, such as the portrait painters, Jewett, Vanderlyn, Waldo, James, and the landscape painters, T. Cole, Doughty, and Durand, it was only in the 'seventies and particularly in the 'eighties that American art began to flourish. The young pioneers, St Gaudens, Wyant, Low, Shirley, Inney and Martin formed in the year 1878 a new society—the American Art Association, whose exhibitions at once met with brilliant success. The work of their one hundred and thirty associates also won European recognition. Whistler and Sargent were the two who first earned international fame, and who were most criticised, both favourably and unfavourably, by connoisseurs. Old-fashioned artistic opinion was especially embittered against Whistler, but those qualities for which he was then execrated are the ones for which he is most praised to-day, and the works of both these masters hang side by side on the walls of the Luxembourg in Paris—that Olympus of modern Art.

I have already had occasion to write more fully with regard to J. W. Alexander, A. H. Thayer, MacEwen, Humphreys, Johnston, Walter Gay, W. Donnat, Dr Forrest, Gari Melchers, R. W. Vonneh, and among landscape painters, Knight and Innes, who are all highly-gifted artists.

These and many others are exponents of the most modern school. They desire above all to be original, and are intent on carrying out this ambition. Their treatment of a subject is often unsympathetic, and their manner hard, but they are sincerity itself, and true to nature down to the smallest detail. They will undertake the most difficult subjects with confidence, and this courage has won many of them remarkable successes, and will doubtless help them to triumph over all difficulties.

Of American sculptors, Macmonnies is, in my opinion, the most gifted. Augustus St Gaudens is also an artist of the first rank, as are Flanagan, Grafty, and B. Vonneh. Macmonnies was a pupil of St Gaudens', and his work produced a great sensation at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. Since then he has made much progress, and his latest work, such as the "Army" and "Navy" groups, show remarkable power.

Engraving and etching are two arts which are carried to great perfection in America, and

their illustrated magazines, especially those with coloured pictures, are the finest in the world.

As regards architecture, the lately deceased architect, Hunt, was the best known. He built most of the magnificent palaces on Fifth Avenue, many public buildings, and the famous marble Vanderbilt house at Newport. He was possessed of exquisite taste, his proportions were good, and his mastery of style was perfect. Most of his erections were planned after well-known European, Greek or Roman models; their detail is magnificent, but shows no originality.

Far more interesting, however, and far more typical of the nation, is the construction of the enormous railway stations, numberless suspension bridges and lofty elevators, which are everywhere to be seen.

In these we find a national art originated by the people themselves. The new industrial and commercial developments had altogether new requirements; the quick growth of the towns and the unexpected increase in the population forced the art of building into new channels. Iron took the place of stone. Erections shot up in a vertical direction, like towers, instead of in a horizontal one, for the prices of building sites are enormous. A house in course of construction resembles a bird-cage. An entire iron skeleton is first erected, and then the

party walls are filled in with bricks and tiles. Lifts are used instead of stairs, therefore it is immaterial whether one inhabits the tenth or the twentieth story. Public opinion is still undecided as to what to think of these towers of Babel. People believe they are fulfilling a duty when they call them ugly, and prejudice requires that we should shudder at the sight of them. On the contrary, however, we should regard them with admiration, for their erection means a triumph over untold difficulties, and they are plain indications of the practical genius of the American nation.

Joebeng, the constructor of the Brooklyn Bridge, Hardenberg, the builder of the largest hotel in the world, the "Waldorf - Astoria," and Burnham, one of the creators of the new Chicago, have all won a national reputation. The East River Bridge is 5,990 feet long, took thirteen years to build, and cost £3,000,000. Nor is the Southern Union Railway Station in Boston less worthy of note. It is the largest station in the world, covering a space of nearly 12 acres. Its length is 810 feet, its breadth 210 feet, and it contains twenty-eight pairs of rails. The domed entrance hall of this station measures 228 square feet, and several million passengers pass through its doors yearly. The huge County Court-House accommodates five thousand officials, and covers as much space

as an ordinary market square. The enormous factories and markets are complete down to the smallest detail, and are as well adapted to the requirements of modern life as were the moated and loop-holed fortresses of the Middle Ages to the needs of our ancestors. American architecture fulfils its task in a highly competent fashion, and this is where its great virtue lies. In this sense, the architects, Flagg, M'Kim, Mead, Post-Wheelwright, Haven, Reid, Peabody, Stearns, Price, Miles, Day, Cope, Stewardson, Berg, Carrere, and many others who have aided so much in the development of their peculiar art, may be considered as veritable masters.

Many people are doubtful whether they have been equally successful with its æsthetic side. In answer to this objection, however, we may say that it is not at all certain that in the future the novelties which are now regarded with disapprobation will not be objects of universal admiration. The canons of beauty are too abstract to be subject to unalterable rules. Time and circumstances have a strong influence upon them, and what we yesterday blamed may very well become the theme of to-morrow's praise. Whether a building spreads in a horizontal or a vertical direction is not, after all, of much consequence, once we have come to regard five or six stories as the natural height of our dwellings. It is only a question

of time, when we shall grow accustomed to seeing them with twice or thrice that number. As a rule these tall structures are well proportioned, and decorated with good taste.

I was, however, even more deeply interested in the architect himself than in his colossal stone or iron conceptions. Whether such buildings are high or low, classical or modern, made of bricks or of iron, was, to my mind, of secondary importance, for in this matter, as in others, it was the inner or psychological meaning which most astonished and attracted me—not so much their works as the artists themselves.

Even up to the middle of the nineteenth century there was no artistic life in the United States. Here and there were to be found solitary painters, writers, or architects, but they were isolated individuals, or were members of the English Royal Academy, such as Singleton, Copley, Benjamin West, and many other pioneers. To-day there is an Art Institute in every large city. The National Academy of Design, the Carnegie Institute, the Chicago Art School, the M'Micken School of Design, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Art Students' League, the Yale Art School—these and many others afford excellent training, and their pupils have already won fame and recognition. The two artistic centres are certainly New York and Boston, and the artistic

world frequents the rooms of the National Academy, the Society of American Artists, the American Water - Colour Society, the Society of American Landscape Painters, and the New York Water-Colour Club.

This newly - formed, artistic element has, of course, had a great influence on society, and has done much for the education and refinement of public taste.

Various business houses also have gained an international reputation for the artistic beauty of the articles they manufacture, such as Cookwood's porcelain, the decorative and ornamental objects made by the Longworth Firm, and the gold and silver work, painted glass and enamels which are connected with the name of Tiffany. The best technical schools are to be found in Boston, where is, too, the unique Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with its twelve hundred students.

There are other directions also in which Boston takes the leading place, as, for instance, in that of public education. The town possesses six hundred schools, with an average of fifteen hundred teachers. These figures are all the more significant when we remember that the population barely reaches half a million. In Cambridge, one of the suburbs of Boston, is situated Harvard, the oldest University in America, and a little further off is the Wellesley

Ladies' College, where seven hundred women pursue the higher branches of education. Public instruction throws a very interesting light on the internal life of a people: for a young nation it is doubly important that the schools where her sons receive instruction should be satisfactory in every sense.

Universal freedom is as much a characteristic of American schools as it is of the nation. The State has little or no power over them. Educational institutions are mostly independent, or municipal, and are possessed of very considerable incomes of their own. Thus, the yearly expenditure of Harvard University amounts to many hundred thousand dollars, while the receipts are even greater. Public generosity for educational purposes is boundless: to mention but one or two instances—one citizen alone presented over a million pounds towards the foundation of Chicago University, Mrs C. built a Catholic College out of her private means, while Mr S. left his entire fortune to Wellesley College.

These institutions are already showing signs of material prosperity. Most of them are situated in private parks, on the banks of rivers and lakes. The class-rooms, dining-rooms, and living-rooms are generally grouped in separate buildings. Some of these are absolute palaces, and I saw many lecture halls where two thousand persons could be accommodated with comfort,

and dining-rooms which seated one thousand students daily. Their collections become veritable museums, whose arrangement reaches the high-water mark of perfection, and their libraries are even more valuable. I never saw books better arranged than in America. The Boston Public Library is the finest building in that town. One of its characteristics is its reading-rooms for children, containing works suitable to the needs and tastes of a six or seven-year-old public. Needless to say, the small tables are never without their circles of small readers.

American youth and public school life are on the English principle. They form a well-organised society of their own, the members of which are looked upon as independent citizens. Every scholar is responsible for himself, and this apparent freedom induces an early feeling of self-respect. All seek to show a good example. In their studies, in private life, and on the playground, they endeavour to surpass each other, and learn early the truth of the old principle that the respect and liking of one's fellows is the surest way to advancement. They have numerous learned, artistic, and games clubs, that give each student plenty of opportunity to cultivate his special preferences and gifts. They themselves edit papers, even daily papers, which form an interesting diary of the events of the school year. But the field of the keenest

contests is that of physical exercises. Since the days of the Spartans, no one has done so much for physical development as the Anglo-Saxons. These exercises are indeed so arduous that only those of strong and healthy physique can endure them. Never was there a truer maxim than "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

Superfluous restrictions, which always provoke reaction, are avoided. A chief endeavour of the important schools is to keep their pupils within their walls by affection and a sense of honour, to offer childhood a sympathetic home, and to make early youth happy while educating it. Nevertheless, offences against morality are punished with inexorable severity, and the smallest fault of this kind is often followed by expulsion from the institution. Grounding in morality forms one of the strongest and most valuable sides of the American school system.

I cannot define the exact shares in the general results which are attributable to the genial method of instruction, to the long experience and to the moral system; but the effect is universally marked. Educational establishments often publish biographies recounting the subsequent successful careers of their pupils. These biographies are interesting and instructive. Mr X. had to pay his own college expenses, so he brushed the clothes of his fellow-students during term-time, and hired himself out as a

servant during the vacations. After completing his studies, he applied for work in a factory, and when he had acquired an independent position, he began his political career. He is now scarcely fifty years old, and is an ambassador. Mr Z., as a young man, was a farm labourer; later, he taught the farm children to read and write in a village school. With his savings he was able to go to the town and enter a college; from there he proceeded to the Catholic Seminary, and subsequently became one of the most eminent bishops of this country. Mr Y. was already a man when he took his place on the school-bench. From there he wandered out to Cuba and served on a coffee plantation. At first he prospered but slowly; later he opened an exchange-office, then a bank, and to-day it were no small task to count the millions in his coffers.

Sons of millionaires sit by the side of ragged scholars. They spend profusely, and live as luxuriously as in their own homes. Prosperity, however, begets little envy or resentment, as the chance of obtaining it is within the reach of all.

The careers of many multi-millionaires are equally instructive. Their time is entirely engrossed by work; if the acquisition of millions is laborious, so is the safe keeping of them. Yet out of their superabundance these men contribute readily to works of public utility or

charity. Often they go even further, and endeavour personally to help their fellow-creatures. Mr B. built a hospital at his own expense and worked in it as a physician. Mr C. opened a model college and directed it himself. The example of such as these does immense good. Unfortunately, there is a growing number of rich people who do not turn their means to good account.

Another great merit of American schools is that they have a direct influence on later life, and lay a solid foundation for helpful and meritorious after-careers. It is an universal error of youth and training always to suppose that, our studies finished, and our final diploma in our pocket, we shall find a ready welcome in the great world. The American system teaches, on the contrary, that a College degree is but an entrance certificate for the much severer University of Life. Each who resolves to fulfil his vocation and to reach the goal must continue his education and learn every day till the end of his existence.

III

On July 4th, 1776, three millions of Colonists proclaimed their freedom, and founded the United States.

After the lapse of one hundred and thirty

years, nearly eighty millions of people are shaping a powerful state. Their boundaries contain, without Cuba and the Philippines, 3,501,410 square kilometres. Before a people can achieve such results, their political life must surge in mighty billows. What intense energy, deep - rooted self - reliance, and self - sacrificing patriotism were required to win so splendid a victory !

When the young colonies resisted the imposition of new Customs and stamp duties, and their citizens, disguised as Indians, threw the English tea - consignments into the sea, they could not then foresee the far-reaching effects of their action. They had not pictured to themselves any image of the future. The full significance of the new ideas was grasped gradually, and only tardily resulted in the separation of the colonies.

The fight for freedom broke out in the year 1775. The collisions at Lexington and Concord gave the signal for a general uprising. The war lasted without cessation for nine years. The new nation must liberate every foot of its wide territory, arms in hand. The powers first recognised the independence of the States in 1783. Hardly had the external enemies, French, English and Spanish, omitting the constant skirmishing with the Indians, been overcome, than the Civil War broke out. This war lasted

from 1861 to 1865, and transformed the United States into one vast battle-field. Congress voted, in one sitting, a call for 500,000 volunteers, and at the head of these hosts were leaders such as Sherman, Lee, Grant and Lincoln. No limit was placed on expenditure, and the daily cost of the war amounted to \$2,000,000.

The slavery question did not evoke a mere passing storm. The cry of "Dred Scott" awoke an echo not only in the hearts of the blacks, but in the hearts of most of the State governments. The struggle in the Southern plantation districts was of the most sanguinary character.

The old position as regards slavery was proved to be untenable. Those regarded heretofore as unreasoning animals, or, at the best, as chattels, demanded ever louder recognition by the law. At last Jefferson came forward openly in their behalf, and was the first to call these wretched people brothers, to the astonishment of the world.

In spite of internal dissensions and administrative difficulties, the new country steadily expanded. In a short time the Pacific Ocean was its western frontier. The boundaries of the separate States are very significant, both in an ethnographical and a geographical connection. The new territories gradually took shape, and as they showed signs of political maturity, they were given autonomy.

Forty-five States, independent of each other, form to-day the North American Republic. Each of these different States has its Government, its House of Representatives, and its Senate; all freely elected. Independence of central control was Madison's principle, in accordance with which each individual State has sovereign rights, of which it transfers only a few to the Federal Government; this is recognised to-day, although Calhoun's school differ as regards the explanation of the basis of the law. But whatever law the Constitution may have been founded upon, this had at first only the value of an experiment. The municipal system of the first settlers served as a basis. The initial arrangements and measures evolved themselves, as it were; answering the call of necessity, they developed according to circumstances. Thus, they were neither too detailed nor too complicated, and could be continually reshaped by the process of their development.

The weightiest points were amended by legislation; and the statesmen who created the Constitution had enough experience and practical wisdom not only to put it on a secure basis, but to give it a form capable of modification. Therefore the alterations necessitated by constant turbulent evolution were easily inserted.

Popular representation and election formed the basis of the administration and the conduct of

the State. The forty-five States are independent of each other. Each has its own House of Representatives and Senate. At the head of each State is a Governor. Congress is formed by representatives from all the States. Congress consists also of a House of Representatives, or Lower House, and a Senate, or Upper House. The Representatives number 357, with a mandate for two years; the Senators number 90, with a mandate for six years. Their annual salary is \$5,000, and a free railway pass. All adult citizens have the right to vote, which right is extended to women in some States.

The Head of the United States is the President. His term of office is four years, and his salary \$50,000. The people elect him indirectly through Presidential electors. Each State has as many Presidential electors as it has Representatives and Senators in Congress. Election takes place every four years on the first Tuesday in November. The President is assisted by eight ministers without seats in Congress; in this particular, the system of the English form of Government has been departed from.

The seat of Government is at Washington. Building was commenced in June 1793, and in 1800 the Government, with its entire apparatus, took possession. The growth of Washington is as phenomenal as that of the nation itself. At the word of command it arose out of the marshes

of the river Potomac. Elliot surveyed the bog, and on the *tabula rasa* marked out the radial, far-stretching streets, promenades, and parks of the infant city. In the centre of the town is the Capitol, with its cupola 270 feet in height. The building is huge and magnificent, and covers an area of $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres. It is ornamented with white marble pillars and steps. In the right wing is the hall of the Senators, in the left that of the Representatives. It has cost over \$16,000,000, and is not yet quite finished.

The Government offices are equally magnificent. Museums, Libraries, Barracks, a Scientific Institute, Pensioners' Asylum, Charitable Hospital, Deaf and Dumb Institute, Home of the Aged and Infirm—each building is magnificent, and has been erected, regardless of cost, from carefully prepared plans. In truth, one does not know which to admire most: the city, unique in its way, or the lavish hand with which immense sums have been expended. The energy which created it all is remarkable, even in America.

Political life is, particularly while Congress is sitting, extraordinarily active. In America, all dabble in politics, and in Washington every one is a politician. There are forty thousand public officials. Moreover, here reside the diplomatic corps, representing all the countries of the world.

Wherever we look, we see a Government building; wherever we go, we meet a Government official. All here is official, and the machine-like regularity and clock-like punctuality of organisation, by which the public interests are particularly benefited, dwarfs the mere individual with his private interests and his petty passions and feelings, and suppresses him as beneath consideration.

During my first visit to Washington, the attention of all was fixed upon the Presidential election then in progress. Electoral and party agitation assumes in this country the appearance of a military campaign. Rich and poor take part in it, and the support of the powerful and of the weak is alike eagerly sought. In Colorado the franchise is vested in educated and uneducated; while in Utah and in Wyoming it is vested in women equally with men. The newcomer, after residence for a certain period, and the American-born, enjoy the same civil rights. Amid the most dissimilar and contradictory conditions, the electoral system has remained unchanged.

However just and right this law may be in principle, it affords opportunity for the greatest abuse and injustice. Election succeeds election amid feverish strife. The passions of the people know no bounds, and break forth unchecked in supreme strength. Under such circumstances,

the prize does not always fall to the most deserving. A majority secured by force has, in many cases, failed through lack of cultivation and the necessary faculty to do justice to its task. It abuses its position, and the more peaceful element is often excluded altogether from public life.

From the point of view of statecraft, this system has another disadvantage in that a large part of the national energy and intelligence is dissipated in mere party strife.

The class struggle was never more bitter than at present. Capital and Labour, in the first place, and the new American Imperialism and the strict adherents to the Monroe Doctrine, in the second place, are bitter opponents.

In spite of its brief duration, we must divide the history of the United States into three periods. First, the strenuous times of construction and of the fight for independence; second, internal organisation and the deplorable Civil War; third, the modern, industrial, rich and mighty world-power. Already we can discern the commencement of a fourth stage—that of conquering, imperialistic America appearing on the world's battle-field. Each of these epochs forms a chapter. Their problems are, in many respects, distinct; their wars fall into several divisions; their aims and ambitions present themselves in various aspects. To-day the election

cry, Imperialism, is being sounded. The common inclination is to wage war, conquer and colonise.

When America entered, a few years ago, upon the conquest of Cuba, it caused the European press to wonder that a peaceful republic, with an army of nominally but twenty-five thousand men, should declare war. They appear to forget that the United States have burnt more powder in the last hundred years than any so-called military power. After the Declaration of Independence, the war continued for long years without intermission. Scarcely had external enemies been defeated, than the Civil War broke out, and the most peaceful citizens took up arms. European critics left out of reckoning that this people had secured its freedom, its right to exist, and its wide territory by sword and rifle, and that since its Federation it had stood armed. Universal public opinion was surprised, and diplomacy alarmed that the United States should assume the right to wage war. As if the falling avalanche could be asked where it was going, or could be stopped in mid-career ! A people whose numbers increase from 10 to 15 per cent. yearly, whose wealth amounts to many thousands of millions, whose Congress, regardless of the limited standing army, can put a host of hundreds of thousands of armed men into the field (700,000 were mobilised for the Civil War, and 250,000

for the war with Spain), and whose territory stretches over half a continent, is not likely to stop half-way and leave its task uncompleted.

America's policy of conquest was to be expected; for after her Federation and organisation of internal administration, the direction of her activities to external affairs was evident. Her development follows simple natural laws and cannot be checked by obstacles or international congresses. The oft-quoted Monroe Doctrine, which assumed for the United States the same obligations as those imposed upon Europe in respect of American States, falls more and more into oblivion. Although the Doctrine has in a manner the force of law, it has been found capable of various explanations, as required by circumstances. The conquest of Cuba was thus undertaken in the name of freedom; and though the island of Cuba belongs to the American continent, did not the action of the United States directly conflict with the principles of the Monroe Doctrine? As to the Philippines, they stood even more within the application of the Doctrine, yet they were seized. To-day America's armoured ships are cruising in foreign waters, and the paragraphs of the Monroe Doctrine moulder meanwhile in the national archives.

Vox populi suprema lex; the nation demands

a policy of conquest, a great power cannot exist without colonies. The strength of the United States lies in her industries and her commerce. The ports of Europe can absorb all her raw products, but with the extraordinary expansion of her industries she seeks for new markets. The present Anglo-American friendship rests, before all, on mutual commercial interests. Only the great national economic problems involved, inclined England to a policy of non-interference when the Spanish War broke out; and it was only for a similar reason that the United States withheld assistance from the South African republics. However much this policy may be blamed in certain places, it makes the temporary needs of both countries intelligible. The rights and interests of the two Anglo-Saxon powers require them to stand by each other. Conflict of interests will occur hereafter; probably over the separation of Canada or Australia.

The Washington Government has already had numerous opportunities of displaying its policy. Some years ago, on the pretext of the cruelties in Armenia, it threw down the glove to the Porte. This fire of straw was soon extinguished by the pressure of more important affairs. It is put off, not forgotten, and is but temporarily laid aside with many other points of the Eastern question. But if in an unex-

pected hour a shot is fired in the Dardanelles, will not the red and white stars and stripes appear before Constantinople, and wave high too? Still, her aim is at present directed less against Western Asia than against Eastern Asia, and the world is following with interest the movements of her mighty fleet in its progress towards the shores of the Rising Sun.

Since America appeared upon the field of international politics, she has attracted the attention of all countries, and even apart from too sanguine expectations, every one must realise that, should she but partially succeed in her aims, she is destined to play in the future an ever-growing part in the world's history.

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